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THE
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VOL. IX.

THE
BRITISH POETS.

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TRANSLATIONS.

IN ONE HUNDRED VOLUMES.

IX.

SPENSER, VOL. IV.

CHISWICK:

Printed by C. Whittingham,
COLLEGE HOUSE;

FOR J. CARPENTER, J. BOOKER, RODWELL AND MARTIN,
G. AND W. B. WHITTAKER, R. TRIPHOOK, J. EBERS,
TAYLOR AND HESSEY, R. JENNINGS, G. COWIE AND CO.
N. HAILES, J. PORTER, B. E. LLOYD AND SON,
C. SMITH, AND C. WHITTINGHAM.

1822.

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THE

POEMS

OF

Edmund Spenser.

VOL. IV.

Chiswick:

FROM THE PRESS OF C. WHITTINGHAM,
COLLEGE HOUSE.

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THE
FOURTH BOOK
OF
THE FAERIE QUEENE.

CANTO VI.

Both Scudamour and Arthegall
Doe fight with Britomart :
He sees her face ; doth fall in love,
And soone from her depart.

I.

WHAT equall torment to the grieve of mind
And pyning anguish hid in gentle hart,
That inly feeds itselfe with thoughts unkind,
And nourisheth her owne consuming smart !
What medicine can any leaches art
Yeeld such a sore, that doth her grievance hide,
And will to none her maladie impart !
Such was the wound that Scudamour did gride ;
For which Dan Phebus selfe cannot a salve provide.

II.

Who having left that restlesse House of Care,
The next day, as he on his way did ride,
Full of meláncolie and sad misfare
Through misconceipt, all unawares espide
An armed Knight under a forrest side
Sitting in shade beside his grazing steede;
Who, soone as them approaching he descride,
Gan towards them to pricke with eger speede,
That seem'd he was full bent to some mischiévous
deede.

III.

Which Scudamour perceiuing forth issewed
To have rencountred him in equall race;
But, soone as th' other nigh approaching vewed
The armes he bore, his speare he gan abase
And voide his course; at which so suddain case
He wondred much: but th' other thus can say;
“ Ah! gentle Scudamour, unto your grace
I me submit, and you of pardon pray,
That almost had against you trespassed this day.”

IV.

Whereto thus Scudamour; “ Small harme it were
For any Knight upon a ventrous Knight
Without displeasance for to prove his spere.
But reade you, Sir, sith ye my name have hight,
What is your owne, that I mote you requite.”
“ Certes,” sayd he, “ ye mote as now excuse
Me from discovering you my name aright:
For time yet serves that I the same refuse;
But call ye me the Salvage Knight, as others use.”

V.

“Then this, Sir Salvage Knight,” quoth he,
“areede ;

Or doe you here within this forrest wonne,
That seemeth well to answeere to your weede,
Or have ye it for some occasion donne ?
That rather seemes, sith knowen armes ye shonne.”
“This other day,” sayd he, “a stranger Knight
Shame and dishonour hath unto me donne ;
On whom I waite to wreake that foule despight,
Whenever he this way shall passe by day or night.”

VI.

“Shame be his meede,” quoth he, “that meaneth
shame !

But what is he by whom ye shamed were ?”

“A stranger Knight,” sayd he, “unknowne by
name,

But knowne by fame, and by an hebene speare
With which he all that met him downe did beare.
He, in an open turney lately held,
Fro me the honour of that game did reare ;
And having me, all wearie earst, downe feld,
The fayrest Ladie reft, and ever since withheld.”

VII.

When Scudamour heard mention of that speare,
He wist right well that it was Britomart,
The which from him his fairest Love did beare.
Tho gan he swell in every inner part
For fell despight, and gnaw his gealous hart,
That thus he sharply sayd ; “Now by my head,
Yet is not this the first unknightly part,
Which that same Knight, whom by his launce I
read, [him dread :
Hath doen to noble Knights, that many makes

VIII.

“ For lately he my Love hath fro me reft,
And eke defiled with foule villanie
The sacred pledge which in his faith was left,
In shame of knighthood and fidelitie;
The which ere long full deare he shall abie:
And if to that avenge by you decreed
This hand may helpe, or succour ought supplie,
It shall not fayle whenso ye shall it need.”
So both to wreake their wrathes on Britomart
agreed.

IX.

Whiles thus they communed, lo! farre away
A Knight soft ryding towards them they spyde,
Attyr'd in forraine armes and straunge aray:
Whom when they nigh approcht, they plaine
descryde
To be the same for whom they did abyde.
Sayd then Sir Scudamour, “ Sir Salvage Knight,
Let me this crave, sith first I was defyde,
That first I may that wrong to him requite:
And, if I hap to fayle, you shall recure my right.”

X.

Which being yeelded, he his threatfull speare
Gan fewter, and against her fiercely ran.
Who soone as she him saw approaching neare
With so fell rage, herselfe she lightly gan
To dight, to welcome him well as she can;
But entertaind him in so rude a wise,
That to the ground she smote both horse and man;
Whence neither greatly hasted to arise,
But on their common harmes together did devise.

XI.

But Artegall, beholding his mischaunce,
New matter added to his former fire ;
And, eft aventring his steele-headed launce,
Against her rode, full of despiteous ire,
That nought but spoyle and vengeance did require :
But to himselfe his felonous intent
Returning disappointed his desire,
Whiles unawares his saddle he forwent,
And found himselfe on ground in great amazement.

XII.

Lightly he started up out of that stound,
And snatching forth his direfull deadly blade
Did leape to her, as doth an eger hound
Thrust to an hynd within some covert glade,
Whom without perill he cannot invade :
With such fell greedines he her assayled,
That though she mounted were, yet he her made
To give him ground, (so much his force prevayled,)
And shun his mightie strokes, gainst which no
armes avayled.

XIII.

So, as they coursed here and there, it chaunst
That, in her wheeling round, behind her crest
So sorely he her strooke, that thence it glaunst
Adowne her backe, the which it fairely blest
From foule mischance ; ne did it ever rest,
Till on her horses hinder parts it fell ;
Where byting deepe so deadly it imprest,
That quite it chynd his backe behind the sell,
And to alight on foote her algates did compell :

XIV.

Like as the lightning-brond from riven skie,
Throwne out by angry Iove in his vengeance,
With dreadfull force falles on some steeple hie ;
Which battring downe, it on the church doth
glance,

And teares it all with terrible mischance.
Yet she no whit dismayd her steed forsooke ;
And, casting from her that enchaunted lance,
Unto her sword and shield her soone betooke ;
And therewithall at him right furiously she strooke.

XV.

So furiously she strooke in her first heat,
Whiles with long fight on foot he breathlesse was,
That she him forced backward to retreat,
And yeeld unto her weapon way to pas :
Whose raging rigour neither steele nor bras
Could stay, but to the tender flesh it went,
And pour'd the purple bloud forth on the gras ;
That all his mayle yriv'd, and plates yrent,
Shew'd all his bodie bare unto the cruell dent.

XVI.

At length, whenas he saw her hastie heat
Abate, and panting breath begin to fayle,
He through long sufferance growing now more
great,
Rose in his strength, and gan her fresh assayle,
Heaping huge strokes as thicke as showre of hayle,
And lashing dreadfully at every part,
As if he thought her soule to disentrayle.
Ah ! cruell hand, and thrise more cruell hart,
That workst such wrecke on Her to whom thou
dearest art !

XVII.

What yron courage ever could endure
To worke such outrage on so faire a creature !
And in his madnesse thinke with hands impure
To spoyle so goodly workmanship of nature,
The Maker selfe resembling in her feature !
Certes some hellish furie or some feend
This mischief framd, for their first loves defeature,
To bath their hands in bloud of dearest freend,
Thereby to make their loves beginning their lives
end.

XVIII.

Thus long they trac'd and traverst to and fro,
Sometimes pursewing, and sometimes pursewed,
Still as advantage they espyde thereto :
But toward th' end Sir Arthegall renewed
His strength still more, but she still more decrewed.
At last his lucklesse hand he heav'd on hie,
Having his forces all in one accrewed,
And therewith stroke at her so hideouslie,
That seemed nought but death mote be her
destinie.

XIX.

The wicked stroke upon her helmet chaunst,
And with the force, which in itselfe it bore,
Her ventayle shard away, and thence forth glaunst
Adowne in vaine, ne harm'd her any more.
With that, her angels face, unseene afore,
Like to the ruddie morne appeard in sight,
Deawed with silver drops through sweating sore ;
But somewhat redder then beseem'd aright,
Through toylesome heate and labour of her weary
fight :

XX.

And round about the same her yellow heare,
Having through stirring loosd their wonted band,
Like to a golden border did appeare,
Framed in goldsmithes forge with cunning hand :
Yet goldsmithes cunning could not understand
To frame such subtile wire, so shinie cleare ;
For it did glister like the golden sand,
The which Pactolus with his waters shere
Throwes forth upon the rivage round about him
 nere.

XXI.

And as his hand he up againe did reare,
Thinking to worke on her his utmost wracke,
His powreslesse arme benumbd with secret feare
From his revengefull purpose shronke abacke,
And cruell sword out of his fingers slacke
Fell downe to ground, as if the steele had sence
And felt some ruth, or sence his hand did lacke,
Or both of them did thinke obedience
To doe to so divine a Beauties excellence.

XXII.

And he himselfe, long gazing thereupon,
At last fell humbly downe upon his knee,
And of his wonder made religion,
Weening some heavenly goddesse he did see,
Or else unweeting what it else might bee ;
And pardon her besought his error frayle,
That had done outrage in so high degree :
Whilest trembling horror did his sense assayle,
And made ech member quake, and manly hart to
 quayle.

XXIII.

Nathelesse she, full of wrath for that late stroke,
All that long while upheld her wrathfull hand,
With fell intent on him to bene ywroke;
And, looking sterne, still over him did stand,
Threatning to strike unlesse he would withstand;
And bad him rise, or surely he should die.
But, die or live, for nought he would upstand;
But her of pardon prayd more earnestlie,
Or wreake on him her will for so great iniurie.

XXIV.

Which whenas Scudamour, who now abrayd,
Beheld, whereas he stood not farre aside,
He was therewith right wondrously dismayd;
And drawing nigh, whenas he plaine describe
That peercesse paterne of dame Natures pride
And heavenly image of perfection,
He blest himselfe as one sore terrifide;
And, turning feare to faint devotion,
Did worship her as some celestiall vision.

XXV.

But Glaucè, seeing all that chaunced there,
Well weeting how their errour to assoyle,
Full glad of so good end, to them drew nere,
And her salewd with seemely bel-accoyle,
Ioyous to see her safe after long toyle:
Then her besought, as she to her was deare,
To graunt unto those warriours truce awhyle;
Which yeelded, they their bevers up did reare,
And shew'd themselves to her such as indeed
they were.

XXVI.

When Britomart with sharpe avizefull eye
Beheld the lovely face of Artegall
Tempred with sternesse and stout maiestie,
She gan eftsoones it to her mind to call
To be the same which, in her fathers hall,
Long since in that enchanted glasse she saw :
Therewith her wrathfull courage gan appall,
And haughtie spirits meekely to adaw,
That her enhaunced hand she downe can soft
withdraw.

XXVII.

Yet she it forst to have againe upheld,
As fayning choler which was turn'd to cold :
But ever, when his visage she beheld,
Her hand fell downe, and would no longer hold
The wrathfull weapon gainst his countnance bold :
But, when in vaine to fight she oft assayd,
She arm'd her tongue, and thought at him to scold :
Nathlesse her tongue not to her will obeyd,
But brought forth speeches myld when she would
have missayd.

XXVIII.

But Scudamour now woxen inly glad
That all his gealous feare he false had found,
And how that Hag his Love abused had
With breach of faith and loyaltie unsound,
The which long time his grieved hart did wound,
He thus bespake ; “ Certes, Sir Artegall,
Iioy to see you lout so low on ground,
And now become to live a Ladies thrall,
That whylome in your minde wont to despise
them all.

XXIX.

Soone as she heard the name of Artegall,
Her hart did leape, and all her heart-strings tremble,
For sudden ioy and secret feare withall;
And all her vitall powres, with motion nimble
To succour it, themselves gan there assemble;
That by the swift recourse of flushing blood
Right plaine appeard, though she it would dis-
semble,
And fayned still her former angry mood,
Thinking to hide the depth by troubling of the flood.

XXX.

When Glauce thus gan wisely all upknit;
“ Ye gentle Knights, whom fortune here hath
brought
To be spectatours of this uncouth fit,
Which secret fate hath in this Ladie wrought
Against the course of kind, ne mervaile nought;
Ne thenceforth feare the thing that hethertoo
Hath troubled both your mindes with idle thought,
Fearing least she your Loves away should woo;
Feared in vaine, sith meanes ye see there wants
thereto.

XXXI.

“ And you, Sir Artegall, the Salvage Knight,
Henceforth may not disdaine that womans hand
Hath conquered you anew in second fight:
For whylome they have conquered sea, and land,
And heaven itselfe, that nought may them with-
Ne henceforth be rebellious unto love, [stand:
That is the crowne of Knighthood and the band
Of noble minds derived from above,
Which, being knit with vertue, never will remove.

XXXII.

“ And you, faire Ladie Knight, my dearest Dame,
Relent the rigour of your wrathfull will,
Whose fire were better turn'd to other flame;
And, wiping out remembrance of all ill,
Graunt him your grace; but so that he fulfill
The penance which ye shall to him empart:
For lovers heaven must passe by sorrowes hell.”
Thereat full inly blushed Britomart;
But Artegall close-smyling ioy'd in secret hart.

XXXIII.

Yet durst he not make love so suddenly,
Ne thinke th' affection of her hart to draw
From one to other so quite contrary:
Besides her modest countenance he saw
So goodly grave, and full of princely aw,
That it his ranging fancie did refraine,
And looser thoughts to lawfull bounds withdraw;
Whereby the passion grew more fierce and faine,
Like to a stubborne steede whom strong hand
would restraine.

XXXIV.

But Scudamour, whose hart twixt doubtfull feare
And feeble hope hung all this while suspence,
Desiring of his Amoret to heare
Some gladfull newes and sure intelligence,
Her thus bespake; “ But, Sir, without offence
Mote I request you tydings of my Love,
My Amoret, sith you her freed fro thence
Where she, captived long, great woes did prove;
That where ye left I may her seeke, as doth be-
hove.”

XXXV.

To whom thus Britomart ; “ Certes, Sir Knight,
What is of her become, or whether rest,
I cannot unto you aread aright.
For from that time I from enchaunters theft
Her freed, in which ye her all hopelesse left,
I her preserv'd from perill and from feare,
And evermore from villenie her kept :
Ne ever was there wight to me more deare
Then she, ne unto whom I more true love did beare :

XXXVI.

“ Till on a day, as through a desert wyld
We travelled, both wearie of the way
We did alight, and sate in shadow myld ;
Where fearelesse I to sleepe me downe did lay :
But, whenas I did out of sleepe abray,
I found her not where I her left whyleare,
But thought she wandred was, or gone astray :
I cal'd her loud, I sought her farre and neare ;
But no where could her find, nor tydings of her
 heare.”

XXXVII.

When Scudamour those heavie tydings heard,
His hart was thrild with point of deadly feare,
Ne in his face or bloud or life appeard ;
But senselesse stood, like to a mazed steare
That yet of mortall stroke the stound doth beare :
Till Glaucè thus : “ Faire Sir, be nought dismayd
With needlesse dread, till certaintie ye heare ;
For yet she may be safe though somewhat strayd :
Its best to hope the best, though of the worst
 affrayd.”

XXXVIII.

Nathelesse he hardly of her chearefull speech
Did comfort take, or in his troubled sight
Shew'd change of better cheare; so sore a breach
That sudden newes had made into his spright;
Till Britomart him fairely thus behight;
“ Great cause of sorrow certes, Sir, ye have;
But comfort take; for, by this heavens light,
I vow you dead or living not to leave,
Til I her find, and wreake on him that did her reave.”

XXXIX.

Therewith he rested, and well pleased was.
So, peace being confirm'd amongst them all,
They tooke their steeds, and forward thence did pas
Unto some resting place, which mote befall;
All being guided by Sir Artegall:
Where goodly solace was unto them made,
And dayly feasting both in bowre and hall,
Untill that they their wounds well healed had,
And wearie limmes recur'd after late usage bad.

XL.

In all which time Sir Artegall made way
Unto the love of noble Britomart,
And with meeke service and much suet did lay
Continuall siege unto her gentle hart;
Which, being whylome launcht with lovely dart,
More eath was new impression to receive;
However she her paynd with womanish art
To hide her wound, that none might it perceive:
Vaine is the art that seekes itselfe for to deceive.

XLI.

So well he woo'd her, and so well he wrought her,
With faire entreatie and sweet blandishment,
That at the length unto a bay he brought her,
So as she to his speeches was content
To lend an eare, and softly to relent.
At last, through many vowes which forth he pour'd
And many othes, she yeelded her consent
To be his Love, and take him for her Lord,
Till they with marriage meet might finish that accord.

XLII.

Tho, when they had long time there taken rest,
Sir Artegall, who all this while was bound
Upon an hard adventure yet in quest,
Fit time for him thence to depart it found,
To follow that which he did long propound;
And unto her his congee came to take:
But her therewith full sore displeas'd he found,
And loth to leave her late betrothed Make;
Her dearest Love full loth so shortly to forsake.

XLIII.

Yet he with strong perswasions her asswaged,
And wonne her will to suffer him depart;
For which his faith with her he fast engaged,
And thousand vowes from bottome of his hart,
That, all so soone as he by wit or art
Could that atchieve whereto he did aspire,
He unto her would speedily revert:
No longer space thereto he did desire,
But till the horned moone three courses did expire.

XLIV.

With which she for the present was appeased,
And yeelded leave, however malcontent
She inly were and in her mind displeased.
So, early on the morrow next, he went
Forth on his way to which he was ybent;
Ne wight him to attend, or way to guide,
As whylome was the custome ancient
Mongst Knights when on adventures they did ride,
Save that she algates him a while accompanide.

XLV.

And by the way she sundry purpose found
Of this or that, the time for to delay,
And of the perils whereto he was bound,
The feare whereof seem'd much her to affray;
But all she did was but to weare out day,
Full oftentimes she leave of him did take;
And eft againe deviz'd somewhat to say,
Which she forgot, whereby excuse to make:
So loth she was his companie for to forsake.

XLVI.

At last when all her speeches she had spent,
And new occasion fayld her more to find,
She left him to his fortunes government,
And backe returned with right heavie mind
To Scudamour, whom she had left behind;
With whom she went to seeke faire Amoret,
Her second care, though in another kind:
For vertues onely sake, which doth beget
True love and faithfull friendship, she by her did set.

XLVII.

Backe to that desert forrest they retyred,
Where sorie Britomart had lost her late :
There they her sought, and every where inquired
Where they might tydings get of her estate ;
Yet found they none. But, by what haplesse fate
Or hard misfortune she was thence convayd,
And stolne away from her beloved mate,
Were long to tell ; therefore I here will stay
Untill another tyde, that I it finish may.

CANTO VII.

Amoret rapt by greedie Lust
Belphebe saves from dread :
The Squire her loves ; and, being blam'd,
His daies in dole doth lead.

I.

GREAT god of Love, that with thy cruell darts
Doest conquer greatest conquerors on ground,
And setst thy kingdome in the captive harts
Of Kings and Keasars to thy service bound ;
What glorie or what guerdon hast thou found
In feeble Ladies tyranning so sore,
And adding anguish to the bitter wound
With which their lives thou lanchedst long afore,
By heaping stormes of trouble on them daily more !

II.

So whylome didst thou to faire Florimell ;
And so and so to noble Britomart :
So doest thou now to her of whom I tell,
The lovely Amoret, whose gentle hart
Thou martyrest with sorow and with smart,
In salvage forrests and in deserts wide
With beares and tygers taking heavie part,
Withouten comfort and withouten guide ;
That pittie is to heare the perils which she tride.

III.

So soone as she with that brave Britonesse
Had left that Turneyment for beauties prise,
They travel'd long; that now for wearinesse,
Both of the way and warlike exercise,
Both through a forest ryding did devise
T' alight, and rest their wearie limbs a while.
There heavie sleepe the eye-lids did surprise
Of Britomart after long tedious toyle,
That did her passed paines in quiet rest assoyle.

IV.

The whiles faire Amoret, of nought affeard,
Walkt through the wood, for pleasure or for need,
When suddenly behind her backe she heard
One rushing forth out of the thickest weed,
That, ere she backe could turne to taken heed,
Had unawares her snatched up from ground:
Feebly she shriekt, but so feebly indeed
That Britomart heard not the shrilling sound,
There where through weary travel she lay sleeping
sound.

V.

It was to weet a wilde and salvage man;
Yet was no man, but onely like in shape,
And eke in stature higher by a span;
All overgrowne with haire, that could awhape
An hardy hart; and his wide mouth did gape
With huge great teeth, like to a tusked bore:
For he liv'd all on ravin and on rape
Of men and beasts; and fed on fleshly gore,
The signe whereof yet stain'd his blouty lips afore.

VI.

His neather lip was not like man nor beast,
But like a wide deepe poke downe hanging low,
In which he wont the reliques of his feast
And cruell spoyle, which he had spard, to stow:
And over it his huge great nose did grow,
Full dreadfully empurpled all with bloud;
And downe both sides two wide long eares did
 glow,
And raught downe to his waste when up he stood,
More great then th' eares of elephants by Indus
 flood.

VII.

His wast was with a wreath of yvie greene
Engirt about, ne other garment wore;
For all his haire was like a garment seene;
And in his hand a tall young oake he bore,
Whose knottie snags were sharpned all afore,
And beath'd in fire for steele to be in sted.
But whence he was, or of what wombe ybore,
Of beasts, or of the earth, I have not red;
But certes was with milke of wolves and tygres fed.

VIII.

This ugly creature in his armes her snatcht,
And through the forrest bore her quite away
With briers and bushes all to rent and scratcht;
Ne care he had, ne pittie of the pray,
Which many a Knight had sought so many a day:
He stayed not, but in his armes her bearing
Ran, till he came to th' end of all his way,
Unto his cave farre from all peoples hearing,
And there he threw her in, nought feeling, ne
 nought fearing.

IX.

For she (deare Ladie) all the way was dead,
Whilest he in armes her bore ; but, when she felt
Herselfe downe soust, she waked out of dread
Streight into grieve, that her deare hart nigh swelt,
And eft gan into tender teares to melt.
Then when she lookt about, and nothing found
But darknesse and dread horror where she dwelt,
She almost fell againe into a swound ;
Ne wist whether above she were or under ground.

X.

With that she heard some one close by her side
Sigling and sobbing sore, as if the paine
Her tender hart in peeces would divide :
Which she long listning, softly askt againe
What mister wight it was that so did plaine ?
To whom thus aunswer'd was ; “ Ah ! wretched
wight,
That seekes to know anothers grieve in vaine,
Unweeting of thine owne like haplesse plight :
Selfe to forget to mind another is ore-sight !”

XI.

“ Aye me !” said she, “ where am I, or with whom ?
Emong the living, or emong the dead ?
What shall of me unhappy Maid become ?
Shall death be th' end, or ought else worse, aread.”
“ Unhappy Mayd,” then answer'd she, “ whose
dread
Untride is lesse then when thou shalt it try :
Death is to him, that wretched life doth lead,
Both grace and gaine ; but he in hell doth lie,
That lives a loathed life, and wishing cannot die.

XII.

“ This dismall day hath thee a caytive made,
And vassall to the vilest wretch alive ;
Whose cursed usage and ungodly trade
The heavens abhorre, and into darkenesse drive :
For on the spoile of women he doth live,
Whose bodies chaste, whenever in his powre
He may them catch unable to gainestrive,
He with his shamefull lust doth first deflowre,
And afterwarde themselves doth cruelly devoure.

XIII.

“ Now twenty daies, by which the sonnes of men
Divide their works, have past through heven sheene,
Since I was brought into this dolefull den ;
During which space these sory eies have seen
Seaven women by him slaine and eaten clene :
And now no more for him but I alone,
And this old woman, here remaining beene,
Till thou can'st hither to augment our mone ;
And of us three to morrow he will sure eate one.”

XIV.

“ Ah ! dreadfull tidings which thou doest declare,”
Quoth she, “ of all that ever hath beene knownen !
Full many great calamities and rare
This feeble brest endured hath, but none
Equall to this, whereever I have gone.
But what are you, whom like unlucky lot
Hath linckt with me in the same chaine attone ?”
“ To tell,” quoth she, “ that which yee see, needs not ;
A wofull wretched maid, of God and man forgot !

XV.

“ But what I was, it irkes me to rehearse ;
Daughter unto a Lord of high degree ;
That ioyd in happy peace, till Fates perverse
With guilefull Love did secretly agree
To overthrow my state and dignitie.
It was my lot to love a gentle swaine,
Yet was he but a Squire of low degree ;
Yet was he meet, unless mine eye did faine,
By any Ladies side for leman to have laine.

XVI.

“ But, for his meannesse and disparagement,
My sire, who me too dearely well did love,
Unto my choise by no meanes would assent,
But often did my folly fowle reprove :
Yet nothing could my fixed mind remove,
But, whether will'd or nilled friend or foe,
I me resolv'd the utmost end to prove ;
And, rather then my love abandon so,
Both sire and friends and all for ever to forgo.

XVII.

“ Thenceforth I sought by secret meanes to worke
Time to my will, and from his wrathfull sight
To hide th' intent which in my heart did lurke,
Till I thereto had all things ready dight.
So on a day, unweeting unto wight,
I with that Squire agreede away to flit,
And in a privy place, betwixt us hight,
Within a grove appointed him to meete ;
To which I boldly came upon my feeble feete.

XVIII.

“ But ah ! unhappy houre me thither brought :
For in that place, where I him thought to find,
There was I found, contráry to my thought,
Of this accursed Carle of hellish kind,
The shame of men, and plague of womankind ;
Who trussing me, as eagle doth his pray,
Me hether brought with him as swift as wind,
Where, yet untouched till this present day,
I rest his wretched thrall, the sad Æmylia.”

XIX.

“ Ah ! sad Æmylia,” then sayd Amoret,
“ Thy ruefull plight I pittie as mine owne !
But read to me, by what devise or wit
Hast thou in all this time from him unknowne
Thine honour sav'd, though into thraldome
throwne ?”

“ Through helpe,” quoth she, “ of this old woman
here

I have so done, as she to me hath showne :
For, ever when he burnt in lustfull fire,
She in my stead supplide his bestiall desire.”

XX.

Thus of their evils as they did discourse,
And each did other much bewaile and mone,
Loe ! where the Villaine selfe, their sorrowes sourse,
Came to the cave ; and rolling thence the stone,
Which wont to stop the mouth thereof that none
Might issue forth, came rudely rushing in,
And, spredding over all the flore alone,
Gan dight himselfe unto his wonted sinne ;
Which ended, then his bloody banket should
beginne.

XXI.

Which whenas fearefull Amoret perceived,
She staid not th' utmost end thereof to try,
But, like a ghastly gelt whose wits are reaved,
Ran forth in hast with hideous outcry,
For horreur of his shamefull villany :
But after her full lightly he uprose,
And her pursu'd as fast as she did flie :
Full fast she flies, and farre afore him goes,
Ne feesles the thorns and thickets pricke her tender toes.

XXII.

Nor hedge, nor ditch, nor hill, nor dale she staies,
But over-leapes them all, like robucke light,
And through the thickest makes her nighest waies ;
And evermore, when with regardfull sight
She looking backe espies that griesly wight
Approching nigh, she gins to mend her pace,
And makes her feare a spur to hast her flight ;
More swift than Myrrh' or Daphne in her race,
Or any of the Thracian Nymphes in salvage chace.

XXIII.

Long so she fled, and so he follow'd long ;
Ne living aide for her on earth appears,
But if the heavens helpe to redresse her wrong,
Moved with pity of her plenteous teares.
It fortun'd Belphebe with her peares
The woody Nymphs, and with that lovely Boy,
Was hunting then the libbards and the beares
In these wild woods, as was her wonted ioy,
To banish sloth that oft doth noble mindes annoy.

XXIV.

It so befell, as oft it fals in chace,
That each of them from other sundred were;
And that same gentle Squire arriv'd in place
Where this same cursed Caytive did appeare
Pursuing that faire Lady full of feare:
And now he her quite overtaken had;
And now he her away with him did beare
Under his arme, as seeming wondrous glad,
That by his grenning laughter mote farre off be rad.

XXV.

Which drery sight the gentle Squire espying
Doth hast to crosse him by the nearest way,
Led with that wofull Ladies piteous crying,
And him assailes with all the might he may;
Yet will not he the lovely spoile downe lay,
But with his craggy club in his right hand
Defends himselfe, and saves his gotten pray:
Yet had it bene right hard him to withstand,
But that he was full light and nimble on the land.

XXVI.

Thereto the Villaine used craft in fight:
For, ever when the Squire his iavelin shooke,
He held the Lady forth before him right,
And with her body, as a buckler, broke
The puissaunce of his intended stroke:
And if it chaunst, (as needs it must in fight,)
Whilest he on him was greedy to be wroke,
That any little blow on her did light,
Then would he laugh aloud, and gather great de-
light.

XXVII.

Which subtill sleight did him encumber much,
And made him oft, when he would strike, forbear;
For hardly could he come the Carle to touch,
But that he her must hurt, or hazard neare:
Yet he his hand so carefully did beare,
That at the last he did himselfe attaine,
And therein left the pike-head of his speare:
A streame of coleblacke blood thence gusht amaine,
That all her silken garments did with blood bestaine.

XXVIII.

With that he threw her rudely on the flore,
And, laying both his hands upon his glave,
With dreadfull strokes let drive at him so sore,
That forst him flie abacke, himselfe to save:
Yet he therewith so felly still did rave,
That scarce the Squire his hand could once upreare,
But, for advantage, ground unto him gave,
Tracing and traversing, now here, now there;
For bootlesse thing it was to think such blowes
to beare.

XXIX.

Whilest thus in battell they embusied were,
Belphebe, raunging in her forrest wide,
The hideous noise of their huge strokes did heare,
And drew thereto, making her eare her guide:
Whom when that Theefe approaching nigh espide
With bow in hand and arrowes ready bent,
He by his former combate would not bide,
But fled away with ghastly dreriment
Well knowing her to be his deaths sole instrument.

XXX.

Whom seeing flie, she speedily poursewed
With winged feete, as nimble as the winde,
And ever in her bow she ready shewed
The arrow to his deadly marke desynde :
As when Latonaes daughter, cruell kynde,
In vengeance of her mothers great disgrace,
With fell despight her cruell arrowes tynde
Gainst wofull Niobes unhappy race,
That all the gods did mone her miserable case.

XXXI.

So well she sped her and so far she ventred,
That, ere unto his hellish den he raught,
Even as he ready was there to have entred,
She sent an arrow forth with mighty draught,
That in the very dore him overcaught,
And, in his nape arriving, through it thrild
His greedy throte, therewith in two distraught,
That all his vitall spirites thereby spild,
And all his hairy brest with gory bloud was fild.

XXXII.

Whom when on ground she groveling saw to rowle,
She ran in hast his life to have bereft ;
But, ere she could him reach, the sinfull sowle
Having his carrion corse quite sencelesse left
Was fled to hell, surcharg'd with spoile and theft :
Yet over him she there long gazing stood,
And oft admir'd his monstous shape, and oft
His mighty limbs, whilst all with filthy bloud
The place there over-flowne seemd like a sodaine
flood.

XXXIII.

Thenceforth she past into his dreadfull den,
Where nought but darkesome drerinesse she found,
Ne creature saw, but hearkned now and then
Some litle whispering, and soft-groning sound.
With that she askt, what ghosts there under ground
Lay hid in horror of eternall night;
And bad them, if so be they were not bound,
To come and shew themselves before the light,
Now freed from feare and danger of that dismall
Wight.

XXXIV.

Then forth the sad Æmylia issewed,
Yet trembling every ioynt through former feare;
And after her the hag, there with her mewed,
A foule and lothsome creature, did appeare;
A leman fit for such a lover deare:
That mov'd Belphebe her no lesse to hate,
Then for to rue the others heavy cheare;
Of whom she gan enquire of her estate;
Who all to her at large, as hapned, did relate.

XXXV.

Thence she them brought toward the place where
late
She left the gentle Squire with Amoret;
There she him found by that new lovely Mate,
Who lay the whiles in swoune, full sadly set,
From her faire eyes wiping the deawy wet
Which softly stild, and kissing them atweene,
And handling soft the hurts which she did get:
For of that Carle she sorely bruz'd had beene,
Als of his owne rash hand one wound was to be
seene.

XXXVI.

Which when she saw with sodaine glauncing eye,
Her noble heart, with sight thereof, was fild
With deepe disdaine and great indignity,
That in her wrath she thought them both have thrild
With that selfe arrow which the Carle had kild :
Yet held her wrathfull hand from vengeance sore :
But drawing nigh, ere he her well beheld,
“ Is this the faith ? ” she said—and said no more,
But turnd her face, and fled away for evermore.

XXXVII.

He, seeing her depart, arose up light,
Right sore agrieved at her sharpe reproofe,
And follow'd fast : but when he came in sight,
He durst not nigh approach, but kept aloofe,
For dread of her displeasure's utmost proofe :
And evermore, when he did grace entreat,
And framed speaches fit for his behoofe,
Her mortall arrowes she at him did threat,
And forst him backe with fowle dishonor to retreat.

XXXVIII.

At last, when long he follow'd had in vaine,
Yet found no ease of grieve nor hope of graee,
Unto those woods he turned backe againe,
Full of sad anguish and in heavy case :
And, finding there fit solitary place
For wofull wight, chose out a gloomy glade,
Where hardly eye mote see bright heavens face
For mossy trees, which covered all with shade
And sad mclancholy ; there he his cabin made.

XXXIX.

His wonted warlike weapons all he broke
And threw away, with vow to use no more,
Ne thenceforth ever strike in battell stroke,
Ne ever word to speake to woman more ;
But in that wilderness, of men forlore
And of the wicked world forgotten quight,
His hard mishap in dolor to deplore,
And wast his wretched daies in wofull plight:
So on himselfe to wreake his follies owne despight.

XL.

And eke his garment, to be thereto meet,
He wilfully did cut and shape anew ;
And his faire lockes, that wont with ointmentsweet
To be embaulm'd, and sweat out dainty dew,
He let to grow and griesly to concrew,
Uncomb'd, uncurl'd, and carelesly unshed ;
That in short time his face they overgrew,
And over all his shoulders did dispred,
That who he whilome was uneath was to be red.

XLI.

There he continued in this carefull plight,
Wretchedly wearing out his youthly yeares,
Through wilfull penury consumed quight,
That like a pined ghost he soone appeares:
For other food then that wilde forrest beares,
Ne other drinke there did he ever tast
Then running water tempred with his teares,
The more his weakened body so to wast:
That out of all mens knowledge he was worne at last.

XLII.

For on a day, by fortune as it fell, [way
His own deare Lord Prince Arthure came that
Seeking adventures where he mote heare tell;
And, as he through the wandring wood did stray,
Having espide his cabin far away,
He to it drew, to weet who there did wonne;
Weening therein some holy hermit lay,
That did resort of sinfull people shonne;
Or else some woodman shrowded there from
scorching sunne.

XLIII.

Arriving there he found this wretched man
Spending his daies in dolour and despaire,
And, through long fasting, woxen pale and wan,
All over-grownen with rude and rugged haire;
That albeit his owne dear Squire he were,
Yet he him knew not, ne aviz'd at all; [where,
But like strange wight, whom he had scene no
Saluting him, gan into speach to fall,
And pittie much his plight, that liv'd like outcast
thrall.

XLIV.

But to his speach he aunswered no whit,
But stood still mute, as if he had beene dum,
Ne signe of sence did shew, ne common wit,
As one with grieve and anguishe over-cum;
And unto every thing did aunswere mum:
And ever, when the Prince unto him spake,
He louted lowly, as did him becum,
And humble homage did unto him make;
Midst sorrow shewing ioyous semblance for his
sake.

XLV.

At which his uncouth guise and usage quaint
The Prince did wonder much, yet could not ghesse
The cause of that his sorrowfull constraint;
Yet weend, by secret signes of manlinesse
Which close appeard in that rude brutishnesse,
That he whilome some gentle swaine had beene,
Traind up in feats of armes and knightlinesse;
Which he observ'd, by that he him had seene
To weld his naked sword and try the edges keene;

XLVI.

And eke by that he saw on every tree
How he the name of One engraven had
Which likly was his liefest Love to be,
From whom he now so sorely was bestad;
Which was by him BELPHEBE rightly rad:
Yet who was that Belphebe he ne wist;
Yet saw he often how he waxed glad
When he it heard, and how the ground he kist
Wherein it written was, and how himselfe he blist.

XLVII.

Tho, when he long had marked his demeanor,
And saw that all he said and did was vaine,
Ne ought mote make him change his wonted tenor,
Ne ought mote cease to mitigate his paine;
He left him there in languor to remaine,
Till time for him should remedy provide,
And him restore to former grace againe:
Which, for it is too long here to abide,
I will deferre the end untill another tide.

CANTO VIII.

The gentle Squire recovers grace:
Sclaunder her guests doth staine:
Corflambo chaseth Placidus,
And is by Arthure slaine.

I.

WELL said the Wiseman, now prov'd true by this
Which to this gentle Squire did happen late,
That the displeasure of the mighty is
Then death itselfe more dread and desperate;
For naught the same may calme, ne mitigate,
Till time the tempest doe thereof delay
With sufferance soft, which rigour can abate,
And have the sterne remembrance wypt away
Of bitter thoughts, which deepe therein infix'd lay.

II.

Like as it fell to this unhappy Boy,
Whose tender heart the faire Belphebe had
With one sterne looke so daunted, that no ioy
In all his life, which afterwards he had,
He ever tasted; but with penaunce sad
And pensive sorrow pind and wore away,
Ne ever laught, ne once shew'd countenance glad;
But alwaies wept and wailed night and day,
As blasted bloosme through heat doth languish
and decay:

III.

Till on a day, as in his wonted wise,
His doole he made, there chaunst a turtle dove
To come, where he his dolours did devise,
That likewise late had lost her dearest love,
Which losse her made like passion also prove:
Who, seeing his sad plight, her tender heart
With deare compassion deeply did emmove,
That she gan mone his undeserved smart,
And with her dolefull accent beare with him a part.

IV.

Shee sitting by him, as on ground he lay,
Her mournfull notes full piteously did frame,
And thereof made a lamentable lay,
So sensibly compyld that in the same
Him seemed oft he heard his owne right name.
With that he forth would poure so plenteous teares,
And beat his breast unworthy of such blame,
And knocke his head, and rend his rugged heares,
That could have perst the hearts of tiges and of
beares.

V.

Thus, long this gentle bird to him did use
Withouten dread of perill to repaire
Unto his wonne, and with her mournfull muse
Him to recomfort in his greatest care,
That much did ease his mourning and misfare:
And every day, for guerdon of her song,
He part of his small feast to her would share;
That, at the last, of all his woe and wrong
Companion she became, and so continued long.

VI.

Upon a day, as she him sate beside,
By chance he certaine miniments forth drew,
Which yet with him as relickes did abide
Of all the bounty which Belphebe threw
On him, whilst goodly grace she did him shew :
Amongst the rest a iewell rich he found,
That was a ruby of right perfect hew,
Shap'd like a heart yet bleeding of the wound,
And with a litle golden chaine about it bound.

VII.

The same he tooke, and with a riband new,
In which his Ladies colours were, did bind
About the turtles necke, that with the vew
Did greatly solace his engrieved mind.
All unawares the bird, when she did find
Herselfe so deckt, her nimble wings displaid,
And flew away as lightly as the wind :
Which sodaine accident him much dismaid ;
And, looking after long, did marke which way she
 straid.

VIII.

But whenas long he looked had in vaine,
Yet saw her forward still to make her flight,
His weary eie returnd to him againe,
Full of discomfort and disquiet plight,
That both his iuell he had lost so light,
And eke his deare companion of his care.
But that sweet bird departing flew forthright,
Through the wide region of the wastfull aire,
Untill she came where wonned his Belphebe faire.

IX.

There found she her (as then it did betide)
Sitting in covert shade of arbors sweet,
After late wearie toile which she had tride
In salvage chase, to rest as seem'd her meet.
There she, alighting, fell before her feet,
And gan to her her mournfull plaint to make,
As was her wont, thinking to let her weet
The great tormenting grieve that for her sake .
Her gentle Squire through her displeasure did
pertake.

X.

She, her beholding with attentive eye,
At length did marke about her purple brest
That precious iuell, which she formerly
Had knowne right well with colourd ribbands drest:
Therewith she rose in hast, and her addrest
With ready hand it to have reft away:
But the swift bird obeyd not her behest,
But swarv'd aside, and there againe did stay;
She follow'd her, and thought againe it to assay.

XI.

And ever, when she nigh approcht, the dove
Would flit a litle forward, and then stay
Till she drew neare, and then againe remove:
So tempting her still to pursue the pray,
And still from her escaping soft away:
Till that at length into that forrest wide
She drew her far, and led with slow delay:
In th'end she her unto that place did guide,
Whereas that wofull man in languor did abide.

XII.

Eftsoones she flew unto his fearelesse hand,
And there a piteous ditty new deviz'd,
As if she would have made him understand
His sorrowes cause, to be of her despis'd :
Whom when she saw in wretched weeds disguiz'd,
With heary glib deform'd, and meiger face,
Like ghost late risen from his grave agryz'd,
She knew him not, but pittied much his case,
And wisht it were in her to doe him any grace.

XIII.

He, her beholding, at her feet downe fell
And kist the ground on which her sole did tread,
And washt the same with water which did well
From his moisteies, and like two streames proceed ;
Yet spake no word, whereby she might aread
What mister wight he was, or what he ment ;
But, as one daunted with her presence dread,
Onely few ruefull lookes unto her sent,
As messengers of his true meaning and intent.

XIV.

Yet nathemore his meaning she ared,
But wondred much at his so selecouth ease ;
And by his persons secret seemlyhed
Well weend that he had beene some man of place,
Before misfortune did his hew deface ;
That, being mov'd with ruth, she thus bespake :
“ Ah ! wofull man, what Heavens hard disgrace,
Or wrath of cruell wight on thee ywrake,
Or selfe-disliked life, doth thee thus wretched make !

XV.

“ If Heaven ; then none may it redresse or blame,
Sith to His powre we all are subiect borne !
If wrathfull wight ; then fowle rebuke and shame
Be theirs that have so cruell thee forlorne !
But, if through inward griefe or wilfull scorne
Of life, it be ; then better doe advise :
For he, whose daies in wilfull woe are worne,
The grace of his Creator doth despise,
That will not use his gifts for thanklesse nigardise.”

XVI.

When so he heard her say, eftsoones he brake,
His sodaine silence which he long had pent,
And, sighing inly deepe, her thus bespake ;
“ Then have they all themselves against me bent !
For Heaven, first author of my languishment,
Envyng my too great felicity,
Did closely with a cruell One consent
To cloud my daies in dolefull misery,
And make me loath this life, still longing for to die.

XVII.

“ Ne any but yourself, O dearest Dred,
Hath done this wrong, to wreake on worthlesse
wight
Your high displeasure, through misdeeming bred :
That, when your pleasure is to deeme aright,
Ye may redresse, and me restore to light !”
Which sory words her mightie hart did mate
With mild regard to see his ruefull plight,
That her inburning wrath she gan abate,
And him receiv'd againe to former favours state.

XXI.

Tho, when they both recovered were right well,
He gan of them inquire, what evill guide
Them thether brought, and how their harmes befell:
To whom they told all that did them betide,
And how from thraldome vile they were untide,
Of that same wicked Carle, by Virgins hond;
Whose blondie corse they shew'd him there beside,
And eke his cave in which they both were bond:
At which he wondred much when all those signes
he fond.

XXII.

And evermore he greatly did desire
To know, what Virgin did them thence unbind;
And oft of them did earnestly inquire,
Where was her won, and how he mote her find.
But, whenas nought according to his mind
He could out-learne, he them from ground did
reare,
(No service lothsome to a gentle kind,)
And on his warlike beast them both did beare,
Himselfe by them on foot to succour them from
feare.

XXIII.

So when that forrest they had passed well,
A litle cotage farre away they spide,
To which they drew ere night upon them fell;
And, entring in, found none therein abide,
But one old woman sitting there beside
Upon the ground in ragged rude attyre,
With filthy lockes about her scattered wide,
Gnawing her nayles for felnesse and for yre,
And there out sucking venime to her parts entyre.

XXIV.

A foule and loathly creature sure in sight,
And in conditions to be loath'd no lesse :
For she was stuff with rancour and despite
Up to the throat, that oft with bitterness
It forth would breake and gush in great excesse,
Pouring out streames of poyson and of gall
Gainst all that truth or vertue doe professe ;
Whom she with leasings lewdly did miscall
And wickedly backbite : Her name men Sclaun-
der call.

XXV.

Her nature is, all goodnesse to abuse,
And causelesse crimes continually to frame,
With which she guiltlesse persons may accuse,
And steale away the crowne of their good name :
Ne ever Knight so bold, ne ever Dame
So chaste and loyall liv'd, but she would strive
With forged cause them falscly to defame ;
Ne ever thing so well was doen alive,
But she with blame would blot, and of due praise
deprive.

XXVI.

Her words were not, as common words are ment,
T' expresse the meaning of the inward mind,
But noysome breath, and poysnous spirit sent
From inward parts, with canered malice lind,
And breathed forth with blast of bitter wind ;
Which passing through the eares would pierce the
hart,
And wound the soule itselfe with grieve unkind :
For, like the stings of aspes that kill with smart,
Her spightfull words did pricke and wound the
inner part.

XXVII.

Such was that Hag, unmeet to host such guests,
Whom greatest Princes Court would welcome
fayne :

But neede, that answers not to all requests,
Bad them not looke for better entertayne ;
And eke that age despysed nicenesse vaine,
Enur'd to hardnesse and to homely fare,
Which them to warlike discipline did trayne,
And manly limbs endur'd with litle care
Against all hard mishaps and fortunelesse misfare.

XXVIII.

Then all that evening, welcommed with cold
And chearelesse hunger, they together spent ;
Yet found no fault, but that the Hag did scold
And rayle at them with grudgefull discontent,
For lodging there without her owne consent :
Yet they endured all with patience milde,
And unto rest themselves all onely lent,
Regardlesse of that queane so base and vilde
To be uniuistly blamd and bitterly revilde,

XXIX.

Here well I weene, whenas these rimes be red
With misregard, that some rash-witted wight,
Whose looser thought will lightly be misled,
These gentle Ladies will misdeeme too light
For thus conversing with this noble Knight ;
Sith now of dayes such temperance is rare
And hard to finde, that heat of youthfull spright
For ought will from his greedie pleasure spare :
More hard for hungry steed t' abstaine from pleasant lare.

XXX.

But antique Age, yet in the infancie
Of time, did live then, like an innocent,
In simple truth and blamelesse chastitie;
Ne then of guile had made experiment;
But, voide of vile and treacherous intent,
Held Vertue, for itselfe, in soveraine awe:
Then loyall Love had royall regiment,
And each unto his lust did make a lawe,
From all forbidden things his liking to withdraw.

XXXI.

The lyon there did with the lambe consort,
And eke the dove sate by the faulcons side;
Ne each of other feared fraud or tort,
But did in safe securitie abide,
Withouten perill of the stronger pride:
But when the world woxe old, it woxe warre old,
(Whereof it hight,) and, having shortly tride
The traines of wit, in wickednesse woxe bold,
And dared of all sinnes the secrets to unfold.

XXXII.

Then Beautie, which was made to represent
The great Creatours owne resemblance bright,
Unto abuse of lawlesse lust was lent,
And made the baite of bestiall delight:
Then faire grew foule, and foule grew faire in sight;
And that, which wont to vanquish God and man,
Was made the vassall of the victors might;
Then did her glorious flowre wax dead and wan,
Despisd and troden downe of all that over-ran:

XXXIII.

And now it is so utterly decayd,
That any bud thereof doth scarce remaine,
But if few plants, preserv'd through heavenly ayd,
In Princes Court doe hap to sprout againe,
Dew'd with her drops of bountie soveraine,
Which from that goodly glorious Flowre proceed,
Sprung of the auncient stocke of Princes straine,
Now th' onely remnant of that Royall Breed,
Whose noble kind at first was sure of heavenly
seed.—

XXXIV.

Tho, soone as day discovered heavens face
To sinfull men with darknes overdight,
This gentle crew gan from their eye-lids chace
The drowzie humour of the dampish night,
And did themselves unto their iourney dight.
So forth they yode, and forward softly paced,
That them to view had bene an uncouth sight;
How all the way the Prince on footpace traced,
The Ladies both on horse together fast embraced.

XXXV.

Soone as they thence departed were afore,
That shamefull Hag, the slaunder of her sexe,
Them follow'd fast, and them reviled sore,
Him calling theefe, them whores; that much did
vexe
His noble hart: thereto she did annexe
False crimes and facts, such as they never ment,
That those two Ladies much asham'd did wexe:
The more did she pursue her lewd intent,
And rayl'd and rag'd, till she had all her poyson
spent.

XXXVI.

At last, when they were passed out of sight,
Yet she did not her spightfull speach forbear,
But after them did barke, and still backbite,
Though there were none her hatefull words to
 heare :

Like as a curre doth felly bite and teare
The stone, which passed straunger at him threw ;
So she, them seeing past the reach of eare,
Against the stones and trees did rayle anew,
Till she had duld the sting, which in her tongs
 end grew.

XXXVII.

They passing forth kept on their readie way,
With easie steps so soft as foot could stryde,
Both for great feeblesse which did oft assay
Faire Amoret, that scarcely she could ryde,
And eke through heavie armes which sore annoyd
The Prince on foot, not wonted so to fare ;
Whose steadie hand was faine his steede to guyde,
And all the way from trotting hard to spare ;
So was his toyle the more, the more that was his
 care.

XXXVIII.

Atlength they spide where towards them with speed
A Squire came gallopping, as he would flie,
Bearing a litle Dwarfe before his steed,
That all the way full loud for aide did crie,
That seem'd his shrikes would rend the brasen skie :
Whom after did a mighty man pursew,
Ryding upon a dromedare on hie,
Of stature huge, and horrible of hew,
That would have maz'd a man his dreadfull face
 to vew :

XXXIX.

For from his fearefull eyes two fierie beames,
More sharpe then points of needles, did proceede,
Shooting forth farre away two flaming streames,
Full of sad powre, that poysnous bale did breede
To all that on him lookt without good heed,
And secretly his enemies did slay :
Like as the basiliske, of serpents seede,
From powrefull eyes close venim doth convey
Into the lookers hart, and killeth farre away.

XL.

He all the way did rage at that same Squire,
And after him full many threatnings threw,
With curses vaine in his avengefull ire :
But none of them (so fast away he flew)
Him overtooke before he came in vew :
Where when he saw the Prince in armour bright,
He cald to him aloud his ease to rew,
And rescue him, through succour of his might,
From that his cruell foe that him pursewd in sight.

XLI.

Eftsoones the Prince tooke downe those Ladies
 twaine
From loftie steede, and mounting in their stead
Came to that Squire yet trembling every vaine ;
Of whom he gan enquire his cause of dread :
Who as he gan the same to him aread,
Loe ! hard behind his backe his foe was prest,
With dreadfull weapon aymed at his head,
That unto death had doen him unredrest,
Had not the noble Prince his readie stroke repress :

XLII.

Who, thrusting boldly twixt him and the blow,
The burden of the deadly brunt did beare
Upon his shield, which lightly he did throw
Over his head, before the harme came neare :
Nathlesse it fell with so despiteous dreare
And heavie sway, that hard unto his crowne
The shield it drove, and did the covering reare :
Therewith both Squire and Dwarfe did tomble
 downe
Unto the earth, and lay long while in senselesse
 swowne.

XLIII.

Whereat the Prince, full wrath, his strong right
In full avengement heaved up on hie, [hand
And stroke the Pagan with his steely brand
So sore, that to his saddle-bow thereby
He bowed low, and so a while did lie :
And sure, had not his massie yron mace
Betwixt him and his hurt bene happily,
It would have cleft him to the girding place ;
Yet, as it was, it did astonish him long space.

XLIV.

But, when he to himselfe returnd againe,
All full of rage he gan to curse and sweare,
And vow by Mahoune that he should be slaine.
With that his murderous mace he up did reare,
That seemed nought the souse thereof could beare,
And therewith smote at him with all his might :
Bnt, ere that it to him approched neare,
The royall Child with readie quick foresight
Did shun the prooffe thereof and it avoyded light.

XLV.

But, ere his hand he could recure againe
To ward his bodie from the balefull stound,
He smote at him with all his might and maine
So furiously that, ere he wist, he found
His head before him tombling on the ground:
The whiles his babling tongue did yet blaspheme
And curse his god that did him so confound;
The whiles his life ran forth in bloudie streame,
His soule descended downe into the Stygian
reame.

XLVI.

Which when that Squire beheld, he woxe full glad
To see his foe breath out his spright in vaine:
But that same Dwarfe right sorie seem'd and sad,
And howld aloud to see his Lord there slaine,
And rent his haire and scratcht his face for paine.
Then gan the Prince at leasure to inquire
Of all the accident there hapned plaine,
And what he was whose eyes did flame with fire:
All which was thus to him declared by that Squire.

XLVII.

“This mightie man,” quoth he, “whom you have
slaine,
Of an huge Geauntesse whylome was bred;
And by his strength rule to himselfe did gaine
Of many nations into thraldome led,
And mightie kingdomes of his force adred;
Whom yet he conquer'd not by bloudie fight,
Ne hostes of men with banners brode dispred,
But by the powre of his infectious sight,
With which he killed all that came within his
might.

XLVIII.

“ Ne was he ever vanquished afore,
But ever vanquisht all with whom he fought ;
Ne was there man so strong, but he downe bore ;
Ne woman yet so faire, but he her brought
Unto his bay, and cáptived her thought :
For most of strength and beautie his desire
Was spoyle to make, and wast them unto nought,
By casting secret flakes of lustfull fire
From his false eyes into their harts and parts entire.

XLIX.

“ Therefore Corflambo was he cald aright,
Though namelesse there his bodie now doth lie ;
Yet hath he left one daughter that is hight
The faire Pæana ; who seemes outwardly
So faire as ever yet saw living eie ;
And, were her vertue like her beautie bright,
She were as faire as any under skie :
But ah ! she given is to vaine delight,
And eke too loose of life, and eke of love too light.

L.

“ So, as it fell, there was a gentle Squire
That lov'd a Ladie of high parentage ;
But, for his meane degree might not aspire
To match so high, her friends with counsell sage
Dissuaded her from such a disparage :
But she, whose hart to love was wholly lent,
Out of his hands could not redeeme her gage,
But, firmly following her first intent,
Resolv'd with him to wend, gainst all her friends
consent.

LI.

“ So twixt themselves they pointed time and place :
To which when he according did repaire,
An hard mishap and disaventrous case
Him chaunst ; instead of his Æmylia faire,
This Gyants sonne, that lies there on the laire
An headlesse heape, him unawares there caught ;
And all dismayd through mercillesse despaire
Him wretched thrall unto his dongeon brought,
Where he remaines of all unsuccour’d and un-
sought.

LII.

“ This Gyants daughter came upon a day
Unto the prison, in her ioyous glee,
To view the thralls which there in bondage lay :
Amongst the rest she chaunced there to see
This lovely swaine, the Squire of low degree ;
To whom she did her liking lightly cast,
And wooed him her paramour to bee :
From day to day she woo’d and prayd him fast,
And for his love him promist libertie at last.

LIII.

“ He, though affide unto a former Love,
To whom his faith he firmly ment to hold,
Yet seeing not how thence he mote remove,
But by that meanes which fortune did unfold,
Her graunted love, but with affection cold,
To win her grace his libertie to get :
Yet she him still detaines in captive hold,
Fearing, least if she should him freely set,
He would her shortly leave, and former love forget.

LIV.

“ Yet so much favour she to him hath hight
Above the rest, that he sometimes may space
And walke about her gardens of delight,
Having a keeper still with him in place ;
Which keeper is this Dwarfe, her dearling base,
To whom the keyes of every prison dore
By her committed be, of speciall grace,
And at his will may whom he list restore,
And, whom he list, reserve to be afflicted more.

LV.

“ Whereof when tydings came unto mine eare,
Full inly sorie, for the fervent zeale
Which I to him as to my soule did beare,
I thether went ; where I did long conceale
Myselfe, till that the Dwarfe did me reveale,
And told his Dame her Squire of low degree
Did secretly out of her prison steale ;
For me he did mistake that Squire to bee ;
For never two so like did living creature see.

LVI.

“ Then was I taken and before her brought ;
Who, through the likenesse of my outward hew,
Being likewise beguiled in her thought,
Gan blame me much for being so untrew
To seeke by flight her fellowship t'eschew,
That lov'd me deare, as dearest thing alive.
Thence she commaunded me to prison new :
Whereof I glad did not gaine-say nor strive,
But suffred that same Dwarfe me to her dongeon
drive.

LVII.

“ There did I finde mine onely faithfull frend
In heavy plight and sad perplexitie :
Whereof I sorie, yet myselfe did bend
Him to recomfort with my companie ;
But him the more agreev'd I found thereby :
For all his ioy, he said, in that distresse
Was mine and his Æmylias libertie.
Æmylia well he lov'd, as I mote ghesse ;
Yet greater love to me then her he did professe.

LVIII.

“ But I with better reason him aviz'd,
And shew'd him how, through error and misthought
Of our like persons eath to be disguiz'd,
Or his exchange or freedom might be wrought.
Whereto full loth was he, ne would for ought
Consent that I, who stood all fearelesse free,
Should wilfully be into thraldome brought,
Till fortune did perforce it so decree :
Yet, over-ruld at last, he did to me agree.

LIX.

“ The morrow next, about the wonted howre,
The Dwarfe cald at the doore of Amyas
To come forthwith unto his Ladies bowre :
Instead of whom forth came I Placidas,
And undiscerned forth with him did pas.
There with great ioyance and with gladsome glee
Of faire Pæana I received was,
And oft imbrast, as if that I were hee,
And with kind words accoyd, vowing great love
to mee.

LX.

“ Which I, that was not bent to former love
As was my friend that had her long refus'd,
Did well accept, as well it did behove,
And to the present neede it wisely usd.
My former hardnesse first I faire excusd ;
And, after, promist large amends to make.
With such smooth termes her error I abusd
To my friends good more then for mine owne sake,
For whose sole libertie I love and life did stake.

LXI.

“ Thenceforth I found more favour at her hand ;
That to her Dwarfe, which had me in his charge,
She bad to lighten my too heavie band,
And graunt more scope to me to walke at largè.
So on a day, as by the flowrie marge
Of a fresh streame I with that Elfe did play,
Finding no meanes how I might us enlarge,
But if that Dwarfe I could with me convay,
I lightly snatcht him up and with me bore away.

LXII.

“ Thereat he shriekt aloud, that with his cry
The Tyrant selfe came forth with yelling bray,
And me pursew'd ; but nathemore would I
Forgoe the purchase of my gotten pray,
But have perforce him hether brought away.”
Thus as they talked, loe ! where nigh at hand
Those Ladies two, yet doubtfull through dismay,
In presence came, desirous t' understand
Tydings of all which there had hapned on the land.

LXIII.

Where soone as sad Æmylia did espie
Her captive lovers friend, young Placidus ;
All mindlesse of her wonted modestie
She to him ran, and, him with streight embras
Enfolding, said, “ And lives yet Amyas ? ”
“ He lives,” quoth he, “ and his Æmylia loves.”
“ Then lesse,” said she, “ by all the woe I pas,
With which my weaker patience fortune proves :
But what mishap thus long him fro myself re-
moves ? ”

LXIV.

Then gan he all this storie to renew,
And tell the course of his captivitie ;
That her deare hart full deeply made to rew
And sigh full sore, to heare the miserie
In which so long he mercillesse did lie.
Then, after many teares and sorrowes spent,
She deare besought the Prince of remedie :
Who thereto did with readie will consent,
And well perform'd ; as shall appeare by his event.

CANTO IX.

The Squire of low degree, releast,
Æmylia takes to wife:
Britomart fightes with many Knights;
Prince Arthur stints their strife.

I.

HARD is the doubt, and difficult to deeme,
When all three kinds of love together meet
And doe dispart the hart with powre extreme,
Whether shall weigh the balance downe; to weete,
The deare affection unto kindred sweet,
Or raging fire of love to womankind,
Or zeale of friends combynd with vertues meet.
But of them all the band of vertuous mind,
Me seemes, the gentle hart should most assured
bind.

II.

For naturall affection soone doth cesse,
And quenched is with Cupids greater flame;
But faithfull friendship doth them both suppress,
And them with maystring discipline doth tame,
Through thoughts aspyring to eternall fame.
For as the soule doth rule the earthly masse,
And all the service of the bodie frame;
So love of soule doth love of bodie passe,
No lesse then perfect gold surmounts the meanest
brasse.

III.

All which who list by tryall to assay,
Shall in this storie find approved plaine ;
In which these Squires true friendship more did
sway

Then either care of parents could refraine,
Or love of fairest ladie could constraine.
For though Pæana were as faire as morne,
Yet did this trustie Squire with proud disdaine
For his friends sake her offred favours scorne,
And she herselfe her syre of whom she was yborne.

IV.

Now, after that Prince Arthur graunted had
To yeeld strong succour to that gentle Swayne,
Who now long time had lyen in prison sad ;
He gan advise how best he mote darrayne
That enterprize, for greatest glories gayne.
That headlesse Tyrants tronke he reard from
ground,

And, having ympt the head to it agayne,
Upon his usuall beast it firmly bound,
And made it so to ride as it alive was found.

V.

Then did he take that chaced Squire, and layd
Before the ryder, as he captive were ;
And made his Dwarfe, though with unwilling ayd,
To guide the beast that did his Maister beare,
Till to his Castle they approched neare :
Whom when the watch, that kept continuall ward,
Saw comming home, all voide of doubtfull feare
He, running downe, the gate to him unbard ;
Whom straight the Prince ensuing in together far'd.

VI.

There did he find in her delicious boure
The faire Pæana playing on a rote ;
Complayning of her cruell paramoure,
And singing all her sorrow to the note,
As she had learned readily by rote ;
That with the sweetnesse of her rare delight
The Prince half rapt began on her to dote ;
Till, better him bethinking of the right,
He her unwares attacht, and captive held by might.

VII.

Whence being forth produc'd, when she perceived
Her owne deare Sire, she cald to him for aide :
But when of him no aunswere she received,
But saw him sencelesse by the Squire upstaide,
She weened well that then she was betraide :
Then gan she loudly cry, and weepe, and waile,
And that same Squire of treason to upbraide :
But all in vaine ; her plaints might not prevaile ;
Ne none there was to reskue her, ne none to baile.

VIII.

Then tooke he that same Dwarfe, and him compeld
To open unto him the prison dore,
And forth to bring those thrals which there he held.
Thence forth were brought to him above a score
Of Knights and Squires to him unknowne afore :
All which he did from bitter bondage free,
And unto former liberty restore.
Amongst the rest that Squire of low degree
Came forth full weake and wan, not like himselfe
to bee.

IX.

Whom soone as faire Æmylia beheld
And Placidus, they both unto him ran,
And him embracing fast betwixt them held,
Striving to comfort him all that they can,
And kissing oft his visage pale and wan :
That faire Pæana, them beholding both,
Gan both envy, and bitterly to ban ;
Through iealous passion weeping inly wroth,
To see the sight perforce that both her eyes were
loth.

X.

But when awhile they had together beene,
And diversly conferred of their case,
She, though full oft she both of them had seene
Asunder, yet not ever in one place,
Began to doubt, when she them saw embrace,
Which was the captive Squire she lov'd so deare,
Deceived through great likenesse of their face :
For they so like in person did appeare,
That she uneath discerned whether whether weare.

XI.

And eke the Prince whenas he them avized,
Their like resemblaunce much admired there,
And mazd how Nature had so well disguised
Her worke, and counterfet herselfe so nere,
As if that by one patterne seene somewhere
She had them made a paragone to be ;
Or whether it through skill or error were.
Thus gazing long at them much wondred he ;
So did the other Knights and Squires which him
did see.

XII.

Then gan they ransacke that same Castle strong,
In which he found great store of hoorded threasure,
The which that Tyrant gathered had by wrong
And tortious powre, without respect or measure.
Upon all which the Briton Prince made seasure,
And afterwards continu'd there a while
To rest himselfe, and solace in soft pleasure
Those weaker Ladies after weary toile ;
To whom he did divide part of his purchast spoile.

XIII.

And, for more ioy, that captive Lady faire,
The faire Pæana, he enlarged free,
And by the rest did set in sumptuous chaire
To feast and frolicke ; nathemore would she
Shew gladsome countenaunce nor pleasaunt glee ;
But grieved was for losse both of her sire,
And eke of lordship with both land and fee ;
But most she touched was with grieve entire
For losse of her new Love, the hope of her desire.

XIV.

But her the Prince, through his well-wonted grace,
To better termes of myldnesse did entreat
From that fowle rudenesse which did her deface ;
And that same bitter cor'sive, which did eat
Her tender heart and made refraine from meat,
He with good thewes and speaches well applyde
Did mollifie, and calme her raging heat :
For though she were most faire, and goodly dyde,
Yet she it all did mar with cruelty and pride.

XV.

And, for to shut up all in friendly love,
Sith love was first the ground of all her grieve,
That trusty Squire he wisely well did move
Not to despise that Dame which lov'd him liefe,
Till he had made of her some better priefe;
But to accept her to his wedded wife:
Thereto he offred for to make him chiefe
Of all her land and lordship during life:
He yeelded, and her tooke; so stinted all their strife.

XVI.

From that day forth in peace and ioyous blis
They liv'd together long without debate;
Ne private iarre, ne spite of enemies,
Could shake the safe assuraunce of their state;
And she, whom Nature did so faire create
That she mote match the fairest of her daies,
Yet with lewd loves and lust intemperate
Had it defaste, thenceforth reformd her waies,
That all men much admyrde her change, and spake
her praise.

XVII.

Thus when the Prince had perfectly compylde
These paires of friends in peace and settled rest;
Himselfe, whose minde did travell as with chylde
Of his old love conceav'd in secret brest,
Resolved to pursue his former quest;
And, taking leave of all, with him did beare
Faire Amoret, whom fortune by bequest
Had left in his protection whilecare,
Exchanged out of one into another feare.

XVIII.

Feare of her safety did her not constraine ;
For well she wist now in a mighty hond
Her person, late in perill, did remaine,
Who able was all daungers to withstond :
But now in feare of shame she more did stond,
Seeing herselfe all soly succourlesse,
Left in the victors powre, like vassal bond ;
Whose will her weaknesse could no way repressse,
In case his burning lust should breake into excesse.

XIX.

But cause of feare sure had she none at all
Of him, who goodly learned had of yore
The course of loose affection to forstall,
And lawlesse lust to rule with reasons lore ;
That, all the while he by his side her bore,
She was as safe as in a sanctuary.
Thus many miles they two together wore,
To seeke their Loves dispersed diversly ;
Yet neither shewed to other their hearts privity.

XX.

At length they came whereas a troupe of Knights
They saw together skirmishing, as seemed :
Sixe they were all, all full of fell despight,
But foure of them the battell best beseeemed,
That which of them was best mote not be deemed.
These foure were they from whom false Florimel
By Braggadochio lately was redeemed ;
To weet, sterne Druon, and lewd Claribell,
Love-lavish Blandamour, and lustfull Paridell.

XXI.

Druons delight was all in single life,
And unto Ladies love would lend no leasure :
The more was Claribell enraged rife
With fervent flames, and loved out of measure :
So eke lov'd Blandamour, but yet at pleasure
Would change his liking, and new Lemans prove :
But Paridell of love did make no threasure,
But lusted after all that him did move :
So diversly these foure disposed were to love.

XXII.

But those two other, which beside them stoode,
Were Britomart and gentle Sendamour ;
Who all the while beheld their wrathfull moode,
And wondred at their impacable stoure,
Whose like they never saw till that same houre :
So dreadfull strokes each did at other drive,
And laid on load with all their might and powre,
As if that every dint the ghost would rive
Out of their wretched corses, and their lives deprive.

XXIII.

As when Dan Æolus, in great displeasure
For losse of his deare Love by Neptune hent,
Sends forth the winds out of his hidden threasure
Upon the sea to wreake his full intent ;
They, breaking forth with rude unruliment
From all foure parts of heaven, doe rage full sore,
And tosse the deepes, and teare the firmament,
And all the world confound with wide uprore ;
As if instead thereof they Chaos would restore.

XXIV.

Cause of their discord and so fell debate
Was for the love of that same snowy Maid,
Whome they had lost in Turneyment of late ;
And, seeking long to weet which way she straid,
Met here together ; where, through lewd upbraide
Of Atè and Dnessa, they fell out ;
And each one taking part in others aide
This cruell conflict raised thereabout,
Whose dangerous successe depended yet in doubt ;

XXV.

For sometimes Paridell and Blandamour
The better had, and bet the others backe ;
Eftsoones the others did the field recoure,
And on their foes did worke full cruell wracke :
Yet neither would their fiend-like fury slacke,
But evermore their malice did augment ;
Till that uneath they forced were, for lacke
Of breath, their raging rigour to relent,
And rest themselves for to recover spirits spent.

XXVI.

There gan they change their sides, and new parts
take ;
For Paridell did take to Druons side,
For old despight which now forth newly brake
Gainst Blandamour whom alwaies he envide ;
And Blandamour to Claribell relide :
So all afresh gan former fight renew.
As when two barkes, this caried with the tide,
That with the wind, contráry courses sew,
If wind and tide doe change, their courses change
anew.

XXVII.

Thenceforth they much more furiously gan fare,
As if but then the battell had begonne ;
Ne helmets bright ne hawberks strong did spare,
That through the clifts the vermeil bloud out sponne,
And all adowne their riven sides did ronne.
Such mortall malice wonder was to see
In friends profest, and so great outrage donne :
But sooth is said, and tride in each degree,
*Faint friends when they fall out most cruell fomen
bee.*

XXVIII.

Thus they long while continued in fight ;
Till Scudamour and that same Briton Maide
By fortune in that place did chance to light :
Whom soone as they with wrathfull eie bewraide,
They gan remember of the fowle upbraide,
The which that Britonesse had to them donne
In that late Turney for the snowy Maide ;
Where she had them both shamefully fordonne,
And eke the famous prize of beauty from them
wonne.

XXIX.

Eftsoones, all burning with a fresh desire
Of fell revenge, in their malicious mood
They from themselves gan turne their furious ire,
And cruell blades yet steeming with whot bloud
Against those two let drive, as they were wood :
Who wondring much at that so sodaine fit,
Yet nought dismayd, them stoutly well withstood ;
Ne yeelded foote, ne once abacke did flit,
But, being doubly smitten, likewise doubly smit.

XXX.

The warlike Dame was on her part assaid
Of Claribell and Blandamour attone ;
And Paridell and Druon fiercely laid
At Seudamour, both his professed fone :
Foure charged two, and two surcharged one ;
Yet did those two themselves so bravely beare,
That th' other litle gained by the lone,
But with their owne repayed duely weare,
And usury withall : such gaine was gotten deare.

XXXI.

Full oftentimes did Britomart assay
To speake to them, and some emparlance move ;
But they for nought their cruell hands would stay,
Ne lend an eare to ought that might behove.
As when an eager mastiffe once doth prove
The tast of bloud of some engored beast,
No words may rate, nor rigour him remove
From greedy hold of that his blonddy feast :
So, litle did they hearken to her sweet beheast.

XXXII.

Whom when the Briton Prince afarre beheld
With ods of so unequall match opprest,
His mighty heart with indignation sweld,
And inward grudge fild his heroicke brest :
Eftsoones himselfe he to their aide addrest,
And thrusting fierce into the thickest preace
Divided them, however loth to rest ;
And would them faine from battell to surceasse,
With gentle words perswading them to friendly
peace :

XXXIII.

But they so farre from peace or patience were,
That all at once at him gan fiercely flie,
And lay on load, as they him downe would beare :
Like to a storme which hovers under skie,
Long here and there and round about doth stie,
At length breakes downe in raine, and haile, and
 sleet,
First from one coast, till nought thereof be drie ;
And then another, till that likewise fleet ;
And so from side to side till all the world it weet.

XXXIV.

But now their forces greatly were decayd,
The Prince yet being fresh untoucht afore ;
Who them with speaches milde gan first diswade
From such foule outrage, and them long forbore :
Till, seeing them through suffrance hartned more,
Himselfe he bent their furies to abate,
And layd at them so sharpely and so sore,
That shortly them compelled to retrate,
And being brought in daunger to relent too late.

XXXV.

But now his courage being throughly fired,
He ment to make them know their follies prise,
Had not those two him instantly desired
T' asswage his wrath, and pardon their mesprise :
At whose request he gan himselfe advise
To stay his hand, and of a truce to treat
In milder tearmes, as list them to devise ;
Mongst which the cause of their so cruell heat
He did them aske ; who all that passed gan repeat ;

XXXVI.

And told at large how that same Errant Knight,
To weet, faire Britomart, them late had foyled
In open turney, and by wrongfull fight
Both of their publicke praise had them despoyled,
And also of their private Loves beguyled;
Of two full hard to read the harder theft.
But she that wrongfull challenge soone assoyled,
And shew'd that she had not that Lady left,
(As they suppos'd,) but her had to her liking left.

XXXVII.

To whom the Prince thus goodly well replied;
“ Certes, Sir Knight, ye seemen much to blame
To rip up wrong that battell once hath tried;
Wherein the honor both of Armes ye shame,
And eke the love of Ladies foule defame;
To whom the world this franchise ever yeelded,
That of their Loves choise they might freedom
 clame,
And in that right should by all Knights be shielded:
Gainst which, me seemes, this war ye wrongfully
 have wielded.”

XXXVIII.

“ And yet,” quoth she, “ a greater wrong remaines:
For I thereby my former Love have lost;
Whom seeking ever since with endlesse paines
Hath me much sorrow and much travell cost;
Aye me, to see that gentle Maide so tost!”
But Scudamour then sighing deepe thus saide;
“ Certes her losse ought me to sorrow most,
Whose right she is, wherever she be straide,
Through many perils wonne, and many fortunes
 waide:

XXXIX.

“ For from the first that I her love profest,
Unto this houre, this present lucklesse howre,
I never ioyed happinesse nor rest ;
But thus turmoild from one to other stowre
I wast my life, and doe my daies devowre
In wretched anguishe and incessant woe,
Passing the measure of my feeble powre ;
That, living thus a wretch and loving so,
I neither can my love ne yet my life forgo.”

XL.

Then good Sir Claribell him thus bespake ;
“ Now were it not, Sir Scudamour, to you
Dislikefull paine so sad a taske to take,
Mote we entreat you, sith this gentle crew
Is now so well accorded all anew,
That, as we ride together on our way,
Ye will recount to us in order dew
All that adventure which ye did assay
For that faire Ladies love : Past perils well apay.”

XLI.

So gan the rest him likewise to require :
But Britomart did him impórtune hard
To take on him that paine ; whose great desire
He glad to satisfie, himselfe prepar'd
To tell through what misfortune he had far'd
In that atchievement, as to him befell,
And all those daungers unto them declar'd ;
Which sith they cannot into this Canto well
Comprised be, I will them in another tell.

CANTO X.

Scudamour doth his conquest tell
Of vertuous Amoret :
Great Venus Temple is describ'd ;
And Lovers life forth set.

I.

“ TRUE he it said, whatever man it sayd,
That love with gall and hony doth abound :
But if the one be with the other wayd,
For every dram of hony, therein found,
A pound of gall doth over it redound :
That I too true by triall have approved ;
For since the day that first with deadly wound
My heart was launcht, and learned to have loved,
I never ioyed howre, but still with care was moved.

II.

“ And yet such grace is given them from above,
That all the cares and evill which they meet
May nought at all their settled mindes remove,
But seeme gainst common sence to them most
sweet ;
As hosting in their martyrdome unmeet.
So all that ever yet I have endured
I count as naught, and tread downe under feet,
Since of my Love at length I rest assured,
That to disloyalty she will not be allured.

III.

“ Long were to tell the travell and long toile,
Through which this Shield of Love I late have
 wonne,
And purchased this peerelesse Beauties spoile,
That harder may be ended, then begonne :
But since ye so desire, your will be donne.
Then hearke, ye gentle Knights and Ladies free,
My hard mishaps that ye may learne to shonne ;
For though sweet love to conquer glorious bee,
Yet is the paine thereof much greater then the fee.

IV.

“ What time the fame of this renowned prise
Flew first abroad, and all mens cares possest
I, having armes then taken, gan advise
To winne me honour by some noble gest,
And purchase me some place amongst the best.
I boldly thought, (so young mens thoughts are bold,)
That this same brave emprize for me did rest,
And that both Shield and She whom I behold
Might be my lucky lot ; sith all by lot we hold.

V.

“ So on that hard adventure forth I went,
And to the place of perill shortly came :
That was a Temple faire and auncient,
Which of great mother Venus bare the name,
And farre renowned through exceeding fame ;
Much more then that which was in Paphos built,
Or that in Cyprus, both long since this same,
Though all the pillours of the one were guilt,
And all the others pavement were with yvory spilt :

VI.

“ And it was seated in an Island strong,
Abounding all with delices most rare,
And wall'd by nature gainst invaders wrong,
That none mote have accesse, nor inward fare,
But by one way that passage did prepare.
It was a bridge ybuilt in goodly wize
With curious corbes and pendants graven faire,
And arched all with porches did arize
On stately pillours fram'd after the Doricke guise :

VII.

“ And for defence thereof on th' other end
There reared was a Castle faire and strong,
That warded all which in or out did wend,
And flancked both the bridges sides along,
Gainst all that would it faine to force or wrong :
And therein wonned twenty valiant Knights ;
All twenty tride in warres experience long ;
Whose office was against all manner wights
By all meanes to maintaine that Castels ancient
rights.

VIII.

“ Before that Castle was an open plaine,
And in the midst thereof a pillar placed ;
On which this Shield, of many sought in vaine,
THE SHIELD OF LOVE, whose guerdon me hath
graced,
Was hangd on high with golden ribbands laced ;
And in the marble stone was written this,
With golden letters goodly well enchaced ;
Blessed the man that well can use this blis :
Whose ever be the Shield, faire Amoret be his.

IX.

“ Which when I red, my heart did inly earne,
And pant with hope of that adventures hap :
Ne stayed further newes thereof to learne,
But with my speare upon the Shield did rap,
That all the Castle ringed with the clap.
Streight forth issewd a Knight all arm'd to prooffe,
And bravely mounted to his most mishap :
Who, staying nought to question from aloofe,
Ran fierce at me, that fire glaunst from his horses
hoofe.

X.

“ Whom boldly I encountred (as I could)
And by good fortune shortly him unseated.
Eftsoones outsprung two more of equall mould ;
But I them both with equall hap defeated :
So all the twenty I likewise entreated,
And left them groning there upon the plaine.
Then, preacing to the pillour, I repeated
The read thereof for guerdon of my paine,
And, taking downe the Shield, with me did it
retaine.

XI.

“ So forth without impediment I past,
Till to the bridges utter gate I came ;
The which I found sure lockt and chained fast.
I knockt, but no man answred me by name ;
I cald, but no man answred to my clame :
Yet I perséver'd still to knocke and call ;
Till at the last I spide within the same
Where one stood peeping through a crevis small,
To whom I cald aloud, halfe angry therewithall.

XII.

“ That was to weete the porter of the place,
Unto whose trust the charge thereof was lent :
His name was Doubt, that had a double face,
Th’ one forward looking, th’ other backward bent,
Therein resembling Ianus auncient
Which hath in charge the ingate of the yeare :
And evermore his eyes about him went,
As if some proved perill he did feare,
Or did misdoubt some ill whose cause did not ap-
peare.

XIII.

“ On th’ one side he, on th’ other sate Delay,
Behinde the gate, that none her might espy ;
Whose manner was, all passengers to stay
And entertaine with her occasions sly ;
Through which some lost great hope unheedily,
Which never they recover might againe ;
And others, quite excluded forth, did ly
Long languishing there in unpittied paine,
And seeking often entraunce afterwards in vaine.

XIV.

“ Me whenas he had privily espide
Bearing the Shield which I had conquerd late,
He kend it streight, and to me opened wide :
So in I past, and streight he closd the gate.
But being in, Delay in close awaite
Caught hold on me, and thought my steps to stay,
Feigning full many a fond excuse to prate,
And time to steale, the threasure of mans day,
Whose smallest minute lost no riches render may.

XV.

“ But by no meanes my way I would forslow
For ought that ever she could doe or say ;
But from my lofty steede dismounting low
Past forth on foote, beholding all the way
The goodly workes, and stones of rich assay,
Cast into sundry shapes by wondrous skill,
That like on earth no where I reckon may ;
And underneath, the river rolling still
With murmure soft, that seem'd to serve the work-
mans will.

XVI.

“ Thence forth I passed to the second gate,
The Gate of Good Desert, whose goodly pride
And costly frame were long here to relate :
The same to all stoode alwaies open wide ;
But in the porch did evermore abide
An hideous Giant, dreadfull to behold,
That stopt the entraunce with his spacious stride,
And with the terroure of his countenance bold
Full many did affray, that else faine enter would :

XVII.

His name was Daunger, dreaded over all ;
Who day and night did watch and duely ward
From fearefull cowards entrance to forstall
And faint-heart-fooles, whom shew of perill hard
Could terrifie from fortunes faire adward :
For oftentimes faint hearts, at first espiall
Of his grim face, were from approaching scard :
Unworthy they of grace, whom one deniall
Excludes from fairest hope withouten further triall.

XVIII.

“ Yet many doughty warriours, often tride
In greater perils to be stout and bold,
Durst not the sternnesse of his looke abide ;
But, soone as they his countenance did behold,
Began to faint, and feele their corage cold.
Againe, some other, that in hard assaies
Were cowards knowne, and litle count did hold,
Either through gifts, or guile, or such like waies,
Crept in by stouping low, or stealing of the kaies.

XIX.

“ But I, though meanest man of many moe,
Yet much disdainning unto him to lout,
Or creepe betweene his legs, so in to goe,
Resolv'd him to assault with manhood stout,
And either beat him in or drive him out.
Eftsoones, advauncing that enchanted Shield,
With all my might I gan to lay about :
Which when he saw, the glaive which he did wield
He gan forthwith t'avale, and way unto me yield.

XX,

“ So, as I entred, I did backward looke,
For feare of harme that might lie hidden there ;
And loe ! his hindparts, whereof heed I tooke,
Much more deformed, fearfull, ugly were,
Then all his former parts did earst appere :
For Hatred, Murther, Treason, and Despight,
With many moe lay in ambúshment there,
Awayting to entrap the warelesse wight
Which did not them prevent with vigilant foresight.

XXI.

“ Thus having past all perill, I was come
Within the compasse of that Islands space ;
The which did seeme, unto my simple doome,
The onely pleasant and delightfull place
That ever troden was of footings trace :
For all that Nature by her mother-wit
Could frame in earth, and forme of substance base,
Was there ; and all that Nature did omit,
Art, playing second Natures part, supplied it.

XXII.

“ No tree, that is of count, in greenewood growes,
From lowest iuniper to cedar tall ;
No flowre in field, that daintie odour throwes,
And deckes his branch with blossomes over all,
But there was planted, or grew naturall :
Nor sense of man so coy and curious nice,
But there mote find to please itselfe withall ;
Nor hart could wish for any queint device,
But there it present was, and did fraile sense entice.

XXIII.

“ In such luxurious plentie of all pleasure,
It seem'd a second paradise I ghesse,
So lavishly enricht with Natures threasure,
That if the happie soules, which doe possesse
Th' Elysian fields and live in lasting blesse,
Should happen this with living eye to see,
They soone would loath their lesser happinesse,
And wish to life return'd againe to bee,
That in this ioyous place they mote have ioyance
free.

XXIV.

“ Fresh shadowes, fit to shroud from sunny ray ;
Faire lawnds, to take the sunne in season dew ;
Sweet springs, in which a thousand nymphs did
play ;

Soft-rombling brookes, that gentle slomber drew ;
High-reared mounts, the lands about to view ;
Low-looking dales, disloignd from common gaze ;
Delightfull bowres, to solace lovers trew ;
False labyrinthes, fond runners eyes to daze ;
All which by Nature made did Nature selfe amaze.

XXV.

“ And all without were walkes and alleyes, dight
With divers trees enrang'd in even rankes ;
And here and there were pleasant arbors pight,
And shadie seates, and sunny flowring bankes,
To sit and rest the walkers wearie shankes :
And therein thousand payres of lovers walkt,
Praying their god, and yeelding him great thanks,
Ne ever ought but of their true loves talkt,
Ne ever for rebuke or blame of any balkt.

XXVI.

“ All these together by themselves did sport
Their spotlesse pleasures and sweet loves content.
But, farre away from these, another sort
Of lovers lincked in true harts consent ;
Which loved not as these for like intent,
But on chaste vertue grounded their desire,
Farre from all fraud or fayned blandishment ;
Which, in their spirits kindling zealous fire,
Brave thoughts and noble deedes did evermore
aspire.

XXVII.

“ Such were great Hercules, and Hyllus deare ;
Trew Ionathan, and David trustie tryde ;
Stout Theseus, and Pirithous his feare ;
Pylades, and Orestes by his syde ;
Myld Titus, and Gesippus without pryde ;
Damon, and Pythias, whom death could not sever :
All these, and all that ever had bene tyde
In bands of friendship, there did live for ever ;
Whose lives although decay'd, yet loves decayed
never.

XXVIII.

“ Which whenas I, that never tasted blis
Nor happy howre, beheld with gazefull eye,
I thought there was none other heaven then this ;
And gan their endlesse happinesse envye,
That being free from feare and gealosye
Might frankely there their loves desire possesse ;
Whilest I, through pains and perlous ieopardie,
Was forst to seeke my lifes deare patronesse :
Much dearer be the things which come through
hard distresse.

XXIX.

“ Yet all those sights, and all that else I saw,
Might not my steps withhold but that forthright
Unto that purposd place I did me draw,
Whereas my Love was lodged day and night,
The Temple of great Venus, that is hight
The queene of Beautie, and of Love the mother,
There worshipped of every living wight ;
Whose goodly workmanship farre past all other
That evè were on earth, all were they set together.

XXX.

“ Not that same famous temple of Diáne,
Whose hight all Ephesus did oversee,
And which all Asia sought with vowes prophane,
One of the Worlds Seven Wonders sayd to bee,
Might match with this by many a degree :
Nor that, which that Wise King of Iurie framed
With endlesse cost to be th’ Almightyes See ;
Nor all, that else through all the world is named
To all the heathen gods, might like to this be
clamed.

XXXI.

“ I, much admyring that so goodly frame,
Unto the porch approcht, which open stood ;
But therein sate an amiable Dame,
That seem’d to be of very sober mood,
And in her semblant shew’d great womanhood :
Strange was her tyre ; for on her head a crowne
She wore, much like unto a Danisk hood,
Poudred with pearle and stone ; and all her gowne
Enwoven was with gold, that raught full low
adowne.

XXXII.

“ On either side of her two young men stood,
Both strongly arm’d, as fearing one another ;
Yet were they brethren both of halfe the blood,
Begotten by two fathers of one mother,
Though of contrárie natures each to other :
The one of them hight Love, the other Hate ;
Hate was the elder, Love the younger brother ;
Yet was the younger stronger in his state
Then th’ elder, and him maystred still in all debate.

XXXIII.

“ Nathlesse that Dame so well them tempred both,
That she them forced hand to ioyne in hand,
Albe that Hatred was thereto full loth,
And turn'd his face away, as he did stand,
Unwilling to behold that lovely band :
Yet she was of such grace and vertuous might,
That her commaundment he could not withstand,
But bit his lip for felonous despight,
And gnasht his yron tuskes at that displeasing sight.

XXXIV.

“ Concord she cleeped was in common reed,
Mother of blessed Peace and Friendship trew ;
They both her twins, both borne of heavenly seed,
And she herselfe likewise divinely grew ;
The which right well her workes divine did shew :
For strength and wealth and happinesse she lends,
And strife and warre and anger does subdew ;
Of little much, of foes she maketh frends,
And to afflicted minds sweet rest and quiet sends.

XXXV.

“ By her the heaven is in his course contained,
And all the world in state unmoved stands,
As their Almighty Maker first ordained,
And bound them with inviolable bands ;
Else would the waters overflow the lands,
And fire devoure the ayre, and hell them quight ;
But that she holds them with her blessed hands.
She is the nourse of pleasure and delight,
And unto Venus grace the gate doth open right.

XXXVI.

“ By her I entring half dismayed was ;
But she in gentle wise me entertayned,
And twixt herselfe and Love did let me pas ;
But Hatred would my entrance have restrayned,
And with his club me threatned to have brayned,
Had not the Ladie with her powrefull speach
Him from his wicked will uneath refrayned ;
And th’ other eke his malice did empeach,
Till I was throughly past the perill of his reach.

XXXVII.

“ Into the inmost temple thus I came,
Which fuming all with frankensence I found
And odours rising from the altars flame.
Upon an hundred marble pillors round
The roof up high was reared from the ground,
All deckt with crownes, and chaynes, and girlands
 gay,
And thousand pretious gifts worth many a pound,
The which sad Lovers for their voves did pay ;
And all the ground was strow’d with flowres as
 fresh as May.

XXXVIII.

“ An hundred altars round about were set,
All flaming with their sacrifices fire,
That with the steme thereof the Temple swet,
Which rould in clouds to heaven did aspire,
And in them bore true Lovers voves entire :
And eke an hundred brasen caudrons bright,
To bath in ioy and amorous desire,
Every of which was to a Damzell hight ;
For all the Priests were Damzels in soft linnen dight.

XXXIX.

“ Right in the midst the goddesse selfe did stand
Upon an altar of some costly masse,
Whose substance was uneath to understand :
For neither pretious stone, nor durefull brasse,
Nor shining gold, nor mouldring clay it was ;
But much more rare and pretious to esteeme,
Pure in aspéct, and like to christall glasse ;
Yet glasse was not, if one did rightly deeme ;
But, being faire and brickle, likest glasse did seeme.

XL.

“ But it in shape and beautie did excell
All other idoles which the heath'en adore,
Farre passing that, which by surpassing skill
Phidias did make in Paphos isle of yore,
With which that wretched Greeke, that life forlore,
Did fall in love : yet this much fairer shined,
But covered with a slender veile afore ;
And both her feete and legs together twyned
Were with a snake, whose head and tail were fast
combyned.

XLI.

“ The cause why she was covered with a vele
Was hard to know, for that her priests the same
From peoples knowledge labour'd to concele :
But sooth it was not sure for womanish shame,
Nor any blemish, which the worke mote blame ;
But for (they say) she hath both kinds in one,
Both male and female, both under one name :
She syre and mother is herselfe alone,
Begets and eke conceives, ne needeth other none.

XLII.

And all about her necke and shoulders flew
 A flocke of litle Loves, and Sports, and Ioyes,
 With nimble wings of gold and purple hew ;
 Whose shapes seem'd not like to terrestriall boyes,
 But like to angels playing heavenly toyes ;
 The whilest their eldest brother was away,
 Cupid their eldest brother : He enioyes
 The wide kingdome of Love with lordly sway,
 And to his law compels all creatures to obay.

XLIII.

“ And all about her altar scattered lay
 Great sorts of Lovers piteously complayning,
 Some of their losse, some of their loves delay,
 Some of their pride, some paragons disdayning,
 Some fearing fraud, some fraudulently fayning,
 As every one had cause of good or ill.
 Amongst the rest some one, through Loves con-
 strayning
 Tormented sore, could not containe it still,
 But thus brake forth, that all the Temple it did fill ;

XLIV.

“ ‘ Great Venus ! queene of Beantie and of Grace,
 ‘ The ioy of gods and men, that under skie
 ‘ Doest fayrest shine, and most adorne thy place ;
 ‘ That with thy smyling looke doest pacifie
 ‘ The raging seas, and makst the stormes to flie ;
 ‘ Thee, goddessse, thee the winds, the clouds doe
 feare ;
 ‘ And, when thou spredst thy mantle forth on lie,
 ‘ The waters play, and pleasant lands appeare,
 ‘ And heavens laugh, and al the world shews ioy-
 ous cheare :

XLV.

“ ‘ Then doth the dædale earth throw forth to thee
‘ Out of her fruitfull lap abundant flowres ;
‘ And then all living wights, soone as they see
‘ The Spring breake forth out of his lusty bowres,
‘ They all doe learne to play the paramours :
‘ First doe the merry birds, thy pretty pages,
‘ Privily pricked with thy lustfull powres,
‘ Chirpe loud to thee out of their leavy cages,
‘ And thee their mother call to coole their kindly
rages.

XLVI.

“ ‘ Then doe the salvage beasts begin to play
‘ Their pleasant friskes, and loath their wonted food :
‘ The lyons rore ; the tygers loudly bray ;
‘ The raging buls rebellow through the wood,
‘ And breaking forth dare tempt the deepest flood
‘ To come where thou doest draw them with desire :
‘ So all things else, that nourish vitall blood,
‘ Soone as with fury thou doest them inspire,
‘ In generation seeke to quench their inward fire.

XLVII.

“ ‘ So all the world by thee at first was made,
‘ And dayly yet thou doest the same repayre :
‘ Ne ought on earth that merry is and glad,
‘ Ne ought on earth that lovely is and fayre,
But thou the same for pleasure didst prepayre :
‘ Thou art the root of all that ioyous is :
‘ Great god of men and women, queene of th' ayre,
‘ Mother of laughter, and wel-spring of blisse,
‘ O graunt that of my Love at last I may not misse !’

XLVIII.

“ So did he say : but I with murmure soft,
That none might heare the sorrow of my hart,
Yet inly groning deepe and sighing oft,
Besought her to graunt ease unto my smart,
And to my wound her gracious help impart.
Whilest thus I spake, behold ! with happy eye
I spyde where at the Idoles feet apart
A bevie of fayre Damzels close did lye,
Wayting whenas the antheme should be sung on
hye.

XLIX.

“ The first of them did seeme of ryper yeares
And graver countenance then all the rest ;
Yet all the rest were eke her equall peares,
Yet unto her obeyed all the best :
Her name was Womanhood ; that she exprest
By her sad semblant and demeanure wyse :
For stedfast still her eyes did fixed rest,
Ne rov'd at randon, after gazers guyse,
Whose luring baytes oftimes doe heedlesse harts
entyse.

L.

“ And next to her sate goodly Shamefastnesse,
Ne ever durst her eyes from ground upreare,
Ne ever once did looke up from her desse,
As if some blame of evill she did feare,
That in her cheekes made roses oft appeare :
And her against sweet Cherefulnessse was placed,
Whose eyes, like twinkling stars in evening cleare,
Were deckt with smyles that all sad humors chaced,
And darted forth delights the which her goodly
graced.

LI.

“ And next to her sate sober Modestie,
Holding her hand upon her gentle hart;
And her against sate comely Curtesie,
That unto every person knew her part;
And her before was seated overthwart
Soft Silence, and submisse Obedience,
Both linckt together never to dispart;
Both gifts of God not gotten but from thence;
Both girlonds of his Saints against their foes offence.

LII.

“ Thus sate they all around in seemely rate:
And in the midst of them a goodly Mayd
(Even in the lap of Womanhood) there sate,
The which was all in lilly white arayd,
With silver streames amongst the linnen stray'd;
Like to the Morne, when first her shyning face
Hath to the gloomy world itself bewray'd:
That same was fayrest Amoret in place,
Shyning with beauties light and heavenly vertues
grace.

LIII.

“ Whome soone as I beheld, my hart gan throb
And wade in doubt what best were to be donne:
For sacrilege me seem'd the church to rob;
And folly seem'd to leave the thing undonne,
Which with so strong attempt I had begonne.
Tho, shaking off all doubt and shamefast feare,
Which Ladies love I heard had never wonne
Mongst men of worth, I to her stepped neare,
And by the lilly hand her labour'd up to reare.

LIV.

“ Thereat that formost Matrone me did blame,
And sharpe rebuke for being over-bold ;
Saying it was to Knight unseemely shame,
Upon a récluse Virgin to lay hold,
That unto Venus services was sold.
To whom I thus ; Nay, but it fitteth best
For Cupids man with Venus mayd to hold ;
For ill your goddesse services are drest
By Virgins, and her sacrifices let to rest.

LV.

“ With that my Shield I forth to her did show,
Which all that while I closely had conceald ;
On which when Cupid with his killing bow
And cruell shafts emblazond she beheld,
At sight thereof she was with terror queld,
And said no more : but I, which all that while
The pledge of faith her hand engaged held,
(Like warie hynd within the weedie soyle,)
For no intreatie would forgoe so glorious spoyle.

LVI.

“ And evermore upon the goddesse face
Mine eye was fixt, for feare of her offence :
Whom when I saw with amiable grace
To laugh on me, and favour my pretence,
I was emboldned with more confidence ;
And, nought for nicenesse nor for envy sparing,
In presence of them all forth led her thence,
All looking on, and like astonisht staring,
Yet to lay hand on her not one of all them daring.

LVII.

“ She often prayd, and often me besought,
Sometime with tender teares to let her goe,
Sometime with witchingsmyles: but yet, for nought
That ever she to me could say or doe,
Could she her wished freedome fro me wooe ;
But forth I led her through the Temple gate,
By which I hardly past with much adoe :
But that same Ladie, which me friended late
In entrance, did me also friend in my retrate.

LVIII.

“ No lesse did Daunger threaten me with dread,
Whenas he saw me, maugre all his powre,
That glorious spoyle of Beautie with me lead,
Then Cerberus, when Orpheus did recoure
His Lemman from the Stygian princes boure.
But evermore my Shield did me defend
Against the storme of every dreadfull stoure :
Thus safely with my Love I thence did wend.”
So ended he his Tale ; where I this Canto end.

CANTO XI.

Marinells former wound is heald ;
He comes to Proteus hall,
Where Thamës doth the Medway wedd,
And feasts the sea-gods all.

I.

BUT ah ! for pittie that I have thus long
Left a fayre Ladie languishing in payne !
Now well away ! that I have doen such wrong,
To let faire Florimell in bands remayne,
In bands of love, and in sad thralldomes chayne ;
From which unlesse some heavenly powre her free
By miracle, not yet appearing playne,
She lenger yet is like captiv'd to bee ;
That even to thinke thereof it inly pitties mee.

II.

Here neede you to remember, how erewhile
Unlovely Proteus, missing to his mind
That Virgins love to win by wit or wile,
Her threw into a dongeon deepe and blind,
And there in chaynes her cruelly did bind,
In hope thereby her to his bent to draw :
For, whenas neither gifts nor graces kind
Her constant mind could move at all he saw,
He thought her to compell by crueltie and awe.

III.

Deepe in the bottome of an huge great rocke
The dongeon was, in which her bound he left,
That neither yron barres, nor brasen locke,
Did neede to gard from force or secret theft
Of all her lovers which would her have reft:
For wall'd it was with waves, which rag'd and ror'd
As they the cliffe in peeces would have cleft;
Besides, ten thousand monsters foule abhor'd
Did waite about it, gaping griesly, all begor'd.

IV.

And in the midst thereof did Horror dwell,
And Darkenesse dredd that never viewed day,
Like to the balefull house of lowest hell,
In which old Styx her aged bones alway
(Old Styx the grandame of the gods) doth lay.
There did this lucklesse Mayd seven months abide,
Ne ever evening saw, ne mornings ray,
Ne ever from the day the night descride,
But thought it all one night, that did no houres
divide.

V.

And all this was for love of Marinell,
Who her despysd (ah! who would her despyse!)
And wemens love did from his hart expell,
And all those ioyes that weake mankind eutyse.
Nathlesse his pride full dearely he did pryse;
For of a womans hand it was ywroke,
That of the wound he yet in languor lyes,
Ne can be cured of that cruell stroke
Which Britomart him gave, when he did her pro-
voke.

VI.

Yet farre and neare the Nymph his mother sought,
And many salves did to his sore applie,
And many herbes did use: But whenas nought
She saw could ease his rankling maladie;
At last to Tryphon she for helpe did hie,
(This Tryphon is the sea-gods surgeon hight,)
Whom she besought to find some remedie:
And for his paines a whistle him behight,
That of a fishes shell was wrought with rare delight.

VII.

So well that leach did hearke to her request,
And did so well employ his carefull paine,
That in short space his hurts he had redrest,
And him restor'd to healthfull state againe:
In which he long time after did remaine
There with the Nymph his mother, like her thrall;
Who sore against his will did him retaine,
For feare of perill which to him mote fall
Through his too ventrous prowesse proved over all.

VIII.

It fortun'd then, a solemne Feast was there
To all the sea-gods and their fruitfull seede,
In honour of the Spousalls which then were
Betwixt the Medway and the Thames agreed.
Long had the Thames (as we in records reed)
Before that day her wooed to his bed;
But the proud Nymph would for no worldly meed,
Nor no entreatie, to his love be led;
Till now at last relenting she to him was wed.

IX.

So both agreed that this their Bridale Feast
Should for the gods in Proteus house be made ;
To which they all repayr'd, but most and least,
As well which in the mightie ocean trade,
As that in rivers swim, or brookes doe wade :
All which, not if an hundred tongues to tell,
And hundred mouthes, and voice of brasse I had,
And endlesse memorie that mote excell,
In order as they came could I recount them well.

X.

Helpe therefore, O thou sacred Impe of Iove,
The noursling of dame Memorie his Deare,
To whom those rolles, layd up in heaven above,
And records of antiquitie appeare,
To which no wit of man may comen neare ;
Helpe me to tell the names of all those Floods
And all those Nymphes, which then assembled
were
To that great Banquet of the watry gods,
And all their sundry kinds, and all their hid abodes.

XI.

First came great Neptune, with his three-forkt mace,
That rules the seas and makes them rise or fall ;
His dewy lockes did drop with brine apace
Under his diademe imperiall :
And by his side his Queene with coronall,
Faire Amphitrite, most divinely faire,
Whose yvorie shoulders weren covered all,
As with a robe, with her owne silver haire,
And deckt with pearles which th' Indian seas for
her prepaire.

XII.

These marched farre afore the other crew :
And all the way before them, as they went,
Triton his trompet shrill before them blew,
For goodly triumph and great iollyment,
That made the rockes to roare as they were rent.
And after them the royall issue came,
Which of them sprung by lineall descent :
First the sea-gods, which to themselves doe clame
The powre to rule the billowes, and the waves to
tame :

XIII.

Phorcys, the father of that fatall brood,
By whom those old heroës wonne such fame ;
And Glaucus, that wise southsayes understood ;
And tragicke Inoes sonne, the which became
A god of seas through his mad mothers blame,
Now hight Palemon, and is saylers frend ;
Great Brontes ; and Astræus, that did shame
Himselfe with incest of his kin unkend ;
And huge Orion, that doth tempests still portend ;

XIV.

The rich Cteatus ; and Eurytus long ;
Neleus and Pelias, lovely brethren both ;
Mightie Chrysaor ; and Caiæus strong ;
Enrypulus, that calmes the waters wroth ;
And faire Euphœmus, that upon them go'th,
As on the ground, without dismay or dread ;
Fierce Eryx ; and Alebius, that know'th
The waters depth, and doth their bottome tread ;
And sad Asopus, comely with his hoarie head.

XV.

There also some most famous Founders were
Of puissant nations, which the world possest,
Yet sonnes of Neptune, now assembled here:
Ancient Ogyges, even th' auncientest;
And Inachus renownd above the rest;
Phœnix; and Aon; and Pelasgus old;
Great Belus; Phœax; and Agenor best;
And mightie Albion, father of the bold
And warlike people which the Britaine Islands
hold:

XVI.

For Albion the sonne of Neptune was;
Who, for the prooue of his great puissance,
Out of his Albion did on dry-foot pas
Into old Gall, that now is cleeped France,
To fight with Hercules, that did advance
To vanquish all the world with matchlesse might;
And there his mortall part by great mischance
Was slaine; but that which is th' immortall spright
Lives still, and to this Feast with Neptunes seed
was dight.

XVII.

But what do I their names seeke to reherse,
Which all the world have with their issue fild?
How can they all in this so narrow verse
Contayned be, and in small compasse hild?
Let them record them that are better skild,
And know the moniments of passed age:
Onely what needeth shall be here fulfild,
T' expresse some part of that great equipage
Which from great Neptune do derive their parent-
age.

XVIII.

Next came the aged Ocean and his Dame
Old Tethys, th' oldest two of all the rest ;
For all the rest of those two parents came,
Which afterward both sea and land possest ;
Of all which Nereus, th' eldest and the best,
Did first proceed ; then which none more upright,
Ne more sincere in word and deed profest ;
Most voide of guile, most free from fowle despight,
Doing himselfe and teaching others to doe right :

XIX.

Thereto he was expert in prophecies,
And could the led den of the gods unfold ;
Through which, when Paris brought his famous
The faire Tindarid Lasse, he him foretold, [prise,
That her all Greece with many a champion bold
Should fetch againe, and finally destroy
Proud Priams towne : So wise is Nereus old,
And so well skild ; nathlesse he takes great ioy
Oft-times amongst the wanton nymphs to sport
and toy.

XX.

And after him the famous Rivers came,
Which doe the earth enrich and beautifie :
The fertile Nile, which creatures new doth frame ;
Long Rhodanus, whose sourse springs from the
skie ;
Faire Ister, flowing from the mountaines hie ;
Divine Scamander, purpled yet with blood
Of Greeks and Troians, which therein did die ;
Pactolus glistring with his golden flood ;
And Tygris fierce, whose streames of none may
be withstood ;

XXI.

Great Ganges ; and immortall Eúphrates ;
Deepe Indus ; and Mæander intricate ;
Slow Peneus ; and tempestuous Phasides ;
Swift Rhene ; and Alpheus still immaculate ;
Ooraxes, feared for great Cyrus fate ;
Tybris, renowmed for the Romaines fame ;
Rich Oranochy, though but knowen late ;
And that huge River, which doth beare his name
Of warlike Amazons which doe possesse the same.

XXII.

Ioy on those warlike Women, which so long
Can from all Men so rich a kingdome hold !
And shame on you, O Men, which boast your strong
And valiant hearts, in thoughts lesse hard and bold,
Yet quaille in conquest of that Land of Gold !
But this to you, O Britons, most pertaines,
To whom the right hereof itselfe hath sold ;
The which, for sparing litle cost or paines,
Loose so immortall glory, and so endlesse gaines.

XXIII.

Then was there heard a most celestiall sound
Of dainty musicke, which did next ensew
Before the Spouse : that was Arion crownd ;
Who, playing on his harpe, unto him drew
The eares and hearts of all that goodly crew ;
That even yet the dolphin, which him bore
Through the Ægéan seas from pirates vew,
Stood still by him astonisht at his lore,
And all the raging seas for ioy forgot to rore.

XXIV.

So went he playing on the watery plaine :
Soone after whom the lovely Bridegroome came,
The noble Thames, with all his goodly traine.
But him before there went, as best became,
His auncient parents, namely th' auncient Thame ;
But much more aged was his wife then he,
The Ouze, whom men doe Isis rightly name ;
Full weake and crooked creature seemed shee,
And almost blind through eld, that scarce her way
could see.

XXV.

Therefore on either side she was sustained
Of two smal groomes, which by their names were
hight [which pained
The Churne and Charwell, two small streames,
Themselves her footing to direct aright,
Which fayled oft through faint and feeble plight :
But Thame was stronger, and of better stay ;
Yet seem'd full aged by his outward sight,
With head all hoary, and his beard all gray,
Deawed with silver drops that trickled downe
alway :

XXVI.

And eke he somewhat seem'd to stoupe afore
With bowed backe, by reason of the lode
And auncient heavy burden which he bore
Of that faire City, wherein make abode
So many learned impes, that shoote abroad,
And with their braunches spred all Britany,
No lesse then do her elder Sisters broode.
Ioy to you Both, ye double Nourserie
Of Arts ! but, Oxford, thine doth Thame most
glorify.

XXVII.

But he their Sonne full fresh and iolly was,
All decked in a robe of watchet hew,
On which the waves, glittering like christall glas,
So cunningly enwoven were, that few
Could weenen whether they were false or trew :
And on his head like to a coronet
He wore, that seemed strange to common vew,
In which were many towres and eastels set,
That it encompass round as with a golden fret.

XXVIII.

Like as the Mother of the gods, they say,
In her great iron charet wonts to ride,
When to Ioves pallace she doth take her way,
Old Cybelè, arayd with pompous pride,
Wearing a diademe embattild wide
With hundred turrets, like a turribant.
With such an one was Themis beautifide ;
That was to weete the famous Troynovant,
In which her kingdomes throne is chiefly resiant.

XXIX.

And round about him many a pretty Page
Attended duely, ready to obay ;
All little Rivers which owe vassallage
To him, as to their Lord, and tribute pay :
The chaulky Kenet ; and the Thetis gray ;
The morish Cole ; and the soft-sliding Breane ;
The wanton Lee, that oft doth loose his way ;
And the still Darent, in whose waters cleane
Ten thousand fishes play and decke his pleasant
streame.

XXX.

Then came his neighbour Flouds which nigh him
 dwell,
And water all the English soile throughout ;
They all on him this day attended well,
And with meet service waited him about ;
Ne none disdained low to him to lout :
No not the stately Severne grudg'd at all,
Ne storming Humber, though he looked stout ;
But both him honor'd as their principall,
And let their swelling waters low before him fall.

XXXI.

There was the speedy Tamar, which divides
The Cornish and the Devonish confines ;
Through both whose borders swiftly downe it glides,
And, meeting Plim, to Plimmouth thence declines,
And Dart, nigh chockt with sands of tinny mines :
But Avon marched in more stately path,
Proud of his adamants with which he shines
And glisters wide, as als of wondrous Bath,
And Bristow faire, which on his waves he builded
 hath.

XXXII.

And there came Stoure with terrible aspéct,
Bearing his sixe deformed heads on hye,
That doth his course through Blandford plains
 direct,
And washeth Winborne meades in season drye.
Next him went Wylibourne with passage slye,
That of his wylinesse his name doth take,
And of himselfe doth name the shire thereby :
And Mole, that like a nousling mole doth make
His way still underground till Thames he overtake.

XXXIII.

Then came the Rother, decked all with woods
Like a wood-god, and flowing fast to Rhy;
And Sture, that parteth with his pleasant floods
The Easterne Saxons from the Southerne ny,
And Clare and Harwitch both doth beautify;
Him follow'd Yar, soft washing Norwich wall,
And with him brought a present ioyfully
Of his owne fish unto their Festivall,
Whose like none else could shew, the which they
ruffins call.

XXXIV.

Next these the plenteous Ouse came far from land,
By many a city and by many a towne,
And many rivers taking under-hand
Into his waters, as he passeth downe,
(The Cle, the Were, the Guant, the Sture, the
Rowne,)

Thence doth by Huntingdon and Cambridge flit,
My mother Cambridge, whom as with a crowne
He doth adorne, and is adorn'd of it
With many a gentle Muse and many a learned Wit.

XXXV.

And after him the fatall Welland went,
That if old sawes prove true (which God forbid!)
Shall drowne all Holland with his excrement,
And shall see Stamford, though now homely hid,
Then shine in learning more then ever did
Cambridge or Oxford, Englands goodly beames.
And next to him the Nene downe softly slid;
And bounteous Trent, that in himselfe enseames
Both thirty sorts of fish and thirty sundry streames.

XXXVI.

Next these came Tyne, along whose stony bancke
That Romaine monarch built a brasen wall,
Which mote the feeble Britons strongly flancke
Against the Picts that swarmed over all,
Which yet thereof Gualsever they doe call :
And Twede, the limit betwixt Logris land
And Albany : And Eden, though but small,
Yet often stainde with bloud of many a band
Of Scots and English both, that tynd on his strand.

XXXVII.

Then came those sixe sad Brethren, like forlorne,
That whilome were, as antique fathers tell,
Sixe valiant Knights of one faire nymphe yborne,
Which did in noble deedes of armes excell,
And wonned there where now Yorke people dwell ;
Still Ure, swift Werfe, and Oze the most of might,
High Swale, unquiet Nide, and troublous Skell ;
All whom a Scythian king, that Humber hight,
Slew cruelly, and in the river drowned quite :

XXXVIII.

But past not long, ere Brutus warlicke sonne
Locrinus them aveng'd, and the same date,
Which the proud Humber unto them had donne,
By equall dome repayd on his owne pate :
For in the selfe same river, where he late
Had drenched them, he drowned him againe ;
And nam'd the river of his wretched fate ;
Whose bad condition yet it doth retaine,
Oft tossed with his stormes which therein still re-
maine.

XXXIX.

These after came the stony shallow Lone,
That to old Loncaster his name doth lend ;
And following Dee, which Britons long ygone
Did call divine, that doth by Chester tend ;
And Conway, which out of his streame doth send
Plenty of pearles to decke his dames withall ;
And Lindus, that his pikes doth most commend,
Of which the auncient Lincolne men doe call :
All these together marched toward Proteus hall.

XL.

Ne thence the Irishe Rivers absent were :
Sith no lesse famous then the rest they bee,
And ioyne in neighbourhood of kingdome nere,
Why should they not likewise in love agree,
And ioy likewise this solemne day to see ?
They saw it all, and present were in place ;
Though I them all, according their degree,
Cannot recount, nor tell their hidden race,
Nor read the salvage countries thorough which
they pace.

XLI.

There was the Liffy rolling downe the lea ;
The sandy Slane ; the stony Aubrian ;
The spacious Shenan spreading like a sea ;
The pleasant Boyne ; the fishy fruitfull Ban ;
Swift Awniduff, which of the English man
Is cal'de Blacke-water ; and the Liffar deep ;
Sad Trowis, that once his people over-ran ;
Strong Allo tombling from Slewlogher steep ;
And Mulla mine, whose waves I whilom taught
to weep.

XLII.

And there the three renowmed Brethren were,
Which that great gyant Blomius begot
Of the faire nimph Rheüsa wandring there :
One day, as she to shunne the season whot
Under Slewboome in shady grove was got,
This gyant found her and by force deflowr'd ;
Whereof conceiving, she in time forth brought
These three faire sons, which being thenceforth
powrd
In three great rivers ran, and many countreis
scowrd.

XLIII.

The first the gentle Shure that, making way
By sweet Clonmell, adornes rich Waterford ;
The next, the stubborne Newre whose waters gray
By faire Kilkenny and Rosseponste boord ;
The third, the goodly Barow which doth hoord
Great heaps of salmons in his deepe bosóme :
All which, long sundred, doe at last accord
To ioyne in one, ere to the sea they come ;
So, flowing all from one, all one at last become.

XLIV.

There also was the wide embayed Mayre ;
The pleasaunt Bandon crownd with many a wood ;
The spreading Lee that, like an island fayre,
Encloseth Corke with his divided flood ;
And balefull Oure late staind with English blood :
With many more whose names no tongue can tell.
All which that day in order seemly good
Did on the Thames attend, and waited well
To doe their dueful service, as to them befell.

XLV.

Then came the Bride, the lovely Medua came,
Clad in a vesture of unknown geare
And uncouth fashion, yet her well became,
That seem'd like silver sprinkled here and theare
With glittering spangs that did like starres appeare,
And wav'd upon, like water chamelot,
To hide the metall, which yet every where
Bewrayd itselfe, to let men plainly wot
It was no mortall worke, that seem'd and yet was
not.

XLVI.

Her goodly lockes adowne her backe did flow
Unto her waste, with flowres bescattered,
The which ambrosiall odours forth did throw
To all about, and all her shoulders spred
As a new spring; and likewise on her hed
A chapelet of sundry flowers she wore,
From under which the deawy humour shed
Did tricle downe her haire, like to the hore
Congealed litle drops which doe the morne adore.

XLVII.

On her two pretty Handmaides did attend,
One cald the Theise, the other cald the Crane;
Which on her waited things amisse to mend,
And both behind upheld her spreading traine;
Under the which her feet appeared plaine,
Her silver feet, faire washt against this day;
And her before there paced Pages twaine,
Both clad in colours like and like array,
The Doune and eke the Frith, both which pre-
pard her way.

XLVIII.

And after these the Sea-nymphs marched all,
All goodly damzels, deckt with long greene haire,
Whom of their sire Nereïdes men call,
All which the Oceans daughter to him bare,
The gray-eyde Doris; all which fifty are;
All which she there on her attending had:
Swift Proto; milde Eucratè; Thetis faire;
Soft Spio; sweete Endorè; Sao sad;
Light Doto; wanton Glaucè; and Galenè glad;

XLIX.

White-hand Eunica; proud Dynamenè;
Ioyous Thalia; goodly Amphitrite;
Lovely Pasithee; kinde Eulimene;
Light-foote Cymothoë; and sweete Melitè;
Fairest Pherusa; Phao lilly white;
Wondred Agavè; Poris; and Nesæa;
With Erato that doth in love delite;
And Panopæ; and wise Protomedæa;
And snowy-neckd Doris; and milke-white Gala-
thæa;

L.

Speedy Hippothoë; and chaste Actea;
Large Lisianassa; and Pronæa sage;
Euagorè; and light Pontoporea;
And, she that with her least word can asswage
The surging seas when they do sorest rage,
Cymodocè; and stout Autonoë;
And Neso; and Eionè well in age;
And seeming still to smile Glauconomè;
And, she that hight of many heastes, Polynomè;

LI.

Fresh Alimeda deckt with girland greene ;
Hyponeo with salt-bedewed wrests ;
Laomedia like the christall sheene ;
Liagorè much praisd for wise behests ;
And Psamathè for her brode snowy breasts ;
Cymo ; Eupompè ; and Themistè iust ;
And, she that vertue loves and vice detests,
Euarna ; and Menippè true in trust ;
And Nemertea learned well to rule her lust.

LII.

All these the Daughters of old Nereus were,
Which have the sea in charge to them assinde,
To rule his tides, and surges to uprere,
To bring forth stormes, or fast them to upbinde,
And sailers save from wreckes of wrathfull winde.
And yet besides, three thousand more there were
Of th' Oceans seede, but Loves and Phœbus kinde ;
The which in floods and fountaines doe appere,
And all mankinde doe nourish with their waters
clere.

LIII.

The which, more eath it were for mortall wight
To tell the sands, or count the starres on hye,
Or ought more hard, then thinke to reckon right.
But well I wote that these, which I descry,
Were present at this great Solemnity :
And there, amongst the rest, the Mother was
Of luckesse Marinell, Cymodocè ;
Which, for my Muse herselfe now tyred has,
Unto an other Canto I will overpas.

CANTO XII.

Marin, for love of Florimell,
In languor wastes his life :
The Nymph, his mother, getteth her
And gives to him for wife.

I.

O WHAT an endlesse worke have I in hand,
To count the Seas abundant progeny,
Whose fruitfull seede farre passeth those in land,
And also those which wonne in th' azure sky !
For much more eath to tell the starres on hy,
Albe they endlesse seeme in estimation,
Then to recount the Seas posterity :
So fertile be the floods in generation,
So huge their numbers, and so numberlesse their
nation.

II.

Therefore the antique wisards well invented
That Venus of the fomy sea was bred ;
For that the seas by her are most augmented.
Witnesse th' exceeding fry which there are fed,
And wondrous sholes which may of none be red.
Then blame me not if I have err'd in count
Of gods, of nymphs, of rivers, yet unred :
For though their numbers do much more surmount,
Yet all those same were there which erst I did
recount.

III.

All those were there, and many other more,
Whose names and nations were too long to tell,
That Proteus house they filld even to the dore;
Yet were they all in order, as befell,
According their degrees disposed well.
Amongst the rest was faire Cymodocè,
The Mother of unlucky Marinell,
Who thither with her came, to learne and see
The manner of the gods when they at banquet be.

IV.

But for he was halfe mortall, being bred
Of mortal sire, though of immortall wombe,
He might not with immortall food be fed,
Ne with th' eternall gods to banquet come;
But walkt abroad, and round about did rome
To view the building of that uncouth place,
That seem'd unlike unto his earthly home:
Where, as he to and fro by chance did trace,
There unto him betid a disadventrous case.

V.

Under the hanging of an hideous clieffe
He heard the lamentable voice of one,
That piteously complaind her carefull grieffe,
Which never she before disclosd to none,
But to herselfe her sorrow did bemone:
So feelingly her case she did complaine,
That ruth it moved in the rocky stone,
And made it seeme to feele her grievous paine,
And oft to grone with billowes beating from the
maine:

VI.

“ Though vaine I see my sorrowes to unfold
And count my cares, when none is nigh to heare;
Yet, hoping grieve may lessen being told,
I will them tell though unto no man neare:
For Heaven, that unto all lends equall eare,
Is farre from hearing of my heavy plight;
And lowest hell, to which I lie most neare,
Cares not what evils hap to wretched wight;
And greedy seas doe in the spoile of life delight.

VII.

“ Yet loe! the seas I see by often beating
Doe pearce the rockes; and hardest marble weares;
But his hard rocky hart for no entreating
Will yeeld, but, when my piteous plaints he heares,
Is hardned more with my abundant teares:
Yet though he never list to me relent,
But let me waste in woe my wretched yeares,
Yet will I never of my love repent,
But ioy that for his sake I suffer prisonment.

VIII.

“ And when my weary ghost, with grieve outworne,
By timely death shall winne her wished rest,
Let then this plaint unto his cares be borne,
That blame it is, to him that armes profest,
To let her die whom he might have redrest!”
There did she pause, inforced to give place
Unto the passion that her heart opprest;
And, after she had wept and wail'd a space,
She gan afresh thus to renew her wretched case:

IX.

“ Ye gods of seas, if any gods at all
Have care of right or ruth of wretches wrong,
By one or other way me woefull thrall
Deliver hence out of this dungeon strong,
In which I daily dying am too long :
And if ye deeme me death for loving one
That loves not me, then doe it not prolong,
But let me die and end my daies attone,
And let him live unlov’d, or love himselfe alone.

X.

“ But if that life ye unto me decree,
Then let mee live, as Lovers ought to do,
And of my lifes deare Love beloved be :
And, if he should through pride your doome undo,
Do you by duresse him compell thereto,
And in this prison put him here with me ;
One prison fittest is to hold us two :
So had I rather to be thrall then free ;
Such thraldome or such freedome let it surely be.

XI.

“ But O vaine iudgment, and conditions vaine,
The which the prisoner points unto the free !
The whiles I him condemne, and deeme his paine,
He where he list goes loose, and laughes at me :
So ever loose, so ever happy be !
But whereso loose or happy that thou art,
Know, Marinell, that all this is for thee !”
With that she wept and wail’d, as if her hart
Would quite have burst through great abundance
of her smart.

XII.

All which complaint when Marinell had heard,
And understood the cause of all her care
To come of him for using her so hard ;
His stubborne heart, that never felt misfare,
Was toucht with soft remorse and pittie rare ;
That even for grief of minde he oft did grone,
And inly wish that in his powre it weare
Her to redresse: but since he meanes found none,
He could no more but her great misery bemone.

XIII.

Thus whilst his stony heart with tender ruth
Was toucht, and mighty courage mollifide,
Dame Venus sonne that tameth stubborne youth
With iron bit, and maketh him abide
Till like a victor on his backe he ride,
Into his mouth his maystring bridle threw,
That made him stoupe, till he did him bestride :
Then gan he make him tread his steps anew,
And learne to love by learning Lovers paines to
rew.

XIV.

Now gan he in his grieved minde devise,
How from that dungeon he might her enlarge :
Some while he thought, by faire and humble wise
To Proteus selfe to sue for her discharge :
But then he fear'd his Mothers former charge
Gainst womens love, long given him in vaine :
Then gan he thinke, perforce with sword and targe
Her forth to fetch, and Proteus to constraine :
But soone he gan such folly to forthinke againe.

XV.

Then did he cast to steale her thence away,
And with him beare where none of her might know.
But all in vaine : for why ? he found no way
To enter in, or issue forth below ;
For all about that rocke the sea did flow.
And though unto his will she given were,
Yet, without ship or bote her thence to row,
He wist not how her thence away to bere ;
And daunger well he wist long to continue there.

XVI.

At last, whenas no meanes he could invent,
Backe to himselfe he gan returne the blame,
That was the author of her punishment ;
And with vile curses and reprochfull shame
To damne himselfe by every evil name,
And deeme unworthy or of love or life,
That had despisde so chast and faire a Dame,
Which him had sought through trouble and long
 strife ;
Yet had refusde a god that her had sought to wife.

XVII.

In this sad plight he walked here and there,
And romed round about the rocke in vaine,
As he had lost himselfe he wist not where ;
Oft listening if he mote her heare againe ;
And still bemoning her unworthy paine :
Like as an hynde whose calfe is falne unwares
Into some pit, where she him heares complaine,
An hundred times about the pit side fares,
Right sorrowfully mourning her bereaved cares.

XVIII.

And now by this the Feast was throughly ended,
And every one gan homeward to resort:
Which seeing, Marinell was sore offended
That his departure thence should be so short,
And leave his Love in that sea-walled fort:
Yet durst he not his Mother disobay;
But, her attending in full seemly sort,
Did march amongst the many all the way;
And all the way did inly mourne, like one astray.

XIX.

Being returned to his Mothers bowre,
In solitary silence far from wight
He gan record the lamentable stowre,
In which his wretched Love lay day and night,
For his deare sake, that ill deserv'd that plight:
The thought whereof empierst his hart so deepe,
That of no worldly thing he tooke delight;
Ne dayly food did take, ne nightly sleepe,
But pyn'd, and mourn'd, and languisht, and alone
did weepe;

XX.

That in short space his wonted chearefull hew
Gan fade, and lively spirits deaded quight:
His cheeke-bones raw, and eie-pits hollow grew,
And brawney armes had lost their knownen might,
That nothing like himselfe he seem'd in sight,
Ere long so weake of limbe, and sicke of love
He woxe, that lenger he note stand upright,
But to his bed was brought, and layd above,
Like ruefull ghost, unable once to stir or move.

XXI.

Which when his Mother saw, she in her mind
Was troubled sore, ne wist well what to weene;
Ne could by search nor any meanes out find
The secret cause and nature of his teene,
Whereby she might apply some medicine;
But weeping day and night did him attend,
And mourn'd to see her losse before her eyne,
Which griev'd her more that she it could not mend:
To see an helplesse evill double grieve doth lend.

XXII.

Nought could she read the root of his disease,
Ne weene what mister maladie it is,
Whereby to seeke some means it to appease.
Most did she thinke, but most she thought amis,
That that same former fatall wound of his
Whyleare by Tryphon was not thoroughly healed,
But closely rankled under th' orifis:
Least did she thinke, that which he most concealed,
That love it was, which in his hart lay unrevealed.

XXIII.

Therefore to Tryphon she againe doth hast,
And him doth chyde as false and fraudulent,
That fayld the trust, which she in him had plast,
To cure her Sonne, as he his faith had lent;
Who now was false into new languishment
Of his old hurt, which was not thoroughly cured.
So backe he came unto her patient;
Where searching every part, her well assured
That it was no old sore which his new paine pro-
cured;

XXIV.

But that it was some other maladie,
Or grief unknowne, which he could not discerne:
So left he her withouten remedie.
Then gan her heart to faint, and quake, and earne,
And inly troubled was, the truth to learne.
Unto himselfe she came, and him besought,
Now with faire speeches, now with threatnings
sterne,
If ought lay hidden in his grieved thought,
It to reveale: who still her answered, there was
nought.

XXV.

Nathlesse she rested not so satisfide;
But leaving watry gods, as booting nought,
Unto the shinie heaven in haste she hide,
And thence Apollo king of leaches brought.
Apollo came; who, soone as he had sought
Through his disease, did by and by out find
That he did languish of some inward thought,
The which afflicted his engrieved mind;
Which love he red to be, that leads each living kind.

XXVI.

Which when he had unto his Mother told,
She gan thereat to fret and greatly grieve:
And, comming to her Sonne, gan first to scold
And chyde at him that made her misbelieve:
But afterwards she gan him soft to shrieve,
And wooe with faire intreatie, to disclose
Which of the nymphes his heart so sore did mieve:
For sure she weend it was some one of those,
Which he had lately scene, that for his Love he
chose.

XXVII.

Now lesse she feared that same fatall read,
That warned him of womens love beware :
Which being ment of mortal creatures sead,
For love of nymphes she thought she need not care,
But promist him, whatever wight she weare,
That she her love to him would shortly gaine :
So he her told : but soone as she did heare
That Florimell it was which wrought his paine,
She gan afresh to chafe, and grieve in every vaine.

XXVIII.

Yet since she saw the streight extremitie,
In which his life unluckily was layd,
It was no time to scan the prophecie,
Whether old Proteus true or false had sayd,
That his decay should happen by a Mayd ;
(It's late, in death, of daunger to advize ;
Or love forbid him, that is life denayd ;)
But rather gan in troubled mind devize
How she that Ladies libertie might enterprize.

XXIX.

To Proteus selfe to sew she thought it vaine,
Who was the root and worker of her woe ;
Nor unto any meaner to complaine ;
But unto great King Neptune selfe did goe,
And, on her knee before him falling lowe,
Made humble suit unto his Maiestie
To graunt to her her Sonnes life, which his foe,
A cruell Tyrant, had presumptuouslie
By wicked doome condemn'd a wretched death
to die.

XXX.

To whom god Neptune, softly smyling, thus ;
“ Daughter, me seemes of double wrong ye plaine,
Gainst one that hath both wronged you and us :
For death t’adward I ween’d did appertaine
To none but to the seas sole Soveraine :
Read therefore who it is which this hath wrought,
And for what cause ; the truth discover plaine :
For never wight so evill did or thought,
But would some rightfull cause pretend, though
rightly nought.”

XXXI.

To whom she answer’d ; “ Then it is by name
Proteus, that hath ordayn’d my Sonne to die ;
For that a Waift, the which by fortune came
Upon your seas, he claym’d as propertie :
And yet nor his, nor his in equitie,
But yours the Waift by high prerogative :
Therefore I humbly crave your Majestie
It to replevie, and my Sonne reprove :
So shall you by one gift save all us three alive.”

XXXII.

He graunted it : and streight his warrant made,
Under the Sea-god’s seale autenticall,
Commaunding Proteus straight t’enlarge the Mayd
Which wandring on his seas imperiall
He lately tooke, and sithence kept as thrall.
Which she receiving with meete thankfulnessse,
Departed straight to Proteus therewithall :
Who, reading it with inward loathfulnessse,
Was grieved to restore the pledge he did possesse.

XXXIII.

Yet durst he not the warrant to withstand,
But unto her delivered Florimell.
Whom she receiving by the lilly hand,
Admyr'd her beautie much, as she mote well,
For she all living creatures did excell
And was right joyous that she gotten had
So faire a wife for her Sonne Marinell.
So home with her she streight the Virgin lad,
And shewed her to him then being sore bestad.

XXXIV.

Who soone as he beheld that Angels face
Adorn'd with all divine perfection,
His cheared heart eftsoones away gan chace
Sad Death, revived with her sweet inspection,
And feeble spirit inly felt refection;
As withered weed through cruell winters tine,
That feesles the warmth of sunny beames reflection,
Liftes up his head that did before decline,
And gins to spread his leafe before the faire sun-
shine.

XXXV.

Right so himselfe did Marinell upreare,
When he in place his dearest Love did spy;
And though his limbs could not his bodie beare,
Ne former strength returne so suddenly,
Yet chearefull signes he shewed outwardly.
Ne lesse was She in secret hart affected,
But that she masked it with modestie,
For feare she should of lightnesse be detected:
Which to another place I leave to be perfected.

THE
FIFTH BOOK
OF
THE FAERIE QUEENE,

CONTAYNING

The Legend of Artegall, or of Justice.

I.

So oft as I with state of present time
The image of the antique world compare,
Whenas mans age was in his freshest prime,
And the first blossome of faire vertue bare ;
Such oddes I finde twixt those, and these which
are,

As that, through long continuance of his course,
Me seemes the world is runne quite out of square
From the first point of his appointed sourse ;
And being once amisse growes daily wourse and
wourse :

II.

For from the golden age, that first was named,
It's now at earst become a stonie one ;
And men themselves, the which at first were framed
Of earthly mould, and form'd of flesh and bone,
Are now transformed into hardest stone ;
Such as behind their backs (so backward bred)
Were throwne by Pyrrha and Deucalione :
And if then those may any worse be red,
They into that ere long will be degendered.

III.

Let none then blame me, if, in discipline
Of vertue and of civill uses lore,
I do not forme them to the common line
Of present dayes which are corrupted sore ;
But to the antique use which was of yore,
When good was onely for itselfe desyred,
And all men sought their owne, and none no more ;
When Iustice was not for most meed out-hyred,
But simple Truth did rayne, and was of all
admyred.

IV.

For that which all men then did Vertue call,
Is now cald Vice ; and that which Vice was hight,
Is now hight Vertue, and so us'd of all :
Right now is Wrong, and Wrong that was is
Right ;
As all things else in time are chaunged quight :
Ne wonder ; for the heavens revolution
Is wandred farre from where it first was pight,
And so doe make contrarie constitution
Of all this lower world toward his dissolution.

V.

For whoso list into the heavens looke,
And search the courses of the rowling spheares,
Shall find that from the point where they first tooke
Their setting forth, in these few thousand yeares
They all are wandred much ; that plaine appears :
For that same golden fleecy ram, which bore
Phrixus and Helle from their stepdames feares,
Hath now forgot where he was plast of yore,
And shouldred hath the bull which fayre Europa
bore :

VI.

And eke the bull hath with his bow-bent horne
So hardly butted those two twinnes of Iove,
That they have crusht the crab, and quite him
borne

Into the great Nemæan lions grove.
So now all range, and doe at randon rove
Out of their proper places farre away,
And all this world with them amisse doe move,
And all his creatures from their course astray;
Till they arrive at their last ruinous decay.

VII.

Ne is that same great glorious lampe of light,
That doth enlumine all these lesser fyres,
In better case, ne keepes his course more right,
But is miscaried with the other spheres:
For since the terme of fourteen hundred yeres,
That learned Ptolomæe his hight did take,
He is declyned from that marke of theirs
Nigh thirtie minutes to the southerne lake;
That makes me feare in time he will us quite forsake.

VIII.

And if to those Ægyptian wisards old
(Which in star-read were wont have best insight)
Faith may be given, it is by them told
That since the time they first tooke the sunnes
hight,
Foure times his place he shifted hath in sight,
And twice hath risen where he now doth west,
And wested twice where he ought rise aright.
But most is Mars amisse of all the rest;
And next to him old Saturne, that was wont be
best.

IX.

For during Saturnes ancient raigne it's sayd
That all the world with goodnesse did abound ;
All loved vertue, no man was affrayd
Of force, ne fraud in wight was to be found ;
No warre was knowne, no dreadful trompets sound ;
Peace universal rayn'd mongst men and beasts :
And all things freely grew out of the ground :
Iustice sate high ador'd with solemne feasts,
And to all people did divide her dred beheasts :

X.

Most sacred Vertue she of all the rest,
Resembling God in his imperiall might ;
Whose soveraine powre is herein most exprest,
That both to good and bad he dealeth right,
And all his workes with iustice hath bedight.
That powre he also doth to princes lend,
And makes them like himselfe in glorious sight
To sit in his own seate, his cause to end,
And rule his people right, as he doth recommend.

XI.

Dread soverayne goddess, that doest highest sit
In seate of iudgement in th'Almighties stead,
And with magnificke might and wondrous wit
Doest to thy people righteous doome aread,
That furthest nations fill with awfull dread,
Pardon the boldnesse of thy basest thrall,
That dare discourse of so divine a read,
As thy great iustice prayed over all ;
The instrument whereof loe here thy Artégall.

CANTO I.

Artegall trayn'd in Iustice lore
Irenaes quest pursewed ;
He doeth avenge on Sanglier
His Ladies bloud embrewed.

I.

THOUGH vertue then were held in highest price,
In those old times of which I doe intreat,
Yet then likewise the wicked seede of vice
Began to spring ; which shortly grew full great,
And with their boughes the gentle plants did beat :
But evermore some of the vertuous race
Rose up, inspired with heroicke heat,
That cropt the branches of the sient base,
And with strong hand their fruitfull rancknes did
deface.

II.

Such first was Bacchus, that with furious might
All th' east before untam'd did over-ronne,
And wrong repressed, and establisht right,
Which lawlesse men had formerly fordonne :
There Iustice first her princely rule begonne.
Next Hercules his like ensample shewed,
Who all the west with equall conquest wonne,
And monstrous tyrants with his club subdued ;
The club of Iustice dread with kingly powre
endewed.

III.

And such was he of whom I have to tell,
The Champion of true Iustice, Artegall :
Whom (as ye lately mote remember well)
An hard adventure, which did then befall,
Into redoubted perill forth did call ;
That was, to succour a distressed Dame
Whom a strong Tyrant did uniuſtly thrall,
And from the heritage, which ſhe did clame,
Did with ſtrong hand withhold ; Grantorto was
his name.

IV.

Wherefore the Lady, which Irena hight,
Did to the Faerie Queene her way addreſſe,
To whom complayning her afflicted plight,
She her beſought of gracious redreſſe :
That ſoveraine queene, that mightie emperesse,
Whose glorie is to aide all ſuppliants pore,
And of weake princes to be patronesse,
Chose Artegall to right her to reſtore ;
For that to her he ſeem'd beſt ſkild in righteous
lore.

V.

For Artegall in iuſtice was upbrought
Even from the cradle of his infancie,
And all the depth of rightfull doome was taught
By faire Aſtræa, with great induſtrie,
Whileſt here on earth ſhe lived mortallie :
For, till the world from his perfection fell
Into all filth and foule iniquitie,
Aſtræa here mongſt earthly men did dwell,
And in the rules of iuſtice them instructed well.

VI.

Whiles through the world she walked in this sort,
Upon a day she found this gentle childe
Amongst his peres playing his childish sport ;
Whom seeing fit, and with no crime defilde,
She did allure with gifts and speaches milde
To wend with her : so thence him farre she brought
Into a cave from companie exile,
In which she noursled him, till yeares he raught ;
And all the discipline of iustice there him taught.

VII.

There she him taught to weigh both right and wrong
In equall ballance with due recompence,
And equitie to measure out along
According to the line of conscience,
Whenso it needs with rigour to dispence :
Of all the which, for want there of mankind,
She caused him to make experience
Upon wyld beasts, which she in woods did find,
With wrongfull powre oppressing others of their
kind.

VIII.

Thus she him trayned, and thus she him taught
In all the skill of deeming wrong and right,
Untill the ripenesse of mans yeares he raught ;
That even wilde beasts did feare his awfull sight,
And men admyr'd his over-ruling might ;
Ne any liv'd on ground that durst withstand
His dreadfull heast, much lesse him match in fight,
Or bide the horror of his wreakfull hand,
Whenso he list in wrath lift up his steely brand :

IX.

Which steely brand, to make him dreaded more,
She gave unto him, gotten by her slight
And earnest search, where it was kept in store
In Ioves eternall house, unwist of wight,
Since he himselfe it us'd in that great fight
Against the Titans, that whylome rebelled
Gainst highest heaven; Chrysaor it was hight;
Chrysaor, that all other swords excelled,
Well prov'd in that same day when Iove those
gyants quelled:

X.

For of most perfect metall it was made,
Tempred with adamant amongst the same,
And garnisht all with gold upon the blade
In goodly wise, whereof it tooke his name,
And was of no lesse vertue then of fame:
For there no substance was so firme and hard,
But it would pierce or cleave whereso it came;
Ne any armour could his dint out-ward;
But wheresoever it did light, it throughly shard.

XI.

Now when the world with sinne gan to abound,
Astræa loathing lenger here to space
Mongst wicked men, in whom no truth she found,
Return'd to heaven, whence she deriv'd her race;
Where she hath now an everlasting place
Mongst those twelve signes, which nightly we do see
The heavens bright-shining baudricke to enchace;
And is the Virgin, sixt in her degree,
And next herselfe her righteous ballance hanging
bee.

XII.

But when she parted hence she left her groome,
An Yron Man, which did on her attend
Always to execute her stedfast doome,
And willed him with Artegall to wend,
And doe whatever thing he did intend :
His name was Talus, made of yron mould,
Immoveable, resistlesse, without end ;
Who in his hand an yron flae did hould,
With which he thresht out falshood, and did truth
unfould.

XIII.

He now went with him in this new inquest,
Him for to aide, if aide he chaunst to neede,
Against that cruell Tyrant, which opprest
The faire Irena with his foule misdeede,
And kept the crowne in which she should succeed :
And now together on their way they bin,
Whenas they saw a Squire in squallid weed
Lamenting sore his sorrowfull sad tyne
With many bitter teares shed from his blubbred
eyne.

XIV.

To whom as they approched, they espide
A sorie sight as ever seene with eye ;
An headlesse Ladie lying him beside
In her owne blood all wallow'd wofully,
That her gay clothes did in discolour die.
Much was he moved at that ruefull sight ;
And flam'd with zeale of vengeance inwardly
He askt who had that Dame so fouly dight,
Or whether his owne hand, or whether other wight ?

XV.

“ Ah! woe is me, and well away,” quoth hee,
Bursting forth teares like springs out of a banke,
“ That ever I this dismall day did see!
Full farre was I from thinking such a pranke;
Yet litle losse it were, and mickle thanke,
If I should graunt that I have doen the same,
That I mote drinke the cup whereof she dranke;
But that I should die guiltie of the blame,
The which another did who now is fled with shame.”

XVI.

“ Who was it then,” sayd Artegall, “ that wrought?
And why? doe it declare unto me trew.”
“ A Knight,” said he, “ if Knight he may be
thought,
That did his hand in Ladies bloud embrew,
And for no cause, but as I shall you shew.
This day as I in solace sate hereby
With a fayre Love whose losse I now do rew,
There came this Knight, having in companie
This lucklesse Ladie which now here doth head-
lesse lie.

XVII.

“ He, whether mine seem'd fayrer in his eye,
Or that he wexed weary of his owne,
Would change with me; but I did it denye,
So did the Ladies both, as may be knowne:
But he, whose spirit was with pride upblowne,
Would not so rest contented with his right;
But, having from his courser her downe throwne,
Fro me reft mine away by lawlesse might,
And on his steed her set to beare her out of sight.

XVIII.

“ Which when his Ladie saw, she follow'd fast,
And on him catching hold gan loud to crie
Not so to leave her nor away to cast,
But rather of his hand besought to die :
With that his sword he drew all wrathfully,
And at one stroke cropt off her head with scorne,
In that same place whereas it now doth lie.
So he my Love away with him hath borne,
And left me here both his and mine owne Love to
morne.”

XIX.

“ Aread,” sayd he, “ which way then did he make?
And by what markes may he be knowne againe?”
“ To hope,” quoth he, “ him soone to overtake,
That hence so long departed, is but vaine :
But yet he pricked over yonder plaine,
And as I marked bore upon his shield,
By which it's easie him to know againe,
A broken sword within a bloodie field ;
Expressing well his nature which the same did
wield.”

XX.

No sooner sayd, but streight he after sent
His yron Page, who him pursew'd so light,
As that it seem'd above the ground he went :
For he was swift as swallow in her flight,
And strong as lyon in his lordly might.
It was not long before he overtooke
Sir Sanglier, (so cleeped was that Knight,)
Whom at the first he ghessed by his looke,
And by the other markes which of his shield he
tooke.

XXI.

He bad him stay and backe with him retire ;
Who, full of scorne to be commaunded so,
The Lady to alight did eft require,
Whilest he reformed that uncivill fo ;
And streight at him with all his force did go :
Who mov'd no more therewith, then when a rocke
Is lightly stricken with some stonës throw ;
But to him leaping lent him such a knocke,
That on the ground he layd him like a sencelesse
blocke.

XXII.

But, ere he could himselfe recure againe,
Him in his iron paw he seized had ;
That when he wak't out of his warelesse paine,
He found himself unwist so ill bestad,
That lim he could not wag : thence he him lad,
Bound like a beast appointed to the stall :
The sight whereof the Lady sore adrad,
And fain'd to fly for feare of being thrall ;
But he her quickly stayd, and forst to wend withall.

XXIII.

When to the place they came where Artegall
By that same carefull Squire did then abide,
He gently gan him to demaund of all
That did betwixt him and that Squire betide :
Who with sterne countenance and indignant pride
Did aunswere, that of all he guiltlesse stood,
And his accuser thereuppon defide ;
For neither he did shed that Ladies bloud,
Nor tooke away his Love, but his owne proper
good.

XXIV.

Well did the Squire perceive himselfe too weake
To aunswere his defiaunce in the field,
And rather chose his challenge off to breake
Then to approve his right with speare and shield,
And rather guilty chose himselfe to yield.
But Artegall by signes perceiving plaine
That he it was not which that Lady kild,
But that strange Knight, the fairer Love to gaine,
Did cast about by sleight the truth thereout to
 straine ;

XXV.

And sayd ; “ Now sure this doubtfull causes right
Can hardly but by sacrament be tride,
Or else by ordele, or by bloody fight ;
That ill perhaps mote fall to either side :
But if ye please that I your cause decide,
Perhaps I may all further quarrell end,
So ye will sweare my iudgement to abide.”
Thereto they both did franckly condescend,
And to his doome with listfull eares did both attend.

XXVI.

“ Sith then,” sayd he, “ ye both the dead deny,
And both the living Lady claime your right,
Let both the dead and living equally
Devided be betwixt you here in sight,
And each of either take his share aright.
But looke, who does dissent from this my read,
He for a twelve moneths day shall in despight
Beare for his penaunce that same Ladies head ;
To witnesse to the world that she by him is dead.”

XXVII.

Well pleased with that doome was Sangliere,
And offred streight the Lady to be slaine :
But that same Squire to whom she was more dere,
Whenas he saw she should be cut in twaine,
Did yield she rather should with him remaine
Alive then to himselfe be shared dead ;
And rather then his Love should suffer paine,
He chose with shame to beare that Ladies head :
True love despiseth shame when life is cald in dread.

XXVIII.

Whom when so willing Artegall perceaved ;
“ Not so, thou Squire,” he sayd, “ but thine I
 deeme
The living Lady, which from thee he reaved :
For worthy thou of her doest rightly seeme.
And you, Sir Knight, that love so light esteeme,
As that ye would for little leave the same,
Take here your owne that doth you best beseeme,
And with it beare the burden of defame ;
Your owne dead Ladies head, to tell abroad your
 shame.”

XXIX.

But Sangliere disdained much his doome,
And sternly gan repine at his beheast ;
Ne would for ought obay, as did become,
To beare that Ladies head before his breast :
Untill that Talus had his pride represt,
And forced him, maulgrè, it up to reare.
Who when he saw it bootelesse to resist,
He tooke it up, and thence with him did beare ;
As rated spaniell takes his burden up for feare.

XXX.

Much did that Squire Sir Artegall adore
For his great iustice held in high regard ;
And as his Squire him offred evermore
To serve, for want of other meete reward,
And wend with him on his adventure hard :
But he thereto would by no meanes consent ;
But leaving him forth on his iourney far'd :
Ne wight with him but onely Talus went ;
They two enough t' encounter an whole regiment.

CANTO II.

Artegall heares of Florimell ;
Does with the Pagan fight :
Him slaies ; drownes Lady Munera ;
Does race her Castle quight.

I.

NOUGHT is more honourable to a Knight,
Ne better doth beseeme brave Chevalry,
Then to defend the feeble in their right,
And wrong redresse in such as wend awry :
Whilome those great heröes got thereby
Their greatest glory for their rightfull deedes,
And place deserved with the gods on hy :
Herein the noblesse of this Knight exceedes,
Who now to perils great for iustice sake proceedes :

II.

To which as he now was uppon the way,
He chaunst to meet a Dwarfe in hasty course ;
Whom he requir'd his forward hast to stay,
Till he of tidings mote with him discourse.
Loth was the Dwarfe, yet did he stay perforce,
And gan of sundry newes his store to tell,
As to his memory they had recourse ;
But chiefly of the fairest Florimell,
How she was found againe, and spousde to Ma-
rinell.

III.

For this was Dony, Florimells owne Dwarfe,
Whom having lost (as ye have heard whyleare)
And finding in the way the scattred scarfe,
The fortune of her life long time did feare:
But of her health when Artegall did heare,
And safe returne, he was full inly glad,
And askt him where and when her bridale cheare
Should be solémniz'd; for, if time he had,
He would be there, and honor to her spousall ad.

IV.

“ Within three daies,” quoth he, “ as I do heare,
It will be at the Castle of the strond;
What time, if naught me let, I will be there
To do her service so as I am bond.
But in my way a little here beyond
A cursed cruell Sarazin doth wonne,
That keepes a bridges passage by strong hond,
And many errant Knights hath there fordonne;
That makes all men for feare that passage for to
shonne.”

V.

“ What mister wight,” quoth he, “ and how far
hence
Is he, that doth to travellers such harmes?”
“ He is,” said he, “ a man of great defence;
Expert in battell and in deedes of armes;
And more emboldned by the wicked charmes,
With which his Daughter doth him still support;
Having great lordships got and goodly farmes
Through strong oppression of his powre extort;
By which he stil them holds, and keepes with
strong effort.

VI.

“ And dayly he his wrongs encreaseth more ;
For never wight he lets to passe that way,
Over his bridge, albee he rich or poore,
But he him makes his passage-penny pay :
Else he doth hold him backe or beat away.
Thereto he hath a Groome of evill guize,
Whose scalp is bare, that bondage doth bewray,
Which pols and pils the poore in piteous wize ;
But he himselfe upon the rich doth tyrannize.

VII.

“ His name is hight Pollentè, rightly so,
For that he is so puissant and strong,
That with his powre he all doth over-go,
And makes them subiect to his mighty wrong ;
And some by sleight he eke doth underfong :
For on a bridge he custometh to fight,
Which is but narrow, but exceeding long ;
And in the same are many trap-fals pight,
Through which the rider downe doth fall through
oversight.

VIII.

“ And underneath the same a river flowes,
That is both swift and dangerous deepe withall ;
Into the which whomso he overthrowes,
All destitute of helpe doth headlong fall ;
But he himselfe through practise usuall
Leapes forth into the flood, and there assaies
His foe confused through his sodaine fall,
That horse and man he equally dismaies,
And either both them drownes, or trayterously
slaies.

IX.

“ Then doth he take the spoile of them at will,
And to his Daughter brings, that dwells thereby :
Who all that comes doth take, and therewith fill
The coffers of her wicked treasury ;
Which she with wrongs hath heaped up so hy
That many princes she in wealth exceeds,
And purchast all the countrey lying ny
With the revenue of her plenteous meedes :
Her name is Munera, agreeing with her deedes.

X.

“ Thereto she is full faire, and rich attired,
With golden hands and silver feete beside,
That many lords have her to wife desired ;
But she them all despiseth for great pride.”
“ Now by my life,” sayd he, “ and God to guide,
None other way will I this day betake,
But by that bridge whereas he doth abide :
Therefore me thither lead.” No more he spake,
But thitherward forthright his ready way did make.

XI.

Unto the place he came within a while,
Where on the bridge he ready armed saw
The Sarazin, awayting for some spoile :
Who as they to the passage gan to draw,
A Villaine to them came with scull all raw,
That passage-money did of them require,
According to the custome of their law : [hire ;”
To whom he aunswerd wroth, “ Loe there thy
And with that word him strooke, that streight he
did expire.

XII.

Which when the Pagan saw he wexed wroth,
And streight himselfe unto the fight addrest;
Ne was Sir Artegall behinde; so both
Together ran with ready speares in rest.
Right in the midst, whereas they brest to brest
Should meete, a trap was letten downe to fall
Into the flood: streight leapt the Carle unblest,
Well weening that his foe was falne withall:
But he was well aware, and leapt before his fall.

XIII.

There being both together in the flood,
They each at other tyrannously flew;
Ne ought the water cooled their whot bloud,
But rather in them kindled choler new:
But there the Paynim, who that use well knew
To fight in water, great advantage had,
That oftentimes him nigh he overthrew:
And eke the courser whereuppon he rad
Could swim like to a fish whiles he his backe be-
strad.

XIV.

Which oddes whenas Sir Artegall espide,
He saw no way but close with him in hast;
And to him driving strongly downe the tide
Uppon his iron coller griped fast,
That with the straint his wesand nigh he brast.
There they together strove and struggled long,
Either the other from his steed to cast;
Ne ever Artegall his griple strong
For any thinge wold slacke, but still upon him hong.

XV.

As when a dolphin and a sele are met
In the wide champion of the ocean plaine,
With cruell chaufe their courages they whet,
The maysterdome of each by force to gaine,
And dreadfull battaile twixt them do darraine;
They snuf, they snort, they bounce, they rage,
 they rore,
That all the sea, disturbed with their traine,
Doth frie with fome above the surges hore:
Such was betwixt these two the troublesome uprore.

XVI.

So Artegall at length him forst forsake
His horses backe for dread of being drownd,
And to his handy swimming him betake.
Eftsoones himselfe he from his hold unbównd,
And then no ods at all in him he fownd;
For Artegall in swimming skilfull was,
And durst the depth of any water sownd.
So ought each Knight, that use of perill has,
In swimming be expert, through waters force to pas.

XVII.

Then very doubtfull was the warres event,
Uncertaine whether had the better side:
For both were skild in that experiment,
And both in armes well traind and thoroughly tride.
But Artegall was better breath'd beside,
And towards th' end grew greater in his might,
That his faint foe no longer could abide
His puissance, ne beare himselfe upright;
But from the water to the land betooke his flight.

XVIII.

But Artegall pursewd him still so neare
With bright Chrysaor in his cruell hand,
That, as his head he gan a litle reare
Above the brincke to tread upon the land,
He smote it off, that tumbling on the strand
It bit the earth for very fell despight,
And gnashed with his teeth, as if he band
High God, whose goodnesse he despaired quight,
Or curst the hand which did that vengeance on
him dight.

XIX.

His corps was carried downe along the lee,
Whose waters with his filthy bloud it stayned:
But his blasphemous head, that all might see,
He pitcht upon a pole on high ordayned;
Where many years it afterwards remayned,
To be a mirrour to all mighty men,
In whose right hands great power is containd,
That none of them the feeble over-ren,
But alwaies doe their powre within iust compasse
pen.

XX.

That done, unto the Castle he did wend,
In which the Paynims Daughter did abide,
Guarded of many which did her defend:
Of whom he entrance sought, but was denide,
And with reprochfull blasphemy defide,
Beaten with stones downe from the battilment,
That he was forced to withdraw aside;
And bad his servant Talus to invent
Which way he enter might without endangerment.

XXI.

Eftsoones his Page drew to the Castle gate,
And with his iron flale at it let flie,
That all the warders it did sore amate,
The which ere-while spake so reprochfully,
And made them stoupe, that looked earst so hie.
Yet still he bet and bounst uppon the dore,
And thundred strokes theron so hideouslie,
That all the peece he shaked from the flore,
And filled all the house with feare and great uprore.

XXII.

With noise whereof the Lady forth appeared
Uppon the Castle wall; and, when she saw
The daungerous state in which she stood, she feared
The sad effect of her neare overthrow;
And gan intreat that Iron Man below
To cease his outrage, and him faire besought;
Sith neither force of stones which they did throw,
Nor powr of charms, which she against him
wrought, [ought.
Might otherwise prevaile, or make him cease for

XXIII.

But, whenas yet she saw him to proceede
Unmov'd with praier or with piteous thought,
She ment him to corrupt with goodly meede ;
And causde great sackes with endlesse riches
 fraught
Unto the battilment to be upbrought,
And powred forth over the Castle wall, [bought,
That she might win some time, though dearly
Whilest he to gathering of the gold did fall ;
But he was nothing mov'd nor tempted there-
 withall :

XXIV.

But still continu'd his assault the more,
And layd on load with his huge yron flaile,
That at the length he has yrent the dore,
And made way for his Maister to assaile :
Who being entred, nought did then availe
For wight against his powre themselves to reare :
Each one did flie ; their hearts began to faile ;
And hid themselves in corners here and there ;
And eke their Dame halfe dead did hide herself
for feare.

XXV.

Long they her sought, yet no where could they
finde her,
That sure they ween'd she was escapt away :
But Talus, that could like a lime-hound winde her,
And all things secrete wisely could bewray,
At length found out whereas she hidden lay
Under an heape of gold : thence he her drew
By the faire lockes, and fowly did array
Withouten pitty of her goodly hew,
That Artegall himselfe her seemelesse plight did
rew.

XXVI.

Yet for no pitty would he change the course
Of iustice, which in Talus hand did lye ;
Who rudely hayld her forth without remorse,
Still holding up her suppliant hands on hye,
And kneeling at his feete submissively :
But he her suppliant hands, those hands of gold,
And eke her feete, those feete of silver trye,
Which sought unrightcousnesse, and iustice sold,
Chopt off, and nayld on high, that all might them
behold.

XXVII.

Herselfe then tooke he by the sclender wast
In vaine loud crying, and into the flood
Over the Castle wall adowne her cast,
And there her drowned in the dirty mud:
But the streame washt away her guilty blood.
Thereafter all that mucky pelfe he tooke,
The spoile of peoples evil gotten good,
The which her sire had scrap't by hooke and crooke,
And burning all to ashes powr'd it down the brooke.

XXVIII.

And lastly all that Castle quite he raced,
Even from the sole of his foundation,
And all the hewen stones thereof defaced,
That there mote be no hope of reparation,
Nor memory thereof to any nation.
All which when Talus throughly had perfourmed,
Sir Artegall undid the evil fashion,
And wicked customes of that bridge refourmed:
Which done, unto his former iourney he retourned.

XXIX.

In which they measur'd mickle weary way,
Till that at length nigh to the sea they drew;
By which as they did travell on a day,
They saw before them, far as they could vew,
Full many people gathered in a crew;
Whose great assembly they did much admire;
For never there the like resort they knew.
So towards them they coasted, to enquire
What thing so many nations met did there desire.

XXX.

There they beheld a mighty Gyant stand
Upon a rocke, and holding forth on hie
An huge great paire of ballance in his hand,
With which he boasted in his surquedrie
That all the world he would weigh equallie,
If ought he had the same to counterpoys :
For want whereof he weighed vanity,
And fild his ballaunce full of idle toys :
Yet was admired much of fooles, women, and boys.

XXXI.

He sayd that he would all the earth uptake
And all the sea, divided each from either :
So would he of the fire one ballaunce make,
And one of th' ayre, without or wind or wether :
Then would he ballaunce heaven and hell together,
And all that did within them all containe ;
Of all whose weight he would not misse a fether :
And looke what surplus did of each remaine,
He would to his owne part restore the same againe.

XXXII.

For why, he sayd, they all unequall were,
And had encroched upon others share ;
Like as the sea (which plaine he shewed there)
Had worne the earth ; so did the fire the aire ;
So all the rest did others parts empaire :
And so were realmes and nations run awry.
All which he undertooke for to repaire,
In sort as they were formed aunciently ;
And all things would reduce unto equality.

XXXIII.

Therefore the vulgar did about him flocke,
And cluster thicke unto his leasings vaine,
Like foolish flies about an hony-crooke ;
In hope by him great benefite to gaine,
And uncontrolled freedome to obtaine.
All which when Artegall did see and heare,
How he misled the simple peoples traine,
In sdeignfull wize he drew unto him neare,
And thus unto him spake, without regard or feare ;

XXXIV.

“ Thou, that presum’st to weigh the world anew,
And all things to an equall to restore,
Instead of right me seemes great wrong dost shew,
And far above thy forces pitch to sore :
For, ere thou limit what is lesse or more
In every thing, thou oughtest first to know
What was the poyse of every part of yore :
And looke then, how much it doth overflow
Or faile thereof, so much is more then iust to trow.

XXXV.

“ For at the first they all created were
In goodly measure by their Makers might ;
And weighed out in ballaunces so nere,
That not a dram was missing of their right :
The earth was in the middle centre pight,
In which it doth immoveable abide,
Hemd in with waters like a wall in sight,
And they with aire, that not a drop can slide :
Al which the heavens containe, and in their courses
guide.

XXXVI.

“Such heavenly iustice doth among them raine,
That every one doe know their certaine bound;
In which they doe these many yeares remaine,
And mongst them al no change hath yet beene
found:

But if thou now shouldst weigh them new in pound,
We are not sure they would so long remaine:
All change is perillous, and all chaunce unsound.
Therefore leave off to weigh them all againe,
Till we may be assur'd they shall their course re-
taine.”

XXXVII.

“Thou foolishhe elfe,” said then the Gyant wroth,
“Seest not how badly all things present bee,
And each estate quite out of order goth?
The sea itselfe doest thou not plainely see
Encroch uppon the land there under thee?
And th’ earth itselfe how daily its increast
By all that dying to it turned be?
Were it not good that wrong were then sureeast,
And from the most that some were given to the
least?

XXXVIII.

“Therefore I will throw downe these mountains hie,
And make them leuell with the lowly plaine,
These towring rocks, which reach unto the skie,
I will thrust downe into the deepest maine,
And, as they were, them equalize againe.
Tyrants, that make men subiect to their law,
I will suppress, that they no more may raine;
And lordings curbe that commons over-aw;
And all the wealth of rich men to the poore will
draw.”

XXXIX.

“ Of things unseene how canst thou deeme aright,”
Then answered the righteous Artegall,
“ Sith thou misdeem’st so much of things in sight?
What though the sea with waves continuall
Doe eate the earth, it is no more at all;
Ne is the earth the lesse, or loseth ought:
For whatsoever from one place doth fall
Is with the tide unto another brought:
For there is nothing lost, that may be found if sought.

XL.

“ Likewise the earth is not augmented more
By all that dying into it doe fade;
For of the earth they formed were of yore:
However gay their blossome or their blade
Doe flourish now, they into dust shall vade.
What wrong then is it if that when they die
They turne to that whereof they first were made?
All in the powre of their great Maker lie:
All creatures must obey the voice of the Most Hie.

XLI.

“ They live, they die, like as He doth ordaine,
Ne ever any asketh reason why.
The hils doe not the lowly dales disdain;
The dales doe not the lofty hils envy.
He maketh kings to sit in sovereignty;
He maketh subiects to their powre obey;
He pulleth downe, He setteth up on hy;
He gives to this, from that He takes away:
For all we have is His: what He list doe, He may.

XLII.

“ Whatever thing is done, by Him is donne,
Ne any may His mighty will withstand ;
Ne any may His souveraine power shonne,
Ne loose that He hath bound with stedfast band :
In vaine therefore doest thou now take in hand
To call to count, or weigh His workes anew,
Whose counsels depth thou canst not understand ;
Sith of things subiect to thy daily vew
Thou doest not know the causes nor their courses
dew.

XLIII.

“ For take thy ballaunce, if thou be so wise,
And weigh the winde that under heaven doth blow ;
Or weigh the light that in the east doth rise ;
Or weigh the thought that from mans mind doth
flow :

But if the weight of these thou canst not show,
Weigh but one word which from thy lips doth fall :
For how canst thou those greater secrets know,
That doest not know the least thing of them all ?
Ill can he rule the great that cannot reach the small.”

XLIV.

Therewith the Gyant much abashed sayd
That he of little things made reckoning light ;
Yet the least word that ever could be layd
Within his ballaunce he could way aright.
“ Which is,” sayd he, “ more heavy then in weight,
The right or wrong, the false or else the trew ?”
He answered that he would try it streight :
So he the words into his ballaunce threw ;
But streight the winged words out of his ballaunce
flew.

XLV.

Wroth wex the then, and sayd that words were light,
Ne would within his ballaunce well abide :
But he could iustly weigh the wrong or right.
“ Well then,” sayd Artegall, “ let it be tride :
First in one ballance set the true aside.”
He did so first, and then the false he layd
In th’ other scale ; but still it downe did slide,
And by no meane could in the weight be stayd :
For by no meanes the false will with the truth be
wayd.

XLVI.

“ Now take the right likewise,” sayd Artegale,
“ And counterpeise the same with so much wrong.”
So first the right he put into one scale ;
And then the Gyant strove with puissance strong
To fill the other scale with so much wrong :
But all the wrongs that he therein could lay
Might not it peise ; yet did he labour long,
And swat, and chauf’d, and proved every way :
Yet all the wrongs could not a litle right downe way.

XLVII.

Which when he saw, he greatly grew in rage,
And almost would his balances have broken :
But Artegall him fairely gan asswage,
And said, “ Be not upon thy balance wroken ;
For they do nought but right or wrong betoken ;
But in the mind the doome of right must bee :
And so likewise of words, the which be spoken,
The eare must be the ballance, to decree
And iudge, whether with truth or falshood they
agree.

XLVIII.

“ But set the truth and set the right aside,
For they with wrong or falshood will not fare,
And put two wrongs together to be tride,
Or else two falses, of each equal share,
And then together doe them both compare :
For truth is one, and right is ever one.”
So did he ; and then plaine it did appeare
Whether of them the greater were attone :
But right sat in the midst of the beame alone.

XLIX.

But he the right from thence did thrust away ;
For it was not the right which he did seeke :
But rather strove extremities to way,
Th’one to diminish, th’other for to eeke :
For of the meane he greatly did misleake.
Whom when so lewdly minded Talus found,
Approching nigh unto him cheeke by cheeke
He shouldered him from off the higher ground,
And down the rock him throwing in the sea him
dround.

L.

Like as a ship, whom cruell tempest drives
Upon a rocke with horrible dismay,
Her shattered ribs in thousand peeces rives,
And spoyling all her geares and goodly ray
Does make herselfe misfortunes piteous pray ;
So downe the cliffe the wretched Gyant tumbled :
His battred ballances in peeces lay,
His timbered bones all broken rudely rumbled :
So was the high-aspyring with huge ruine humbled.

LI.

That when the people, which had there about
Long wayted, saw his sudden desolation,
They gan to gather in tumultuous rout,
And mutining to stirre up civill faction
For certaine losse of so great expectation :
For well they hoped to have got great good,
And wondrous riches by his innovation :
Therefore resolving to revenge his blood
They rose in armes, and all in battell order stood.

LII.

Which lawlesse multitude him comming to
In warlike wise when Artegall did vew,
He much was troubled, ne wist what to do :
For loth he was his noble hands t' embrew
In the base blood of such a rascall crew ;
And otherwise, if that he should retire,
He fear'd least they with shame would him pursew :
Therefore he Talus to them sent t' inquire
The cause of their array, and truce for to desire.

LIII.

But soone as they him nigh approaching spide,
They gan with all their weaponns him assay,
And rudely stroke at him on every side ;
Yet nought they could him hurt, ne ought dismay :
But when at them he with his flaile gan lay,
He like a swarm of flyes them overthrew :
Ne any of them durst come in his way,
But here and there before his presence flew,
And hid themselves in holes and bushes from his
vew :

LIV.

As when a fauleon hath with nimble flight
Flowne at a flush of ducks foreby the brooke,
The trembling foule dismayd with dreadfull sight
Of death, the which them almost overtooke,
Doe hide themselves from her astonying looke
Amongst the flags and covert round about.
When Talus saw they all the field forsooke,
And none appear'd of all that raskall rout,
To Artegall he turn'd and went with him throughout.

CANTO III.

The Spousals of faire Florimell,
Where turney many Knights:
There Braggadochio is uncas'd
In all the Ladies sights.

I.

AFTER long stormes and tempests over-blowne
The sunne at length his ioyous face doth cleare:
So whenas fortune all her spight hath showne,
Some blisfull houres at last must needes appeare;
Else should afflicted wights oft-times despeire.
So comes it now to Florimell by tourne,
After long sorrowes suffered whyleare,
In which captiv'd she many moneths did mourne,
To tast of ioy, and to wont pleasures to retourne:

II.

Who being freed from Proteus cruell band
By Marinell was unto him affide,
And by him brought againe to Faerie Land;
Where he her spous'd, and made his ioyous bride.
The time and place was blazed farre and wide,
And solemne feastes and giusts ordain'd therefore:
To which there did resort from every side
Of Lords and Ladies infinite great store;
Ne any Knight was absent that brave courage bore.

III.

To tell the glorie of the feast that day,
The goodly service, the devicefull sights,
The bridegromes state, the brides most rich aray,
The pride of Ladies, and the worth of Knights,
The royall banquets, and the rare delights,
Were worke fit for an herauld, not for me :
But for so much as to my lot here lights,
That with this present treatise doth agree,
True vertue to advance, shall here recounted bee.

IV.

When all men had with full satietie
Of meates and drinckes their appetites suffiz'd
To deedes of armes and prooffe of chevalrie
They gan themselves addresse, full rich aguiz'd,
As each one had his furnitures deviz'd.
And first of all issu'd Sir Marinell,
And with him sixe Knights more, which enterpriz'd
To chalenge all in right of Florimell,
And to maintaine that she all others did excell.

V.

The first of them was hight Sir Orimont,
A noble Knight, and tride in hard assayes :
The second had to name Sir Bellisont,
But second unto none in prowesse prayse :
The third was Brunell, famous in his dayes :
The fourth Ecastor, of exceeding might :
The fift Armeddan, skild in lovely layes :
The sixt was Lansack, a redoubted Knight :
All sixe well seene in armes, and prov'd in many
a fight.

VI.

And them against came all that list to giust,
From every coast and countrie under sunne :
None was debard, but all had leave that lust.
The trumpets sound ; then altogether ronne.
Full many deeds of armes that day were donne ;
And many Knights unhorst, and many wounded,
As fortune fell ; yet little lost or wonne :
But all that day the greatest prayse redounded
To Marinell, whose name the heralds loud re-
sounded.

VII.

The second day, so soone as morrow light
Appear'd in heaven, into the field they came,
And there all day continew'd cruell fight,
With divers fortune fit for such a game,
In which all strove with perill to winne fame ;
Yet whether side was victor note be ghest :
But at the last the trumpets did proclame
That Marinell that day deserved best.
So they disparted were, and all men went to rest.

VIII.

The third day came, that should due tryall lend
Of all the rest ; and then this warlike crew
Together met, of all to make an end.
There Marinell great deeds of armes did shew ;
And through the thickest like a lyon flew,
Rashing off helmes, and rying plates asonder ;
That every one his damnger did eschew :
So terribly his dreadfull strokes did thonder,
That all men stood amaz'd, and at his might did
wonder.

IX.

But what on earth can alwayes happie stand?
The greater prowesse greater perils find.
So farre he past amongst his enemies band,
That they have him enclosed so behind,
As by no meanes he can himselfe outwind:
And now perforce they have him prisoner taken;
And now they doe with captive bands him bind;
And now they lead him hence, of all forsaken,
Unlesse some succour had in time him overtaken.

X.

It fortun'd, whylest they were thus ill beset,
Sir Artegall into the tilt-yard came,
With Braggadochio, whom he lately met
Upon the way with that his Snowy Dame:
Where when he understood by common fame,
What evil hap to Marinell betid,
He much was mov'd at so unworthie shame,
And streight that Boaster prayd, with whom he rid,
To change his shield with him, to be the better hid.

XI.

So forth he went, and soone them overhent,
Where they were leading Marinell away;
Whom he assayld with dreadlesse hardiment,
And forst the burden of their prize to stay.
They were an hundred Knights of that array;
Of which th' one halfe upon himselfe did set,
The other stayd behind to gard the pray:
But he ere long the former fiftie bet;
And from the other fiftie soone the prisoner fet.

XII.

So backe he brought Sir Marinell againe ;
Whom having quickly arm'd againe anew,
They both together ioyned might and maine,
To set afresh on all the other crew :
Whom with sore havocke soone they overthrew,
And chased quite out of the field, that none
Against them durst his head to perill shew.
So were they left lords of the field alone :
So Marinell by him was rescu'd from his fone.

XIII.

Which when he had perform'd, then backe againe
To Braggadochio did his shield restore :
Who all this while behind him did remaine,
Keeping there close with him in pretious store
That his false Ladie, as ye heard afore.
Then did the trompets sound, and iudges rose,
And all these Knights, which that day armour bore,
Came to the open hall to listen whose
The honour of the prize should be adiudg'd by those.

XIV.

And thether also came in open sight
Fayre Florimell into the common hall,
To greet his guerdon unto every Knight,
And best to him to whom the best should fall.
Then for that stranger Knight they loud did call
To whom that day they should the girlond yield ;
Who came not forth : but for Sir Artegall
Came Braggadochio, and did shew his shield,
Which bore the sunne brode blazed in a golden
field.

XV.

The sight whereof did all with gladnesse fill :
So unto him they did addeeme the prise
Of all that tryumph. Then the trompets shrill
Don Braggadochios name resounded thrise :
So courage lent a cloke to cowardise :
And then to him came fayrest Florimell,
And goodly gan to greete his brave emprise,
And thousand thanks him yeeld, that had so well
Approv'd that day that she all others did excell.

XVI.

To whom the Boaster, that all Knights did blot,
With proud disdaine did scornefull answere make,
That what he did that day, he did it not
For her, but for his owne deare Ladies sake,
Whom on his perill he did undertake
Both her and eke all others to excell :
And further did uncomely speaches crake.
Much did his words the gentle Ladie quell,
And turn'd aside for shame to heare what he did
tell.

XVII.

Then forth he brought his snowy Florimele,
Whom Trompart had in keeping there beside,
Covered from peoples gazement with a vele :
Whom when discovered they had throughly eide,
With great amazement they were stupefide ;
And said, that surely Florimell it was,
Or if it were not Florimell so tride,
That Florimell herselfe she then did pas.
So feeble skill of perfect things the vulgar has.

XVIII.

Which whenas Marinell beheld likewise,
He was therewith exceedingly dismayd;
Ne wist he what to thinke, or to devise:
But, like as one whom feends had made affrayd,
He long astonisht stood, ne ought he sayd,
Ne ought he did, but with fast fixed eies
He gazed still upon that Snowy Mayd;
Whom ever as he did the more avize,
The more to be true Florimell he did surmize.

XIX.

As when two sunnes appeare in th' azure skye,
Mounted in Phœbus charet fierie bright,
Both darting forth faire beames to each mans eye,
And both adorn'd with lampes of flaming light;
All that behold so strange prodigious sight,
Not knowing natures worke, nor what to weene,
Are rapt with wonder and with rare affright.
So stood Sir Marinell when he had seene
The semblant of this false by his faire beauties
 queene.

XX.

All which when Artégall, who all this while
Stood in the preasse close covered, well advewed,
And saw that Boasters pride and gracelesse guile,
He could no longer beare, but forth issewed,
And unto all himselfe there open shewed,
And to the Boaster said; "Thou losell base,
That hast with borrowed plumes thyselfe endewed,
And others worth with leasings doest deface,
When they are all restor'd thou shalt rest in dis-
 grace.

XXI.

“That shield, which thou doest beare, was it indeed
Which this dayes honour sav'd to Marinell :
But not that arme, nor thou the man I reed,
Which didst that service unto Florimell :
For prooffe shew forth thy sword, and let it tell
What strokes, what dreadfull stoure, it stird this
day :

Or shew the wounds which unto thee befell ;
Or shew the sweat with which thou diddest sway
So sharpe a battell, that so many did dismay.

XXII.

“ But this the sword which wrought those cruell
stounds,

And this the arme the which that shield did beare,
And these the signs,” (so shewed forth his wounds,)

“ By which that glorie gotten doth appeare.

As for this Ladie, which he sheweth here,
Is not (I wager) Florimell at all ;

But some fayre franion, fit for such a fere,
That by misfortune in his hand did fall.”

For prooffe whereof he bad them Florimell forth call.

XXIII.

So forth the noble Ladie was ybrought,

Adorn'd with honor and all comely grace :

Whereto her bashfull shamefastnesse ywrought

A great increase in her faire blushing face ;

As roses did with lillies interlace :

For of those words, the which that Boaster threw,

She inly yet conceived great disgrace :

Whom whenas all the people such did vew,

They shouted loud, and signes of gladnesse all
did shew.

XXIV.

Then did he set her by that snowy one,
Like the true saint beside the image set;
Of both their beauties to make paragone
And triall, whether should the honor get.
Streightway, so soone as both together met,
Th' Enchaunted Damzell vanisht into nought:
Her snowy substance melted as with heat,
Ne of that goodly hew remayned ought,
But th' emptie Girdle which about her wast was
wrought.

XXV.

As when the daughter of Thaumantes faire
Hath in a watry cloud displayed wide
Her goodly bow, which paints the liquid ayre;
That all men wonder at her colours pride;
All suddenly, ere one can looke aside,
The glorious picture vanisheth away,
Ne any token doth thereof abide:
So did this Ladies goodly forme decay,
And into nothing goe, ere one could it bewray.

XXVI.

Which whenas all that present were beheld,
They stricken were with great astonishment,
And their faint harts with senselesse horror queld,
To see the thing, that seem'd so excellent,
So stolen from their fancies wonderment;
That what of it became none understood:
And Braggadochio selfe with dreriment
So damnted was in his despeyring mood,
That like a lifelesse corse immoveable he stood.

XXVII.

But Artegall that golden Belt uptooke,
The which of all her spoyle was onely left;
Which was not hers, as many it mistooke,
But Florimells owne Girdle, from her reft
While she was flying, like a weary weft,
From that foule monster which did her compell
To perils great; which he unbuckling eft
Presented to the Fayrest Florimell;
Who round about her tender wast it fitted well.

XXVIII.

Full many Ladies often had assayd
About their middles that faire Belt to knit;
And many a one suppos'd to be a Mayd:
Yet it to none of all their loynes would fit,
Till Florimell about her fastned it.
Such power it had, that to no womans wast
By any skill or labour it would sit,
Unlesse that she were continent and chast;
But it would lose or breake, that many had disgrast.

XXIX.

Whilest thus they busied were bout Florimell,
And boastfull Braggadochio to defame,
Sir Guyon, as by fortune then befell,
Forth from the thickest preasse of people came,
His owne good steed, which he had stolne, to clame;
And, th' one hand seizing on his golden bit,
With th' other drew his sword; for with the same
He meant the Thiefe there deadly to have smit:
And, had he not bene held, he nought had fayld
of it.

XXX.

Thereof great hurly burly moved was
Throughout the hall for that same warlike horse :
For Braggadochio would not let him pas ;
And Guyon would him algates have perforce,
Or it approve upon his carrion corse.
Which troublous stirre when Artegall perceived,
He nigh them drew to stay th' Avengers forse ;
And gan inquire how was that steed bereaved,
Whether by might extort, or else by slight de-
ceaved.

XXXI.

Who all that piteous storie, which befell
About that wofull Couple which were slaine,
And their young Bloodie Babe to him gan tell ;
With whom whiles he did in the wood remaine,
His horse purloyned was by subtile traine ;
For which he chalenged the Thiefe to fight :
But he for nought could him thereto constraine ;
For as the death he hated such despight,
And rather had to lose than trie in armes his right.

XXXII.

Which Artegall well hearing, (though no more
By law of armes there neede ones right to trie,
As was the wont of warlike Knights of yore,
Then that his foe should him the field denie,)
Yet further right by tokens to descrie,
He askt, what privie tokens he did beare.
“ If that,” said Guyon, “ may you satisfie,
Within his mouth a blacke spot doth appeare,
Shapt like a horses shoe, who list to seeke it there.”

XXXIII.

Whereof to make due tryall one did take
The horse in hand within his mouth to looke :
But with his heeles so sorely he him strake,
That all his ribs he quite in peeces broke,
That never word from that day forth he spoke.
Another, that would seeme to have more wit,
Him by the bright embrodered hedstall tooke :
But by the shoulder him so sore he bit,
That he him maymed quite, and all his shoulder
split.

XXXIV.

Ne he his mouth would open unto wight,
Untill that Guyon selfe unto him spake,
And called Brigadore (so was he hight,)
Whose voice so soone as he did undertake,
Eftsoones he stood as still as any stake,
And suffred all his secret marke to see ;
And, whenas he him nam'd, for ioy he brake
His bands, and follow'd him with gladfull glee,
And friskt, and flong aloft, and louted low on knee.

XXXV.

Thereby Sir Artegall did plaine arced,
That unto him the horse belong'd ; and sayd,
“ Lo there, Sir Guyon, take to you the steed,
As he with golden saddle is arayd ;
And let that Losell, plainly now displayd,
Hence fare on foot, till he an horse have gayned.”
But the proud Boaster gan his doome upbrayd,
And him revil'd, and rated, and disdayned,
That iudgement so uniust against him had or-
dayned.

XXXVI.

Much was the Knight incenst with his lewd word,
To have revenged that his villeny ;
And thrice did lay his hand upon his sword,
To have him slaine, or dearely doen aby :
But Guyon did his choler pacify,
Saying, “ Sir Knight, it would dishonour bee
To you that are our iudge of equity,
To wreake your wrath on such a carle as hee :
It's punishment enough that all his shame doe see.”

XXXVII.

So did he mitigate Sir Artegall ;
But Talus by the backe the Boaster hent,
And drawing him out of the open hall
Upon him did inflict this punishment :
First he his beard did shave, and fowly shent ;
Then from him reft his shield, and it reuverst,
And blotted out his armes with falshood blent ;
And himselfe baffuld, and his armes unherst ;
And broke his sword in twaine, and all his armour
sperst.

XXXVIII.

The whiles his guilefull Groome was fled away ;
But vaine it was to thinke from him to flie :
Who overtaking him did disaray,
And all his face deform'd with infamie,
And out of court him scourged openly.
So ought all faytours, that true knighthood shame,
And armes dishonour with base villanie,
From all brave Knights be banisht with defame :
For oft their lewdnes blotteth good deserts with
blame.

XXXIX.

Now when these Counterfeits were thus uncased
Out of the foreside of their forgerie,
And in the sight of all men cleane disgraced,
All gan to iest and gibe full merilie
At the remembrance of their knaverie :
Ladies can laugh at Ladies, Knights at Knights,
To thinke with how great vaunt of braverie
He them abused through his subtill slights,
And what a glorious shew he made in all their
sights.

XL.

There leave we them in pleasure and repast,
Spending their ioyous dayes and gladfull nights,
And taking usurie of time forepast,
With all deare delices and rare delights,
Fit for such Ladies and such lovely Knights :
And turne we here to this faire furrowes end
Our wearie yokes, to gather fresher sprights,
That, whenas time to Artegall shall tend,
We on his first adventure may him forward send.

CANTO IV.

Artegall dealeth right betwixt
Two brethren that doe strive:
Saves Terpine from the gallow tree,
And doth from death reprove.

I.

Whoso upon himselfe will take the skill
True iustice unto people to divide,
Had need have mightie hands for to fulfill
That which he doth with righteous doome decide,
And for to maister wrong and puissant pride:
For vaine it is to deeme of things aright,
And makes wrong doers iustice to deride,
Unlesse it be perform'd with dreadlesse might:
For Powre is the right hand of Iustice truely hight.

II.

Therefore whylome to Knights of great emprise
The charge of Iustice given was in trust,
That they might execute her iudgements wise,
And with their might beat downe licentious lust,
Which proudly did impugne her sentence iust:
Whereof no braver president this day
Remaines on earth, preserv'd from yron rust
Of rude oblivion and long times decay,
Then this of Artégall, which here we have to say.

III.

Who having lately left that lovely payre,
Enlincked fast in wedlockes loyall bond,
Bold Marinell with Florimell the fayre,
With whom great feast and goodly glee he fond,
Departed from the Castle of the strond
To follow his adventures first intent,
Which long agoe he taken had in hond:
Ne wight with him for his assistance went,
But that great Yron Groome, his gard and govern-
ment:

IV.

With whom, as he did passe by the sea-shore,
He chaunst to come whereas two comely Squires,
Both brethren whom one wombe together bore,
But stirred up with different desires,
Together strove, and kindled wrathfull fires:
And them beside two seemely Damzels stood,
By all meanes seeking to asswage their ires,
Now with faire words; but words did little good;
Now with sharpe threats; but threats the more
increast their mood.

V.

And there before them stood a coffer strong
Fast bound on every side with iron bands,
But seeming to have suffred mickle wrong,
Either by being wreckt uppon the sands,
Or being carried farre from forraine lands:
Seem'd that for it these Squires at ods did fall,
And bent against themselves their cruell hands:
But evermore those Damzells did forestall
Their furious encounter, and their fiercenesse pall.

VI.

But firmly fixt they were with dint of sword
And battailes doubtfull prooffe their rights to try ;
Ne other end their fury would afford,
But what to them fortune would iustify :
So stood they both in readinesse thereby
To ioyn the combate with cruell intent :
When Artegall arriving happily
Did stay awhile their greedy bickermment,
Till he had questioned the cause of their dissent.

VII.

To whom the elder did this aunswere frame ;
“ Then weet ye, Sir, that we two brethren be,
To whom our sire, Milesio by name,
Did equally bequeath his lands in fee,
Two islands, which ye there before you see
Not farre in sea ; of which the one appeares
But like a little mount of small degree ;
Yet was as great and wide ere many years,
As that same other isle, that greater bredth now
beares.

VIII.

“ But tract of time, that all things doth decay,
And this devouring sea, that nought doth spare,
The most part of my land hath washt away,
And throwne it up unto my brothers share :
So his encreased, but mine did empaire.
Before which time I lov'd, as was my lot,
That further Mayd, hight Philtera the faire,
With whom a goodly doure I should have got,
And should have ioyned bene to her in wedlocks
knot.

IX.

“ Then did my younger brother Amidas
Love that same other Damzell, Lucy bright,
To whom but little dowre allotted was :
Her vertue was the dowre that did delight :
What better dowre can to a Dame be hight ?
But now, when Philtra saw my lands decay
And former livel’od fayle, she left me quight,
And to my brother did elope streightway :
Who, taking her from me, his owne Love left astray.

X.

“ She, seeing then herselfe forsaken so,
Through dolorous despaire which she conceyved,
Into the sea herselfe did headlong throw,
Thinking to have her griebe by death bereaved ;
But see how much her purpose was deceived !
Whilest thus, amidst the billowes beating of her,
Twixt life and death long to and fro she weaved,
She chaunst unwares to light upon this coffer,
Which to her in that daunger hope of life did offer.

XI.

“ The wretched Mayd, that earst desir’d to die,
Whenas the paine of death she tasted had,
And but halfe seene his ugly visnomie,
Gan to repent that she had beene so mad
For any death to chaunge life, though most bad :
And catching hold of this sea-beaten chest,
(The lucky pylot of her passage sad,)
After long tossing in the seas distrest,
Her weary barke at last uppon mine isle did rest.

XII.

“ Where I by chaunce then wandring on the shore
Did her espy, and through my good endeavour
From dreadfull mouth of death, which threatned
sore

Her to have swallow'd up, did helpe to save her.
She then in recompence of that great favour,
Which I on her bestowed, bestowed on me
The portion of that good which fortune gave her,
Together with herselfe in dowry free ;
Both goodly portions, but of both the better she.

XIII.

“ Yet in this coffer which she with her brought
Great threasure sithence we did finde contained ;
Which as our owne we tooke, and so it thought ;
But this same other Damzell since hath fained
That to herselfe that threasure appertained ;
And that she did transport the same by sea,
To bring it to her husband new ordained,
But suffred cruell shipwracke by the way :
But, whether it be so or no, I cannot say.

XIV.

“ But, whether it indeede be so or no,
This doe I say, that whatso good or ill
Or God or Fortune unto me did throw,
(Not wronging any other by my will,)
I hold mine owne, and so will hold it still.
And though my land he first did winne away,
And then my Love, (though now it little skill,)
Yet my good lucke he shall not likewise pray ;
But I will it defend whilst ever that I may.”

XV.

So having sayd, the younger did ensew ;
“ Full true it is whatso about our land
My brother here declared hath to you :
But not for it this ods twixt us doth stand,
But for this threasure throwne uppon his strand ;
Which well I prove, as shall appeare by triall,
To be this Maïdes with whom I fastned hand,
Known by good markes and perfect good espiall :
Therefore it ought be rendred her without deniall.”

XVI.

When they thus ended had, the Knight began ;
“ Certes your strife were easie to accord,
Would ye remit it to some righteous man.”
“ Unto yourselfe,” said they, “ we give our word,
To bide that iudgement ye shall us afford.”
“ Then for assurance to my doome to stand,
Under my foote let each lay downe his sword ;
And then you shall my sentence understand.”
So each of them layd downe his sword out of his
hand.

XVII.

Then Artegall thus to the younger sayd ;
“ Now tell me, Amidas, if that ye may,
Your brothers land the which the sea hath layd
Unto your part, and pluckt from his away,
By what good right doe you withhold this day ?”
“ What other right,” quoth he, “ should you esteeme,
But that the sea it to my share did lay ?”
“ Your right is good,” sayd he, “ and so I deeme,
That what the sea unto you sent your own should
seeme.”

XVIII.

Then turning to the elder thus he sayd;
“ Now, Bracidas, let this likewise be showne;
Your brothers threasure, which from him is strayd,
Being the dowry of his wife well knowne,
By what right doe your claime to be your owne?”
“ What other right,” quoth he, “ should you esteeme,
But that the sea hath it unto me throwne?”
“ Your right is good,” sayd he, “ and so I deeme,
That what the sea unto you sent your own should
seeme.

XIX.

“ For equall right in equall things doth stand:
For what the mighty sea hath once possest,
And plucked quite from all possessors hand,
Whether by rage of waves that never rest,
Or else by wracke that wretches hath distrest,
He may dispose by his imperiall might,
As thing at randon left, to whom he list.
So, Amidas, the land was yours first hight;
And so the threasure yours is, Bracidas, by right.”

XX.

When he his sentence thus pronounced had,
Both Amidas and Philtra were displeased:
But Bracidas and Lucy were right glad,
And on the threasure by that iudgement seased.
So was their discord by this doome appeased,
And each one had his right. Then Artegall,
Whenas their sharpe contention he had ceased,
Departed on his way, as did befall,
To follow his old quest, the which him forth did call,

XXI.

So, as he travelled uppon the way,
He chaunst to come, where happily he spide
A rout of many people farre away;
To whom his course he hastily applide,
To weete the cause of their assemblaunce wide:
To whom when he approched neare in sight,
(An uncouth sight,) he plainely then descride
To be a troupe of Women, warlike dight,
With weapons in their hands, as ready for to fight.

XXII.

And in the midst of them he saw a Knight,
With both his hands behinde him pinnoed hard,
And round about his necke an halter tight,
And ready for the gallow tree prepar'd:
His face was covered, and his head was bar'd,
That who he was uneath was to descry;
And with full heavy heart with them he far'd,
Griev'd to the soule, and groning inwardly,
That he of Womens hands so base a death should
dy.

XXIII.

But they, like tyrants mercilesse, the more
Reioyced at his miserable case,
And him reviled, and reproched sore
With bitter taunts and termes of vile disgrace.
Now whenas Artégall, arriv'd in place,
Did aske what cause brought that man to decay,
They round about him gan to swarm apace,
Meaning on him their cruell hands to lay,
And to have wrought unwares some villanous
assay.

XXIV.

But he was soone aware of their ill minde,
And drawing backe deceived their intent:
Yet, though himselfe did shame on womankind
His mighty hand to shend, he Talus sent
To wrecke on them their follies hardyment:
Who with few sowces of his yron flae
Dispersed all their troupe incontinent,
And sent them home to tell a piteous tale
Of their vaine prowesse turned to their proper bale:

XXV.

But that same wretched man, ordaynd to die,
They left behind them, glad to be so quit:
Him Talus tooke out of perplexitie,
And horror of fowle death for Knight unfit,
Who more than losse of life ydreaded it;
And, him restoring unto living light,
So brought unto his Lord, where he did sit
Beholding all that womanish weake fight;
Which soone as he beheld he knew, and thus behight;

XXVI.

“Sir Turpine, haplesse man, what make you here?
Or have you lost yourselfe and your discretion,
That ever in this wretched case ye were?
Or have ye yeelded you to proude oppression
Of womens powre, that boast of mens subiection?
Or else what other deadly dismall day
Is falne on you by heavens hard direction,
That ye were runne so fondly far astray
As for to lead yourselfe unto your owne decay?”

XXVII.

Much was the man confounded in his mind,
Partly with shame, and partly with dismay,
That all astonisht he himselfe did find,
And little had for his excuse to say,
But onely thus ; “ Most haplesse well ye may
Me iustly terme, that to this shame am brought,
And made the scorne of knighthood this same day :
But who can scape what his owne fate hath wrought?
The worke of heavens will surpasseth humaine
thought.”

XXVIII.

“ Right true : but faulty men use oftentimes
To átttribute their folly unto fate,
And lay on heaven the guilt of their owne crimes.
But tell, Sir Terpin, ne let you amate
Your misery, how fell ye in this state ?”
“ Then sith ye needs,” quoth he, “ will know my
shame,
And all the ill which chaunst to me of late,
I shortly will to you rehearse the same,
In hope ye will not turne misfortune to my blame.

XXIX.

“ Being desirous (as all Knights are woont)
Through hard adventures deedes of armes to try,
And after fame and honour for to hunt,
I heard report that farre abroad did fly,
That a proud Amazon did late defy
All the brave Knights that hold of Maidenhead,
And unto them wrought all the villany
That she could forge in her malicious head,
Which some hath put to shame, and many done
be dead.

XXX.

“ The cause, they say, of this her cruell hate,
Is for the sake of Bellodant the bold,
To whom she bore most fervent love of late,
And wooed him by all the waies she could :
But, when she saw at last that he ne would
For ought or nought be wonne unto her will,
She turn’d her love to hatred manifold,
And for his sake vow’d to doe all the ill
Which she could doe to Knights ; which now she
doth fulfill.

XXXI.

“ For all those Knights, the which by force or guile
She doth subdue, she fowly doth entreate :
First, she doth them of warlike armes despoile,
And cloth in womens weedes ; and then with
threat
Doth them compell to worke, to earne their meat,
To spin, to card, to sew, to wash, to wring ;
Ne doth she give them other thing to eat
But bread and water or like feeble thing ;
Them to disable from revenge adventuring.

XXXII.

“ But if through stout disdaine of manly mind
Any her proud observaunce will withstand,
Uppon that gibbet, which is there behind,
She causeth them be hang’d up out of hand ;
In which condition I right now did stand :
For, being overcome by her in fight,
And put to that base service of her band,
I rather chose to die in lives despight,
Then lead that shamefull life, unworthy of a
Knight.”

XXXIII.

“How hight that Amazon,” sayd Artegall,
“And where and how far hence does she abide”
“Her name,” quoth he, “they Radigund doe call,
A princesse of great powre and greater pride,
And queene of Amazons, in armes well tride
And sundry battels, which she hath atchieved
With great successe, that her hath glorifide,
And made her famous, more then is believed;
Newould I it have ween’d had I not late it prievd.”

XXXIV.

“Now sure,” said he, “and by the faith that I
To Maydenhead and noble Knighthood owe,
I will not rest till I her might doe trie,
And venge the shame that she to Knights doth show.
Therefore, Sir Terpin, from you lightly throw
This squalid weede, the patterne of dispaire,
And wend with me, that ye may see and know
How fortune will your ruin’d name repaire
And Knights of Maidenhead, whose praise she
would empaire.”

XXXV.

With that, like one that hopelesse was re pry’vd
From deathës dore at which he lately lay,
Those yron fetters wherewith he was gyv’d,
The badges of reproch, he threw away,
And nimble did him dight to guide the way
Unto the dwelling of that Amazone:
Which was from thence not past a mile or tway;
A goodly citty and a mighty one,
The which, of her owne name, she called Radegone.

XXXVI.

Where they arriving by the watchmen were
Deseried streight; who all the citty warned
How that three warlike persons did appeare,
Of which the one him seem'd a Knight all armed,
And th' other two well likely to have harmed.
Eftsoones the people all to harnesse ran,
And like a sort of bees in clusters swarmed:
Ere long their queene herselfe, halfe like a man,
Came forth into the rout, and them t'array began.

XXXVII.

And now the Knights, being arrived neare,
Did beat upon the gates to enter in;
And at the porter, skorning them so few,
Threw many threats, if they the towne did win,
To teare his flesh in pieces for his sin:
Which whenas Radigund there comming heard,
Her heart for rage did grate, and teeth did grin:
She bad that streight the gates should be unbard,
And to them way to make with weapons well
prepard.

XXXVIII.

Soone as the gates were open to them set,
They pressed forward, entraunce to have made:
But in the middle way they were ymet
With a sharpe showre of arrowes, which them staid,
And better bad advise, ere they assaid
Unknownen perill of bold Womens pride.
Then all that rout upon them rudely laid,
And heaped strokes so fast on every side,
And arrowes haild so thicke, that they could not
abide.

XXXIX.

But Radigund herselfe, when she espide
Sir Terpin from her direfull doome acquit
So cruell doale amongst her Maides divide,
T' avenge that shame they did on him commit,
All sodainely enflam'd with furious fit
Like a fell lionesse at him she flew,
And on his head-piece him so fiercely smit,
That to the ground him quite she overthrew,
Dismayd so with the stroke that he no colours knew.

XL.

Soone as she saw him on the ground to grovell,
She lightly to him leapt; and, in his necke
Her proud foote setting, at his head did levell,
Weening at once her wrath on him to wreake,
And his contempt, that did her iudgment breake:
As when a beare hath seiz'd her cruell clawes
Uppon the carkasse of some beast too weake,
Proudly stands over, and awhile doth pause
To heare the piteous beast pleading her plaintiffe
cause.

XLI.

Whom whenas Artegall in that distresse
By chaunce beheld, he left the bloody slaughter
In which he swam, and ranne to his redresse:
There her assayling fiercely fresh he raught her
Such an huge stroke, that it of sence distraught her;
And, had she not it warded warily,
It had depriv'd her mother of a daughter:
Nathlesse for all the powre she did apply
It made her stagger oft, and stare with ghastly eye.

XLII.

Like to an eagle, in his kingly pride
Soring through his wide empire of the aire,
To weather his brode sailes, by chaunce hath spide
A goshaunce, which hath seized for her share
Uppon some fowle, that should her feast prepare;
With dreadfull force he flies at her bylive,
That with his souce, which none endure dare,
Her from the quarry he away doth drive,
And from her griping pounce the greedy prey doth
rive.

XLIII.

But, soone as she her sence recover'd had,
She fiercely towards him herselfe gan dight,
Through vengeful wrath and sdeignfull pride half
mad;
For never had she suffred such despight:
But, ere she could ioyne hand with him to fight,
Her warlike Maides about her flockt so fast,
That they disparted them, maugre their might,
And with their troupes did far asunder cast:
But mongst the rest the fight did untill evening last.

XLIV.

And every while that mighty Yron Man
With his strange weapon, never wont in warre,
Them sorely vext, and courst, and over-ran,
And broke their bowes, and did their shooting
marre,
That none of all the many once did darre
Him to assault, nor once approach him nie;
But like a sort of sheepe dispersed farre,
For dread of their devouringemie,
Through all the fields and vallies did before him flie.

XLV.

But whenas daies faire shinie beame, yelowded
With fearefull shadowes of deformed night,
Warn'd man and beast in quiet rest be shrowded,
Bold Radigund with sound of trumpe on hight,
Causd all her people to surcease from fight;
And, gathering them unto her citties gate,
Made them all enter in before her sight;
And all the wounded, and the weake in state,
To be convayed in, ere she would once retrate.

XLVI.

When thus the field was voided all away,
And all things quieted, the Elfin Knight,
Weary of toile and travell of that day,
Causd his pavilion to be richly pight
Before the city-gate in open sight;
Where he himselfe did rest in safety
Together with Sir Terpin all that night:
But Talus usde, in times of ieopardy,
To keepe a nightly watch for dread of treachery.

XLVII.

But Radigund, full of heart-gnawing grieve
For the rebuke which she sustain'd that day,
Could take no rest, ne would receive reliefe;
But tossed in her troublous minde what way
She mote revenge that blot which on her lay.
There she resolv'd herselfe in single fight
To try her fortune, and his force assay,
Rather than see her people spoiled quight,
As she had seene that day, a disadventerous sight.

XLVIII.

She called forth to her a trusty Mayd,
Whom she thought fittest for that businesse ;
Her name was Clarin, and thus to her sayd ;
“ Goe, Damzell, quickly, doe thyselfe addresse
To doe the message which I shall expresse :
Goe thou unto that stranger Faery Knight,
Who yesterday drove us to such distresse ;
Tell, that to morrow I with him will fight,
And try in equall field whether hath greater might.

XLIX.

“ But these conditions doe to him propound ;
That, if I vanquishe him, he shall obay
My law, and ever to my lore be bound ;
And so will I, if me he vanquish may ;
Whatever he shall like to doe or say :
Goe streight, and take with thee to witnesse it
Sixe of thy fellowes of the best array,
And beare with you both wine and iuncates fit,
And bid him eate : henceforth he oft shall hungry
sit.”

L.

The Damzell streight obayd ; and, putting all
In readinesse, forth to the town-gate went ;
Where, sounding loud a trumpet from the wall,
Unto those warlike Knights she warning sent.
Then Talus forth issuing from the tent
Unto the wall his way did fearelesse take,
To weeten what that trumpets sounding ment :
Where that same Damzell lowdly him bespake,
And shew'd that with his Lord she would empar-
launce make.

LI.

So he them streight conducted to his Lord;
Who, as he could, them goodly well did greete,
Till they had told their message word by word:
Which he accepting, well as he could weete,
Them fairely entertaynd with curt'sies meete,
And gave them gifts and things of deare delight:
So backe againe they homeward turn'd their feete;
But Artegall himselfe to rest did dight,
That he mote fresher be against the next daies fight.

CANTO V.

Artegall fights with Radigund,
And is subdew'd by guile :
He is by her imprisoned,
But wrought by Clarins wile.

I.

So soone as Day forth dawning from the east
Nights humid curtaine from the heavens withdrew,
And earely calling forth both man and beast
Commaunded them their daily workes renew ;
These noble Warriors, mindefull to pursue
The last daies purpose of their vowed fight,
Themselves thereto preparte in order dew ;
The Knight, as best was seeming for a Knight,
And th' Amazon, as best it likt herselfe to dight.

II.

All in a Camis light of purple silke
Woven uppon with silver, subtly wrought,
And quilted uppon sattin white as milke ;
Trayled with ribbands diversly distraught,
Like as the workeman had their courses taught ;
Which was short tucked for light motion
Up to her ham ; but, when she list, it raught
Downe to her lowest heele, and thereuppon
She wore for her defence a mayled habergeon.

III.

And on her legs she painted buskins wore,
Basted with bends of gold on every side,
And mailes betweene, and laced close afore ;
Uppon her thigh her cemitare was tide
With an embrodered belt of mickell pride ;
And on her shoulder hung her shield, bedeckt
Uppon the bosse with stones that shined wide,
As the faire moone in her most full aspect ;
That to the moone it mote be like in each respect.

IV.

So forth she came out of the citty-gate
With stately port and proud magnificence,
Guarded with many Damzels that did waite
Uppon her person for her sure defence,
Playing on shaumes and trumpets, that from hence
Their sound did reach unto the heavens hight :
So forth into the field she marched thence,
Where was a rich pavilion ready pight
Her to receive, till time they should begin the fight.

V.

Then forth came Artégall out of his tent,
All arm'd to point, and first the lists did enter :
Soone after eke came she with full intent
And countenance fierce, as having fully bent her
That battels utmost triall to aduenter.
The lists were closed fast, to barre the rout
From rudely pressing on the middle center ;
Which in great heapes them circled all about,
Wayting how fortune would resolve that dangerous
dout.

VI.

The trumpets sounded, and the field began ;
With bitter strokes it both began and ended.
She at the first encounter on him ran
With furious rage, as if she had intended
Out of his breast the very heart have rended :
But he, that had like tempests often tride,
From that first flaw himselfe right well defended.
The more she rag'd, the more he did abide ;
She hewd, she foynd, she lasht, she laid on every
side.

VII.

Yet still her blowes he bore, and her forbore,
Weening at last to win advantage new ;
Yet still her crueltie increased more,
And, though powre faild, her courage did accrew ;
Which fayling, he gan fiercely her pursew :
Like as a smith that to his cunning feat
The stubborne mettall seeketh to snbdew,
Soone as he feeles it mollifide with heat,
With his great yron sledge doth strongly on it beat.

VIII.

So did Sir Artegall upon her lay,
As if she had an yron andvile beene,
That flakes of fire, bright as the sunny ray,
Out of her steely armes were flashing seene,
That all on fire ye would her surely weene :
But with her shield so well herselfe she warded
From the dread danger of his weapon keene,
That all that while her life she safely garded ;
But he that helpe from her against her will dis-
carded :

IX.

For with his trenchant blade at the next blow
Halfe of her shield he shared quite away,
That halfe her side itselfe did naked show,
And thenceforth unto daunger opened way.
Much was she moved with the mightie sway
Of that sad stroke, that halfe enrag'd she grew ;
And like a greedie beare unto her pray
With her sharpe cemitare at him she flew,
That glauncing downe his thigh the purple bloud
forth drew.

X.

Thereat she gan to triumph with great boast,
And to upbrayd that chaunce which him misfell,
As if the prize she gotten had almost,
With spightfull speeches, fitting with her well ;
That his great hart gan inwardly to swell
With indignation at her vaunting vaine,
And at her strooke with puissaunce fearefull fell ;
Yet with her shield she warded it againe,
That shattered all to pieces round about the plaine.

XI.

Having her thus disarmed of her shield,
Upon her helmet he againe her strooke,
That downe she fell upon the grassie field
In sencelesse swoone, as if her life forsooke,
And pangs of death her spirit overtooke :
Whom when he saw before his foote prostrated,
He to her lept with deadly dreadfull looke,
And her sun-shynie helmet soone unlaced,
Thinking at once both head and helmet to have
raced.

XII.

But, whenas he discovered had her face,
He saw, his senses straunge astonishment,
A miracle of natures goodly grace
In her faire visage voide of ornament,
But bath'd in bloud and sweat together ment;
Which, in the rudenesse of that evill plight,
Bewrayd the signes of feature excellent:
Like as the moone, in foggie winters night,
Doth seeme to be herselfe, though darkned be her
light.

XIII.

At sight thereof his cruell minded hart
Empierced was with pittifull regard,
That his sharpe sword he threw from him apart,
Cursing his hand that had that visage mard:
No hand so cruell, nor no hart so hard,
But ruth of beautie will it mollifie.
By this, upstarting from her swoone she star'd
A while about her with confused eye;
Like one that from his dreame is waked suddenlie.

XIV.

Soone as the Knight she there by her did spy
Standing with emptie hands all weaponlesse,
With fresh assault upon him she did fly,
And gan renew her former cruellnesse:
And though he still retyr'd, yet nathellesse
With huge redoubled strokes she on him layd;
And more increast her outrage mercillesse,
The more that he with meeke intreatie prayd
Her wrathful hand from greedy vengeance to have
stayd.

XV.

Like as a puttocke having spyde in sight
A gentle faulcon sitting on an hill,
Whose other wing, now made unmeete for flight,
Was lately broken by some fortune ill ;
The foolish kyte, led with licentious will,
Doth beat upon the gentle bird in vaine,
With many idle stoups her troubling still :
Even so did Radigund with bootlesse paine
Annoy this noble Knight, and sorely him constraine.

XVI.

Nought could he do but shun the dred despight
Of her fierce wrath, and backward still retyre ;
And with his single shield, well as he might,
Beare off the burden of her raging yre ;
And evermore he gently did desyre
To stay her strokes, and he himselfe would yield :
Yet nould she hearke, ne let him once respyre,
Till he to her delivered had his shield,
And to her mercie him submitted in plaine field.

XVII.

So was he overcome, not overcome ;
But to her yeelded of his owne accord ;
Yet was he iustly damned by the doome
Of his owne mouth, that spake so warelesse word,
To be her thrall and service her afford :
For though that he first victorie obtayned,
Yet after, by abandoning his sword,
He wilfull lost that he before attayned :
No fayrer conquest then that with goodwill is
gayned.

XVIII.

Tho with her sword on him she flatling strooke,
In signe of true subiection to her powre,
And as her vassall him to thraldome tooke :
But Terpine, borne to' a more unhappy howre,
As he on whom the lucklesse starres did lowre,
She causd to be attacht and forthwith led
Unto the crooke, t' abide the balefull stowre
From which he lately had through reskew fled :
Where he full shamefully was hanged by the hed.

XIX.

But, when they thought on Talus hands to lay,
He with his yron flaile amongst them thondred,
That they were fayne to let him scape away,
Glad from his companie to be so sondred ;
Whose presence all their troupes so much encom-
bred, [slay,
That th' heapes of those which he did wound and
Besides the rest dismayd, might not be nombred :
Yet all that while he would not once assay
To reskew his owne Lord, but thought it iust t' obay.

XX.

Then tooke the Amazon this noble Knight,
Left to her will by his owne wilfull blame,
And caused him to be disarmed quight
Of all the ornaments of knightly name,
With which whylome he gotten had great fame :
Instead whereof she made him to be dight
In womans weedes, that is to manhood shame,
And put before his lap an apron white,
Instead of curiets and bases fit for fight.

XXI.

So being clad she brought him from the field,
In which he had bene trayned many a day,
Into a long large chamber, which was sield
With moniments of many Knights decay
By her subdued in victorious fray :
Amongst the which she causd his warlike armes
Be hang'd on high, that mote his shame bewray ;
And broke his sword for feare of further harmes,
With which he wont to stirre up battailous alarmes.

XXII.

There entred in he round about him saw
Many brave Knights whose names right well he
knew.

There bound t' obay that Amazons proud law,
Spinning and carding all in comely rew,
That his bigge hart loth'd so uncomely vew :
But they were forst, through penurie and pyne,
To doe those workes to them appointed dew :
For nought was given them to sup or dyne,
But what their hands could earne by twisting linnen
twyne.

XXIII.

Amongst them all she placed him most low,
And in his hand a distaffe to him gave,
That he thereon should spin both flax and tow ;
A sordid office for a mind so brave :
So hard it is to be a Womans slave !
Yet he it tooke in his owne selves despight,
And thereto did himselfe right well behave
Her to obay, sith he his faith had plight
Her vassall to become, if she him wonne in fight.

XXIV.

Who had him scene, imagine mote thereby
That whylome hath of Hercules bene told,
How for Iolas sake he did apply
His mightie hands the distaffe vile to hold
For his huge club, which had subdew'd of old
So many monsters which the world annoyed ;
His lyons skin chaungd to a pall of gold,
In which, forgetting warres, he onely ioyed
In combats of sweet love, and with his mistresse
 toyed.

XXV.

Such is the crneltie of womenkynd,
When they have shaken off the shamefast band,
With which wise nature did them strongly bynd
T' obay the heasts of mans well-ruling hand,
That then all rule and reason they withstand
To purchase a licentious libertie :
But vertuous women wisely understand,
That they were borne to base humilitie,
Unlesse the heavens them lift to lawfull soveraintie.

XXVI.

Thus there long while continu'd Artegall,
Serving prond Radigund with true subiection :
However it his noble heart did gall
T' obay a Womans tyrannous direction,
That might have had of life or death election :
But, having chosen, now he might not chaunge.
During which time the warlike Amazon,
Whose wandring faucie after lust did raunge,
Gan cast a secret liking to this Captive straunge.

XXVII.

Which long concealing in her covert brest,
She chaw'd the cud of lovers carefull plight;
Yet could it not so thoroughly digest,
Being fast fixed in her wounded spright,
But it tormented her both day and night:
Yet would she not thereto yeeld free accord
To serve the lowly vassall of her might,
And of her servant make her soverayne lord:
So great her pride that she such basenesse much
abhord.

XXVIII.

So much the greater still her anguish grew,
Through stubborne handling of her love-sicke hart;
And still the more she strove it to subdew,
The more she still augmented her owne smart,
And wyder made the wound of th' hidden dart.
At last, when long she struggled had in vaine,
She gan to stoupe, and her proud mind convert
To meeke obeysance of Loves mightie raine,
And him entreat for grace that had procur'd her
paine.

XXIX.

Unto herselfe in secret she did call
Her nearest handmayd, whom she most did trust,
And to her said; "Clarinda, whom of all
I trust alive, sith I thee fostred first;
Now is the time that I untimely must
Thereof make tryall, in my greatest need!
It is so hapned that the heavens uniust,
Spighting my happie freedome, have agreed
To thrall my looser life, or my last bale to breed."

XXX.

With that she turn'd her head, as halfe abashed,
To hide the blush which in her visage rose
And through her eyes like sudden lightning flashed,
Decking her cheeke with a vermillion rose :
But soone she did her countenance compose,
And, to her turning, thus began againe ;
“This griefes deepe wound I would to thee disclose,
Thereto compelled through hart-murdring paine ;
But dread of shame my doubtfull lips doth still
restraine.”

XXXI. .

“ Ah ! my deare Dread,” said then the fearefull
Mayd,
“ Can dread of ought your dreadlesse hart withhold,
That many hath with dread of death dismayd,
And dare even Deathes most dreadfull face behold ?
Say on, my soverayne Ladie, and be bold :
Doth not your handmayds life at your foot lie ? ”
Therewith much comforted she gan unfold
The cause of her conceived maladie ; [denie.
As one that would confesse, yet faine would it

XXXII.

“ Clarin,” sayd she, “ thou seest yond Fayry
Knight,
Whom not my valour, but his owne brave mind
Subiected hath to my unequall might !
What right is it, that he should thraldome find
For lending life to me a wretch unkind,
That for such good him recompence with ill !
Therefore I cast how I may him unbind,
And by his freedome get his free goodwill ;
Yet so, as bound to me he may continue still ;

XXXIII.

“ Bound unto me ; but not with such hard bands
Of strong compulsion and streight violence,
As now in miserable state he stands ;
But with sweet love and sure benevolence,
Voide of malicious mind or foule offence :
To which if thou canst win him any way
Without discoverie of my thoughts pretence,
Both goodly meede of him it purchase may,
And eke with gratefull service me right well apay.

XXXIV.

“ Which that thou mayst the better bring to pass,
Loe ! here this ring, which shall thy warrant bee
And token true to old Eumenias,
From time to time, when thou it best shalt see,
That in and out thou mayst have passage free.
Goe now, Clarinda ; well thy wits advise,
And all thy forces gather unto thee,
Armies of lovely lookes, and speeches wise,
With which thou canst even Iove himselfe to love
entise.”

XXXV.

The trustie Mayd, conceiving her intent,
Did with sure promise of her good endeavour
Give her great comfort and some harts content :
So from her parting she thenceforth did labour,
By all the meanes she might, to curry favour
With th' Elfin Knight, her Ladies best beloved :
With daily shew of courteous kind behaviour,
Even at the marke-white of his hart she roved,
And with wide-glauncing words one day she thus
him proved :

XXXVI.

“ Unhappie Knight, upon whose hopelesse state
Fortune, envying good, hath felly frowned,
And cruell heavens have heapt an heavy fate;
I rew that thus thy better dayes are drowned
In sad despaire, and all thy senses swowned
In stupid sorow, sith thy iuster merit
Might else have with felicitie bene crowned:
Looke up at last, and wake thy dulled spirit
To thinke how this long death thou mightest dis-
inherit!”

XXXVII.

Much did he marvell at her uncouth speach,
Whose hidden drift he could not well perceive;
And gan to doubt least she him sought t' appeach
Of treason, or some guilefull traine did weave,
Through which she might his wretched life bereave:
Both which to barre he with this answere met her;
“ Faire Damzell, that with ruth, as I perceave,
Of my mishaps art mov'd to wish me better,
For such your kind regard I can but rest your
dettter.

XXXVIII.

“ Yet weet ye well, that to a courage great
It is no lesse beseeching well to beare
The storme of fortunes frowne or heavens threat,
Then in the sunshine of her countenance cleare
Timely to ioy and carrie comely cheare:
For though this cloud have now me overcast,
Yet doe I not of better times despayre;
And though (unlike) they should for ever last,
Yet in my truthes assurance I rest fixed fast.”

XXXIX.

“ But what so stonie minde,” she then replyde,
“ But if in his owne powre occasion lay,
Would to his hope a windowe open wyde,
And to his fortunes helpe make readie way?”
“ Unworthy sure,” quoth he, “ of better day,
That will not take the offer of good hope,
And eke pursew, if he attaine it may.”
Which speaches she applying to the scope
Of her intent, this further purpose to him shope :

XL.

“ Then why doest not, thou ill-advized man,
Make meanes to win thy libertie forlorne,
And try if thou by faire entreatie can
Move Radigund ? who though she still have worne
Her dayes in warre, yet (weet thou) was not borne
Of beares and tygres, nor so salvage mynded
As that, albe all love of men she scorne,
She yet forgets that she of men was kynded :
And sooth oft seene that proudest harts base love
hath blynded.”

XLI.

“ Certes, Clarinda, not of cancred will,”
Sayd he, “ nor obstinate disdainefull mind,
I have forbore this duetie to fulfill :
For well I may this weene, by that I fynd,
That she a Queene, and come of princely kynd,
Both worthie is for to be sewd unto,
Chiefely by him whose life her law doth bynd,
And eke of powre her owne doome to undo,
And als’ of princely grace to be inclyn’d thereto.

XLII.

“ But want of meanes hath bene mine onely let
From seeking favour where it doth abound ;
Which if I might by your good office get,
I to yourselfe should rest for ever bound,
And ready to deserve what grace I found.”
She feeling him thus bite upon the bayt,
Yet doubting least his hold was but unsound
And not well fastened, would not strike him strayt,
But drew him on with hope, fit leasure to awayt.

XLIII.

But foolish Mayd, whyles heedlesse of the hooke
She thus oft-times was beating off and on,
Through slipperie footing fell into the brooke,
And there was caught to her confusion :
For, seeking thus to salve the Amazon,
She wounded was with her deceipts owne dart,
And gan thenceforth to cast affection,
Conceived close in her beguiled hart,
To Artegall, through pittie of his causelesse smart.

XLIV.

Yet durst she not disclose her fancies wound,
Ne to himselfe, for doubt of being sdayned,
Ne yet to any other wight on ground,
For feare her mistresse shold have knowledge
 gayned ;
But to herselfe it secretly retayned
Within the closet of her covert brest :
The more thereby her tender hart was payned :
Yet to awayt fit time she weened best,
And fairely did dissemble her sad thoughts unrest.

XLV.

One day her Ladie, calling her apart,
Gan to demaund of her some tydings good,
Touching her loves successe, her lingring smart :
Therewith she gan at first to change her mood,
As one adaw'd, and halfe confused stood ;
But quickly she it overpast, so soone
As she her face had wypt to fresh her blood :
Tho gan she tell her all that she had donne,
And all the wayes she sought his love for to have
wonne :

XLVI.

But sayd, that he was obstinate and sterne,
Scorning her offers and conditions vaine ;
Ne would be taught with any termes to lerne
So fond a lesson as to love againe :
Die rather would he in penurious paine,
And his abridged dayes in dolour wast,
Then his Foes love or liking entertaine :
His resolution was, both first and last,
His bodie was her thrall, his hart was freely plast.

XLVII.

Which when the cruell Amazon perceived,
She gan to storne, and rage, and rend her gall,
For very fell despight, which she conceived,
To be so scorned of a base-borne thrall,
Whose life did lie in her least eye-lids fall ;
Of which she vow'd with many a cursed threat,
That she therefore would him ere long forstall.
Nathlesse, when calmed was her furious heat,
She chang'd that threatfull mood, and mildly gan
entreat :

XLVIII.

“ What now is left, Clarinda? what remaines,
That we may compasse this our enterprize?
Great shame to lose so long employed paines,
And greater shame t’ abide so great misprize,
With which he dares our offers thus despize:
Yet that his guilt the greater may appeare,
And more my gracious mercie by this wize,
I will awhile with his first folly beare,
Till thou have tride againe, and tempted him more
neare.

XLIX.

“ Say and do all that may thereto prevaile;
Leave nought unpromist that may him perswade,
Life, freedome, grace, and gifts of great availe,
With which the gods themselves are mylder made:
Thereto adde art, even womens witty trade,
The art of mightie words that men can charme;
With which in case thou canst him not invade,
Let him feele hardnesse of thy heavy arme:
Who will not stoupe with good shall be made
stoupe with harme.

L.

“ Some of his diet doe from him withdraw;
For I him find to be too proudly fed:
Give him more labour, and with streighter law,
That he with worke may be forwearied:
Let him lodge hard, and lie in strawen bed,
That may pull downe the courage of his pride;
And lay upon him, for his greater dread,
Cold yron chaines with which let him be tide;
And let, whatever he desires, be him denide.

LI.

“ When thou hast all this doen, then bring me newes
Of his demeane ; thenceforth not like a lover,
But like a rebell stout, I will him use :
For I resolve this siege not to give over,
Till I the conquest of my will recover.”
So she departed full of grieve and sdaine,
Which inly did to great impatience move her :
But the false Mayden shortly turn'd againe
Unto the prison, where her hart did thrall remaine.

LII.

There all her subtill nets she did unfold,
And all the engins of her wit display ;
In which she meant him warelesse to enfold,
And of his innocence to make her pray.
So cunningly she wrought her crafts assay,
That both her Ladie, and herselfe withall,
And eke the Knight attonce she did betray ;
But most the Knight, whom she with guilefull call
Did cast for to allure, into her trap to fall.

LIII.

As a bad nurse, which, fayning to receive
In her owne mouth the food ment for her chyld,
Withholdes it to herselfe, and doeth deceive
The infant, so for want of nourture spoyld ;
Even so Clarinda her owne Dame beguyld,
And turn'd the trust, which was in her affyde,
To feeding of her private fire, which boyld
Her inward brest, and in her entrayles fryde,
The more that she it sought to cover and to hyde.

LIV.

For, comming to this Knight, she purpose fayned,
How earnest suit she earst for him had made
Unto her Queene, his freedome to have gayned ;
But by no meanes could her thereto perswade,
But that instead thereof she sternely bade
His miserie to be augmented more,
And many yron bands on him to lade ;
All which nathlesse she for his love forbore :
So praying him t' accept her service evermore.

LV.

And, more then that, she promist that she would,
In case she might finde favour in his eye,
Devize how to enlarge him out of hould.
The Fayrie, glad to gaine his libertie,
Can yeeld great thankses for such her curtesie ;
And with faire words, fit for the time and place,
To feede the humour of her maladie,
Promist, if she would free him from that case,
He wold by all good means he might deserve such
grace.

LVI.

So daily he faire semblant did her shew,
Yet never meant he in his noble mind
To his owne absent Love to be untrew :
Ne ever did deceitfull Clarin find
In her false hart his bondage to unbind ;
But rather how she mote him faster tye.
Therefore unto her Mistresse most unkind
She daily told her love he did defye ;
And him she told her Dame his freedome did denye.

LVII.

Yet thus much friendship she to him did show,
That his scarce diet somewhat was amended,
And his worke lessened, that his love mote grow :
Yet to her Dame him still she discommended,
That she with him mote be the more offended.
Thus he long while in thraldome there remayned,
Of both beloved well, but little friended ;
Untill his owne true Love his freedome gayned :
Which in another Canto will be best containd.

CANTO VI.

Talus brings newes to Britomart
Of Artegals mishap :
She goes to seeke him ; Dolon meetes,
Who seekes her to entrap.

I.

SOME men, I wote, will deeme in Artegall
Great weaknesse, and report of him much ill,
For yeelding so himselfe a wretched thrall
To th' insolent commaund of Womens will ;
That all his former praise doth fowly spill :
But he the man, that say or doe so dare,
Be well adviz'd that he stand stedfast still ;
For never yet was wight so well aware,
But he at first or last was trapt in Womens snare.

II.

Yet in the streightnesse of that captive state
This gentle Knight himselfe so well behaved,
That notwithstanding all the subtile bait,
With which those Amazons his love still craved,
To his owne Love his loialtie he saved :
Whose character in th' adamantyne mould
Of his true hart so firmly was engraved,
That no new Loves impression ever could
Bereave it thence : such blot his honour blemish
should.

III.

Yet his owne Love, the noble Britomart,
Scarse so conceived in her iealous thought,
What time sad tydings of his balefull smart
In Womans bondage Talus to her brought ;
Brought in untimely houre, ere it was sought :
For, after that the utmost date assynde
For his returne she waited had for nought,
She gan to cast in her misdoubtfull mynde
A thousand feares, that love-sicke fancies faine to
fynde.

IV.

Sometime she feared least some hard mishap
Had him misfalne in his adventurous quest ;
Sometime least his false foe did him entrap
In traytrous traine, or had unwares opprest ;
But most she did her troubled mynd molest,
And secretly afflict with iealous feare,
Least some new Love had him from her possest ;
Yet loth she was, since she no ill did heare,
To thinke of him so ill ; yet could she not forbear.

V.

One while she blam'd herselfe ; another whyle
She him condemn'd as trustlesse and untrew :
And then, her grieve with error to beguyle,
She fayn'd to count the time againe anew,
As if before she had not counted trew :
For houres, but dayes ; for weekes that passed were,
She told but moneths, to make them seeme more
few :
Yet, when she reckned them still drawing neare,
Each hour did seeme a moneth, and every moneth
a yeare.

VI.

But, whenas yet she saw him not returne,
She thought to send some one to seeke him out ;
But none she found so fit to serve that turne,
As her owne selfe, to ease herselfe of dout.
Now she deviz'd, amongst the warlike rout
Of errant Knights, to seeke her errant Knight ;
And then againe resolv'd to hunt him out
Amongst loose Ladies lapped in delight :
And then both Knights envide, and Ladies eke
did spight.

VII.

One day whenas she long had sought for ease
In every place, and every place thought best,
Yet found no place that could her liking please,
She to a window came, that opened west,
Towards which coast her Love his way addrest :
There looking forth shee in her heart did find
Many vain fancies working her unrest ;
And sent her winged thoughts more swift then wind
To beare unto her Love the message of her mind.

VIII.

There as she looked long, at last she spide
One comming towards her with hasty speede ;
Well weend she then, ere him she plaine descride,
That it was one sent from her Love indeede :
Who when he nigh approacht, shee mote arede
That it was Talus, Artegall his Groome :
Whereat her hart was fild with hope and drede ;
Ne would she stay till he in place could come,
But ran to meete him forth to know his tidings
somme.

IX.

Even in the dore him meeting, she begun ;
“ And where is he thy Lord, and how far hence ?
Declare at once : and hath he lost or wun ? ”
The Yron Man, albe he wanted sence
And sorrowes feeling, yet, with conscience
Of his ill newes, did inly chill and quake,
And stood still mute, as one in great suspence ;
As if that by his silence he would make
Herrather reade his meaning then himselfe it spake.

X.

Till she againe thus sayd ; “ Talus, be bold,
And tell whatever it be, good or bad,
That from thy tongue thy hearts intent doth hold.”
To whom he thus at length ; “ The tidings sad,
That I would hide, will needs I see be rad.
My Lord (your Love) by hard mishap doth lie
In wretched bondage, wofully bestad.”
“ Ay me,” quoth she, “ what wicked destinie !
And is he vanquisht by his tyrant enemy ? ”

XI.

“ Not by that Tyrant, his intended foe ;
But by a Tyrannesse,” he then replide,
“ That him captived hath in haplesse woe.”
“ Cease thou, bad newes-man ; badly doest thou
hide
Thy Maisters shame, in harlots bondage tide ;
The rest myselfe too readily can spell.”
With that in rage she turn'd from him aside,
Forcing in vaine the rest to her to tell ;
And to her chamber went like solitary cell.

XII.

There she began to make her moanefull plaint
Against her Knight for being so untrew ;
And him to touch with falshoods fowle attaint,
That all his other honour overthrew.
Oft did she blame herselfe, and often rew,
For yeelding to a straungers love so light,
Whose life and manners straunge she never knew ;
And evermore she did him sharpely twight
For breach of faith to her, which he had firmly
plight.

XIII.

And then she in her wrathfull will did cast
How to revenge that blot of honour blent,
To fight with him, and goodly die her last :
And then againe she did herselfe torment,
Inflicting on herselfe his punishment.
Awhile she walkt, and chauft ; awhile she threw
Herselfe uppon her bed, and did lament :
Yet did she not lament with loude alew,
As women wont, but with deepe sighes and sin-
guls few.

XIV.

Like as a wayward childe, whose sounder sleepe
Is broken with some fearefull dreames affright,
With froward will doth set himselfe to weepe,
Ne can be stild for all his nurses might,
But kicks, and squals, and shriekes for fell despight ;
Now scratching her, and her loose locks misusing,
Now seeking darkenesse, and now seeking light,
Then craving sucke, and then the sucke refusing :
Such was this Ladies fit in her Loves fond accusing.

XV.

But when she had with such unquiet fits
Herself there close afflicted long in vaine,
Yet found no easement in her troubled wits,
She unto Talus forth return'd againe,
By change of place seeking to ease her paine;
And gan enquire of him with mylder mood
The certaine cause of Artegals detaine,
And what he did, and in what state he stood,
And whether he did woo, or whether he were woo'd.

XVI.

“ Ah wellaway !” sayd then the Yron Man,
“ That he is not the while in state to woo ;
But lies in wretched thraldome, weake and wan,
Not by strong hand compelled thereunto,
But his owne doome, that none can now undoo.”
“ Sayd I not then,” quoth she, “ ere-while aright,
That this is thinge compacte betwixt you two
Me to deceive of faith unto me plight,
Since that he was not forst, nor overcome in fight ?”

XVII.

With that he gan at large to her dilate
The whole discourse of his captivance sad,
In sort as ye have heard the same of late :
All which when she with hard enduraunce had
Heard to the end, she was right sore bestad,
With sodaine stounds of wrath and grief attone ;
Ne would abide, till she had aunswere made ;
But streight herselfe did dight, and armor don,
And mounting to her steede bad Talus guide her on.

XVIII.

So forth she rode upon her ready way,
To seeke her Knight, as Talus her did guide :
Sadly she rode, and never word did say
Nor good nor bad, ne ever lookt aside,
But still right downe ; and in her thought did hide
The felnesse of her heart, right fully bent
To fierce avengement of that womans pride,
Which had her Lord in her base prison pent,
And so great honour with so fowle reproch had
 blent.

XIX.

So as she thus melánocholicke did ride,
Chawing the end of grieve and inward paine,
She chaunst to meete toward the even-tide
A Knight, that softly paced on the plaine,
As if himselfe to solace he were faine :
Well shot in yeares he seem'd, and rather bent
To peace then needlesse trouble to constraine ;
As well by view of that his vestiment,
As by his modest semblant, that no evill ment.

XX.

He comming neare gan gently her salute
With curteous words, in the most comely wize ;
Who though desirous rather to rest mute,
Then termes to entertaine of common guize,
Yet rather then she kindnesse would despize,
She would herselfe displease, so him requite.
Then gan the other further to devize
Of things abroad, as next to hand did light,
And many things demaund, to which she answer'd
 light :

XXI.

For little lust had she to talke of ought,
Or ought to heare that mote delightfull bee ;
Her minde was whole possessed of one thought,
That gave none other place. Which when as hee
By outward signes (as well he might) did see,
He list no lenger to use lothfull speach,
But her besought to take it well in gree,
Sith shady dampe had dimd the heavens reach,
To lodge with him that night, unles good cause
empeach.

XXII.

The Championesse, now seeing night at dore,
Was glad to yeeld unto his good request ;
And with him went without gaine-saying more.
Not farre away, but little wide by west,
His dwelling was, to which he him addrest ;
Where soone arriving they received were
In seemely wise, as them beseemed best ;
For he their Host them goodly well did cheare,
And talk't of pleasant things the night away to
weare.

XXIII.

Thus passing th' evening well, till time of rest,
Then Britomart unto a bowre was brought ;
Where groomes awayted her to have undrest :
But she ne would undressed be for ought,
Ne doffe her armes, though he her much besought :
For she had vow'd, she sayd, not to forgo
Those warlike weedes, till she revenge had wrought
Of a late wrong uppon a mortall foe ;
Which she would sure performe betide her wele
or wo.

XXIV.

Which when their Host perceiv'd, right discontent
In minde he grew, for feare least by that art
He should his purpose misse, which close he ment:
Yet taking leave of her he did depart:
There all that night remained Britomart,
Restlesse, recomfortlesse, with heart deepe-grieved,
Not suffering the least twinckling sleepe to start
Into her eye, which th' heart mote have relieved;
But if the least appear'd, her eyes she streight re-
prieved.

XXV.

“Ye guilty eyes,” sayd she, “the which with guyle
My heart at first betrayd, will ye betray
My life now too, for which a little whyle
Ye will not watch? false watches, wellaway!
I wote when ye did watch both night and day
Unto your losse; and now needes will ye sleepe?
Now ye have made my heart to wake alway,
Now will ye sleepe? ah! wake, and rather weepe
To thinke of your nights want, that should yee
waking keepe.”

XXVI.

Thus did she watch, and weare the weary night
In wayfull plaints, that none was to appease;
Now walking soft, now sitting still upright,
As sundry chaunge her seemed best to ease.
Ne lesse did Talus suffer sleepe to seaze
His eye-lids sad, but watcht continually,
Lying without her dore in great disease;
Like to a spaniell wayting carefully
Least any should betray his Lady treacherously.

XXVII.

What time the native belman of the night,
The bird that warned Peter of his fall,
First rings his silver bell t' each sleepy wight,
That should their mindes up to devotion call,
She heard a wondrous noise below the hall :
All sodainely the bed, where she should lie,
By a false trap was let adowne to fall
Into a lower roome, and by and by
The loft was raysd againe, that no man could it spie.

XXVIII.

With sight whereof she was dismayd right sore,
Perceiving well the treason which was ment :
Yet stirred not at all for doubt of more,
But kept her place with courage confident,
Wayting what would ensue of that event.
It was not long before she heard the sound
Of armed men comming with close intent
Towards her chamber ; at which dreadfull stound
She quickly caught her sword, and shield about
her bound.

XXIX.

With that there came unto her chamber dore
Two Knights all armed ready for to fight ;
And after them full many other more,
A raskall rout, with weapons rudely dight :
Whom soone as Talus spide by glims of night,
He started up, there where on ground he lay,
And in his hand his thresher ready keight :
They, seeing that, let drive at him streightway,
And round about him preace in riotous aray.

XXX.

But, soone as he began to lay about
With his rude yron flaile, they gan to flie,
Both armed Knights and eke unarmed rout :
Yet Talus after them apace did plie,
Wherever in the darke he could them spie ;
That here and there like scattred sheepe they lay.
Then, backe returning where his Dame did lie,
He to her told the story of that fray,
And all that treason there intended did bewray.

XXXI.

Wherewith though wondrous wroth, and inly
burning
To be avenged for so fowle a deede,
Yet being forst t' abide the daies returning,
She there remain'd; but with right wary heede,
Least any more such practise should proceede.
Now mote ye know (that which to Britomart
Unknownen was) whence all this did proceede ;
And for what cause so great mischiévous smart
Was ment to her that never evill ment in hart.

XXXII.

The goodman of this house was Dolon hight ;
A man of subtill wit and wicked minde,
That whilome in his youth had bene a Knight,
And armes had borne, but little good could finde,
And much lesse honour by that warlike kinde
Of life : for he was nothing valorous,
But with slie shiftes and wiles did underminde
All noble Knights, which were adventurous,
And many brought to shame by treason treacherous.

XXXIII.

He had three sonnes, all three like fathers sonnes,
Like treacherous, like full of fraud and guile,
Of all that on this earthly compasse wonnes :
The eldest of the which was slaine erewhile
By Artegall, through his owne guilty wile ;
His name was Guizor ; whose untimely fate
For to avenge, full many treasons vile
His father Dolon had deviz'd of late
With these his wicked sons, and shewd his can-
kred hate.

XXXIV.

For sure he weend that this his present guest
Was Artegall, by many tokens plaine ;
But chiefly by that Yron Page he ghest,
Which still was wont with Artegall remaine ;
And therefore ment him surely to have slaine :
But by Gods grace, and her good heedinesse,
She was preserved from their traytrous traine.
Thus she all night wore out in watchfulnesse,
Ne suffred slothfull sleepe her eyelids to oppresse.

XXXV.

The morrow next, so soone as dawning houre
Discovered had the light to living eye,
She forth yssew'd out of her loathed bowre,
With full intent t' avenge that villany
On that vilde man and all his family :
And, comming down to seeke them where they
wond,
Nor sire, nor sonnes, nor any could she spie ;
Each rowme she sought, but them all empty fond :
They all were fled for feare ; but whether, nether
kond.

XXXVI.

She saw it vaine to make there lenger stay,
But tooke her steede; and thereon mounting light
Gan her addresse unto her former way.
She had not rid the mountenance of a flight,
But that she saw there present in her sight
Those two false brethren on that perillous bridge,
On which Pollente with Artegall did fight.
Streight was the passage, like a ploughed ridge,
That, if two met, the one mote needs fall o'er the
 lidge.

XXXVII.

There they did thinke themselves on her to wreake:
Who as she nigh unto them drew, the one
These vile reproches gan unto her speake;
“Thou recreant false traytor, that with lone
Of armes hast knighthood stolne, yet Knight art
 none,
No more shall now the darkenesse of the night
Defend thee from the vengeance of thy fone;
But with thy bloud thou shalt appease the spright
Of Guizor by thee slaine and murdered by thy
 slight.”

XXXVIII.

Strange were the words in Britomartis eare;
Yet stayd she not for them, but forward fared,
Till to the perillous bridge she came; and there
Talus desir'd that he might have prepared
The way to her, and those two losels scared:
But she thereat was wroth, that for despight
The glauncing sparkles through her bever glared,
And from her eies did flash out fiery light,
Like coles that through a silver censer sparkle
 bright.

XXXIX.

She stayd not to advise which way to take ;
But, putting spurres unto her fiery beast,
Thorough the midst of them she way did make.
The one of them, which most her wrath increast,
Uppon her speare she bore before her breast,
Till to the bridges further end she past ;
Where falling downe his challenge he releast :
The other over side the bridge she cast
Into the river, where he drunke his deadly last.

XL.

As when the flashing levin haps to light
Uppon two stubborne oakes, which stand so neare
That way betwixt them none appears in sight ;
The engin, fiercely flying forth, doth teare
Th' one from the earth, and through the aire doth
 beare ;
The other it with force doth overthrow
Uppon one side, and from his rootes doth reare :
So did the Championesse those two there strow,
And to their sire their carcasses left to bestow.

CANTO VII.

Britomart comes to Isis Church,
Where shee strange visions sees :
She fights with Radigund, her slaies,
And Artegall thence frees.

I.

NOUGHT is on earth more sacred or divine,
That gods and men doe equally adore,
Then this same Vertue that doth right define :
For th' hevens themselves, whence mortal men
 implore
Right in their wrongs, are rul'd by righteous lore
Of highest love, who doth true iustice deale
To his inferiour gods, and evermore
Therewith containes his heavenly commonweale :
The skill whereof to princes hearts he doth reveale.

II.

Well therefore did the antique world invent
That Iustice was a god of souveraine grace,
And altars unto him and temples lent,
And heavenly honours in the highest place ;
Calling him great Osyris, of the race
Of th' old Ægyptian kings that whylome were ;
With fayned colours shading a true case ;
For that Osyris, whilest he lived here,
The iustest man alive and truest did appeare.

III.

His wife was Isis ; whom they likewise made
A goddesse of great powre and soverainty,
And in her person cunningly did shade
That part of Iustice which is Equity,
Whereof I have to treat here presently :
Unto whose Temple whenas Britomart
Arrived, shee with great humility
Did enter in, ne would that night depart ;
But Talus mote not be admitted to her part.

IV.

There she received was in goodly wize
Of many priests, which duely did attend
Uppon the rites and daily sacrificize,
All clad in linnen robes with silver hemd ;
And on their heads with long locks comely kemd
They wore rich mitres shaped like the moone,
To shew that Isis doth the moone portend ;
Like as Osyris signifies the sunne :
For that they both like race in equall iustice runne,

V.

The Championesse them greeting, as she could,
Was thence by them into the Temple led ;
Whosẽ goodly building when she did behould
Borne uppon stately pillours, all dispred
With shining gold, and arched over hed,
She wondred at the workmans passing skill,
Whose like before she never saw nor red ;
And thereuppon long while stood gazing still,
But thought that she thereon could never gaze her
fill.

VI.

Thenceforth unto the Idoll they her brought ;
The which was framed all of silver fine,
So well as could with cunning hand be wrought,
And clothed all in garments made of line,
Hemd all about with fringe of silver twine :
Uppon her head she wore a crowne of gold ;
To shew that she had powre in things divine :
And at her feete a crocodile was rold,
That with her wreathed taile her middle did enfold.

VII.

One foote was set uppon the crocodile,
And on the ground the other fast did stand ;
So meaning to suppress both forged guile
And open force : and in her other hand
She stretched forth a long white sc slender wand.
Such was the goddessse : whom when Britomart
Had long beheld, herselfe upon the land
She did prostrate, and with right humble hart
Unto herselfe her silent prayers did impart.

VIII.

To which the Idoll as it were inclining
Her wand did move with amiable looke,
By outward shew her inward sence desining :
Who well perceiving how her wand she shooke,
It as a token of good fortune tooke.
By this the day with dampe was overcast,
And ioyous light the house of Love forsooke :
Which when she saw, her helmet she unlaste,
And by the altars side herselfe to slumber plaste.

And of their vitall blood, the which was shed
Into her pregnant bosome, forth she brought
The fruitfull vine; whose liquor blouddy red,
Having the mindes of men with fury fraught,
Mote in them stirre up old rebellious thought
To make new warre against the gods againe:
Such is the powre of that same fruit, that nought
The fell contagion may thereof restraine,
Newithin reasons rule her madding mood containe.

XII.

There did the warlike Maide herselfe repose,
Under the wings of Isis all that night;
And with sweete rest her heavy eyes did close,
After that long daies toile and weary plight:
Where whilst her earthly parts with soft delight
Of sencelesse sleepe did deeply drowned lie,
There did appeare unto her heavenly spright
A wondrous vision, which did close implie
The course of all her fortune and posteritie.

XIII.

Her seem'd, as she was doing sacrifice
To Isis, deckt with mitre on her hed
And linnen stole after those priestes guize,
All sodainely she saw transfigured
Her linnen stole to robe of scarlet red,
And moone-like mitre to a crowne of gold;
That even she herselfe much wondered
At such a chaunge, and ioyed to behold
Herselfe adorn'd with gems and iewels manifold.

XIV.

And, in the midst of her felicity,
An hideous tempest seemed from below
To rise through all the Temple sodainely,
That from the altar all about did blow
The holy fire, and all the embers strow
Upon the ground; which, kindled privily,
Into outrageous flames unwares did grow,
That all the Temple put in ieopardy
Of flaming, and herselfe in great perplexity,

XV.

With that the crocodile, which sleeping lay
Under the Idols feete in fearelesse bowre,
Seem'd to awake in horrible dismay,
As being troubled with that stormy stowre ;
And gaping greedy wide did streight deuoure
Both flames and tempest ; with which growen great,
And swolne with pride of his owne peerelesse
powre,
He gan to threaten her likewise to eat ;
But that the goddessse with her rod him backe did
beat.

XVI.

Tho, turning all his pride to humblesse meeke,
Himselfe before her feete he lowly threw,
And gan for grace and love of her to seeke :
Which she accepting, he so neare her drew
That of his game she soone enwombed grew,
And forth did bring a lion of great might,
That shortly did all other beasts subdew :
With that she waked full of fearefull fright,
And doubtfully dismayd through that so uncouth
sight.

XVII.

So thereuppon long while she musing lay,
With thousand thoughts feeding her fantasie ;
Untill she spide the lampe of lightsome day
Up-lifted in the porch of heaven hie :
Then up she rose fraught with meláneholy,
And forth into the lower parts did pas,
Whereas the priestes she found full busily
About their holy things for morrow mas ;
Whom she saluting faire, faire resaluted was :

XVIII.

But, by the change of her unchearefull looke,
They might perceiue she was not well in plight,
Or that some pensiveness to heart she tooke :
Therefore thus one of them, who seem'd in sight
To be the greatest and the gravest wight,
To her bespake ; “ Sir Knight, it seems to me
That, thorough evill rest of this last night,
Or ill apayd or much dismayd ye be ;
That by your change of cheare is easie for to see.”

XIX.

“ Certes,” sayd she, “ sith ye so well have spide
The troublous passion of my pensive mind,
I will not seeke the same from you to hide ;
But will my cares unfolde, in hope to find
Your aide to guide me out of errour blind.”
“ Say on,” quoth he, “ the secret of your hart :
For, by the holy vow which me doth bind,
I am adiur'd best counsell to impart
To all that shall require my comfort in their smart.”

XX.

Then gan she to declare the whole discourse
Of all that vision which to her appeard,
As well as to her minde it had recourse.
All which when he unto the end had heard,
Like to a weake faint-hearted man he fared
Through great astonishment of that strange sight ;
And, with long locks up-standing stiffly, stared
Like one adawed with some dreadfull spright :
So fild with heavenly fury thus he her behight ;

XXI.

“ Magnificke Virgin, that in queint disguise
Of British armes doest maske thy royall blood,
So to pursue a perillous emprize ; [hood,
How couldst thou weene, through that disguised
To hide thy state from being understood?
Can from th’immortall gods ought hidden bee?
They doe thy lineage, and thy lordly brood,
They doe thy Sire lamenting sore for thee,
They doe thy Love forlorne in womens thraldome
see.

XXII.

“ The end whereof, and all the long event,
They do thee in this same dreame discover:
For that same crocodile doth represent
The righteous Knight that is thy faithfull lover,
Like to Osyris in all iust endever:
For that same crocodile Osyris is,
That under Isis feete doth sleepe for ever;
To shew that clemence oft, in things amis,
Restraines those sterne behests and cruell doomes
of his.

XXIII.

“ That Knight shall all the troublous stormes
asswage
And raging flames, that many foes shall reare
To hinder thee from the iust heritage
Of thy Sires crowne, and from thy Countrey deare:
Then shalt thou take him to thy loved fere,
And ioyne in equall portion of thy realme:
And afterwards a sonne to him shalt beare,
That lion-like shall shew his powre extream.
So blesse thee God, and give thee ioyance of thy
dreame!”

XXIV.

All which when she unto the end had heard,
She much was eased in her troublous thought,
And on those priests bestowed rich reward ;
And royall gifts of gold and silver wrought
She for a present to their goddessse brought.
Then taking leave of them she forward went
To seeke her Love, where he was to be sought ;
Ne rested till she came without relent
Unto the land of Amazons, as she was bent.

XXV.

Whereof when newes to Radigund was brought,
Not with amaze, as women wonted bee,
She was confused in her troublous thought ;
But fild with courage and with ioyous glee,
As glad to heare of armes, the which now she
Had long surceast, she bad to open bold,
That she the face of her new foe might see :
But when they of that Yron Man had told,
Which late her folke had slaine, she bad them
forth to hold.

XXVI.

So there without the gate, as seemed best,
She caused her pavilion be pight ;
In which stout Britomart herselfe did rest,
Whiles Talus watched at the dore all night.
All night likewise they of the towne in fright
Uppon their wall good watch and ward did keepe.
The morrow next, so soone as dawning light
Bad doe away the dampe of drouzie sleepe,
The warlike Amazon out of her bowre did peepe ;

XXVII.

And caused streight a trumpet loud to shrill,
To warne her foe to battell soone be prest:
Who, long before awoke, (for she full ill
Could sleepe all night, that in unquiet brest
Did closely harbour such a iealous guest,)
Was to the battell whilome ready dight.
Eftsoones that Warriouresse with haughty crest
Did forth issue all ready for the fight;
On th' other side her Foe appeared soone in sight.

XXVIII.

But, ere they reared hand, the Amazone
Began the streight conditions to propound,
With which she used still to tye her fone,
To serve her so, as she the rest had bound:
Which when the other heard, she sternly frownd
For high disdaine of such indignity,
And would no lenger treat, but bad them sound:
For her no other termes should ever tie
Then what prescribed were by Lawes of Chevalrie.

XXIX.

The trumpets sound, and they together run
With greedy rage, and with their faulchins smot;
Ne cither sought the others strokes to shun,
But through great fury both their skill forgot,
And practicke use in armes; ne spared not
Their dainty parts, which nature had created
So faire and tender without staine or spot
For other uses then they them translated;
Which they now hackt and hewd as if such use
they hated.

XXX.

As when a tygre and a lionesse
Are met at spoyling of some hungry pray,
Both challenge it with equall greedinesse :
But first the tygre clawes thereon did lay ;
And therefore loth to loose her right away
Doth in defence thereof full stoutly stond :
To which the lion strongly doth gainesay,
That she to hunt the beast first tooke in hond ;
And therefore ought it have wherever she it fond.

XXXI.

Full fiercely layde the Amazon about,
And dealt her blowes unmercifully sore ;
Which Britomart withstood with courage stout,
And them repaide againe with double more.
So long they fought, that all the grassie flore
Was fild with bloud which from their sides did flow,
And gushed through their armes, that all in gore
They trode, and on the ground their lives did strow,
Like fruitles seede, of which untimely death should
grow.

XXXII.

At last proud Radigund with fell despight,
Having by chaunce espide advantage neare,
Let drive at her with all her dreadfull might,
And thus upbrayding said ; “ This token beare
Unto the man whom thou doest love so deare ;
And tell him for his sake thy life thou gavest.”
Which spitefull words she sore engriev'd to heare
Thus answer'd ; “ Lewdly thou my love depravest,
Who shortly must repent that now so vainely
bravest.”

XXXIII.

Nath'lesse that stroke so cruell passage found,
That glauncing on her shoulder-plate it bit
Unto the bone, and made a griesly wound,
That she her shield through raging smart of it
Could scarce uphold; yet soone she it requit:
For, having force increast through furious paine,
She her so rudely on the helmet smit
That it empierced to the very braine,
And her proud person low prostrated on the plaine.

XXXIV.

Where being layd, the wrothfull Britonesse
Stayd not till she came to herselfe againe;
But in revenge both of her Loves distresse
And her late vile reproch though vaunted vaine,
And also of her wound which sore did paine,
She with one stroke both head and helmet cleft:
Which dreadfull sight when all her warlike traine
There present saw, each one of sence bereft
Fled fast into the towne, and her sole victor left.

XXXV.

But yet so fast they could not home retrate,
But that swift Talus did the formost win;
And, pressing through the preace unto the gate,
Pelmell with them attonce did enter in:
There then a piteous slaughter did begin;
For all that ever came within his reach
He with his yron flae did thresh so thin,
That he no worke at all left for the leach;
Like to an hideous storme, which nothing may
empeach.

XXXVI.

And now by this the noble Conqueresse
Herselfe came in, her glory to partake ;
Where though revengefull vow she did professe,
Yet, when she saw the heapes which he did make
Of slaughtred carkasses, her heart did quake
For very ruth, which did it almost rive,
That she his fury willed him to slake :
For else he sure had left not one alive ;
But all, in his revenge, of spirite would deprive.

XXXVII.

Tho, when she had his execution stayd,
She for that yron prison did enquire,
In which her wretched Love was captive layd :
Which breaking open with indignant ire,
She entred into all the partes entire :
Where when she saw that lothly uncouth sight
Of men disguiz'd in womanishe attire,
Her heart gan grudge for very deepe despight
Of so unmanly maske in misery misdight.

XXXVIII.

At last whenas to her owne Love she came,
Whom like disguise no lesse deformed had,
At sight thereof abasht with secrete shame
She turnd her head aside, as nothing glad
To have beheld a spectacle so bad ;
And then too well believ'd that which tofore
Jealous suspect as true untruely drad :
Which vaine conceipt now nourishing no more,
She sought with ruth to salve his sad misfortunes
sore.

XXXIX.

Not so great wonder and astonishment
Did the most chast Penelope possesse,
To see her Lord, that was reported drent
And dead long since in dolorous distresse,
Come home to her in piteous wretchednesse,
After long travell of full twenty yeares;
That she knew not his favours likeliness,
For many scarres and many hoary heares;
But stood long staring on him mongst uncertaine
feares.

XL.

“ Ah! my deare Lord, what sight is this,” quoth she,
“ What May-game hath misfortune made of you?
Where is that dreadful! manly looke? where be
Those mighty palmes, the which ye wont t’embrew
In bloud of kings, and great hoastes to subdew?
Could ought on earth so wondrous change have
wrought,
As to have robde you of that manly hew?
Could so great courage stouped have to ought?
Then farewell, fleshly force; I see thy pride is
nought!”

XLI.

Thenceforth she streight into a bowre him brought,
And causd him those uncomely weedes undight;
And in their steede for other rayment sought,
Whereof there was great store, and armors bright,
Which had bene reft from many a noble Knight;
Whom that proud Amazon subdewed had,
Whilest fortune favourd her successe in fight:
In which whenas she him anew had clad, [glad.
She was reviv’d, and ioyd much in his semblance

XLII.

So there awhile they afterwards remained,
Him to refresh, and her late wounds to heale :
During which space she there as Princess rained ;
And changing all that forme of common-weale
The liberty of Women did repeale,
Which they had long usurpt ; and, them restoring
To mens subiection, did true iustice deale :
That all they, as a goddesse her adoring,
Her wisdom did admire, and hearkned to her
 loring.

XLIII.

For all those Knights, which long in captive shade
Had shrowded bene, she did from thraldome free ;
And Magistrates of all that City made,
And gave to them great living and large fee :
And, that they should for ever faithfull bee,
Made them sweare fēalty to Artegall :
Who when himselfe now well recur'd did see,
He purposd to proceed, whatso befall,
Uppon his first adventure which him forth did call.

XLIV.

Full sad and sorrowfull was Britomart
For his departure, her new cause of griefe ;
Yet wisely moderated her owne smart,
Seeing his honor, which she tendred chiefe,
Consisted much in that adventures priefe :
The care whereof, and hope of his successe,
Gave unto her great comfort and reliefe ;
That womanish complaints she did repress,
And tempred for the time her present heavinesse.

XLV.

There she continu'd for a certaine space,
Till through his want her woe did more increase :
Then, hoping that the change of aire and place
Would change her paine and sorrow somewhat
ease,

She parted thence, her anguish to appease.
Meane while her noble Lord Sir Artegall
Went on his way ; ne ever howre did cease,
Till he redeemed had that Lady thrall :
That for another Canto will more fitly fall.

CANTO VIII.

Prince Arthure and Sir Artegall
Free Samient from feare :
They slay the Soudan ; drive his wife
Adicia to despaire.

I.

NOUGHT under heaven so strongly doth allure
The sence of man, and all his minde possesse,
As Beauties lovely baite, that doth procure
Great warriours oft their rigour to repressse,
And mighty hands forget their manlinesse ;
Drawne with the powre of an heart-robbing eye,
And wrapt in fetters of a golden tresse,
That can with melting pleasaunce mollifye
Their hardned hearts enur'd to bloud and cruelty.

II.

So whylome learnd that mighty Iewish swaine,
Each of whose lockes did match a man in might,
To lay his spoiles before his Lemans traine :
So also did that great Oetean Knight
For his Loves sake his lions skin undight ;
And so did warlike Antony neglect
The worlds whole rule for Cleopatras sight.
Such wondrous powre hath wemens faire aspect
To captive men, and make them all the world reiect.

III.

Yet could it not sterne Artegall retaine,
Nor hold from suite of his avowed quest,
Which he had undertane to Gloriane ;
But left his Love (albe her strong request)
Faire Britomart in languor and unrest,
And rode himselfe uppon his first intent :
Ne day nor night did ever idly rest ;
Ne wight but onely Talus with him went,
The true guide of his way and vertuous government.

IV.

So travelling, he chaunst far off to heed
A Damzell flying on a palfrey fast
Before two Knights that after her did speed
With all their powre, and her full fiercely chast
In hope to have her overhent at last :
Yet fled she fast, and both them farre outwent,
Carried with wings of feare, like fowle aghast,
With locks all loose, and rayment all to rent ;
And ever as she rode her eye was backward bent.

V.

Soone after these he saw another Knight,
That after those two former rode apace
With speare in rest, and prickt with all his might :
So ran they all, as they had bene at bace,
They being chased that did others chace.
At length he saw the hindmost overtake
One of those two, and force him turne his face ;
However loth he were his way to slake,
Yet mote he algate now abide, and answere make.

VI.

But th' other still pursu'd the fearefull Mayd;
Who still from him as fast away did flie,
Ne once for ought her speedy passage stayd,
Till that at length she did before her spie
Sir Artegall, to whom she streight did hie
With gladfull hast, in hope of him to get
Succour against her greedy enemy:
Who seeing her approch gan forward set
To save her from her feare, and him from force to
let.

VII.

But he, like hound full greedy of his pray,
Being impatient of impediment,
Continu'd still his course, and by the way
Thought with his speare him quight have overwent.
So both together, ylike felly bent,
Like fiercely met: but Artegall was stronger,
And better skild in tilt and turnament,
And bore him quite out of his saddle, longer
Then two speares length: so mischief overmatcht
the wronger:

VIII.

And in his fall misfortune him mistooke;
For on his head unhappily he pight,
That his owne waight his neeke asunder broke
And left there dead. Meane while the other Knight
Defeated had the other faytour quight,
And all his bowels in his body brast:
Whom leaving there in that despiteous plight,
He ran still on, thinking to follow fast
His other fellow Pagan which before him past.

IX.

Instead of whom finding there ready prest
Sir Artegall, without discretion
He at him ran with ready speare in rest:
Who, seeing him come still so fiercely on,
Against him made againe: so both anon
Together met, and strongly either strooke
And broke their speares; yet neither has forgon
His horses backe, yet to and fro long shooke
And tottred, like two towres which through a
tempest quooke.

X.

But, when againe they had recovered sence,
They drew their swords, in mind to make amends
For what their speares had fayld of their pretence:
Which when the Damzell, who those deadly ends
Of both her foes had seene, and now her friends
For her beginning a more fearefull fray;
She to them runnes in hast, and her haire rends,
Crying to them their cruell hands to stay,
Untill they both do heare what she to them will say.

XI.

They stayd their hands; when she thus gan to
speake;
“Ah! gentle Knights, what meane ye thus unwise
Upon yourselves anothers wrong to wreake?
I am the wrong'd, whom ye did enterprise
Both to redresse, and both redrest likewise:
Witnesse the Paynims both, whom ye may see
There dead on ground: what doe ye then devise
Of more revenge? if more, then I am shee
Which was the roote of all; end your revenge on
mee.”

XII.

Whom when they heard so say, they lookt about
To weete if it were true as she had told ;
Where when they saw their foes dead out of doubt,
Eftsoones they gan their wrothfull hands to hold,
And ventailes reare each other to behold.
Tho, whenas Artegall did Arthure vew,
So faire a creature and so wondrous bold,
He much admired both his heart and hew,
And touched with intire affection nigh him drew ;

XIII.

Saying, “ Sir Knight, of pardon I you pray,
That all unweeting have you wrong’d thus sore,
Suffring my hand against my heart to stray:
Which if ye please forgive, I will therefore
Yeeld for amends myselfe yours evermore,
Or whatso penance shall by you be red.”
To whom the Prince; “ Certes me needeth more
To crave the same; whom errour so misled,
As that I did mistake the living for the ded.

XIV.

“ But, sith ye please that both our blames shall die,
Amends may for the trespasse soone be made,
Since neither is endamag’d much thereby.”
So can they both themselves full eath perswade
To faire accordance, and both faults to shade,
Either embracing other lovingly,
And swearing faith to either on his blade,
Never thenceforth to nourish enmity,
But either others cause to maintaine mutually.

XV.

Then Artegall gan of the Prince enquire,
What were those Knights which there on ground
were layd,
And had receiv'd their follies worthy hire,
And for what cause they chased so that Mayd.
“ Certes I wote not well,” the Prince then sayd,
“ But by adventure found them faring so,
As by the way unweetingly I strayd,
And lo ! the Damzell selfe, whence all did grow,
Of whom we may at will the whole occasion know.”

XVI.

Then they that Damzell called to them nie,
And asked her, what were those two her fone,
From whom she earst so fast away did flie ;
And what was she herselfe so woe-begone,
And for what cause pursu'd of them attone.
To whom she thus ; “ Then wote ye well, that I
Doe serve a Queene that not far hence doth wone,
A Princesse of great powre and maiestie,
Famous through all the world, and honor'd far
and nie.

XVII.

“ Her name Mercilla most men use to call ;
That is a Mayden Queene of high renowne,
For her great bounty knowne over all
And soveraine grace, with which her royall crowne
She doth support, and strongly beateth downe
The malice of her foes, which her envy
And at her happinesse do fret and frowne ;
Yet she herselfe the more doth magnify,
And even to her foes her mercies multiply.

XVIII.

“ Mongst many which maligne her happy state,
There is a mighty man, which wonnes here by,
That with most fell despight and deadly hate
Seekes to subvert her crowne and dignity,
And all his powre doth thereunto apply :
And her good Knights, (of which so brave a band
Serves her as any Princesse under sky,)
He either spoiles, if they against him stand,
Or to his part allures, and bribeth under hand.

XIX.

“ Ne him sufficeth all the wrong and ill,
Which he unto her people does each day ;
But that he seekes by trayterous traines to spill
Her person, and her sacred selfe to slay :
That, O ye Heavens, defend ! and turne away
From her unto the miscreant himselfe ;
That neither hath religion nor fay,
But makes his God of his ungodly pelfe,
And Idoles serves : so let his Idols serve the Elfe !

XX.

“ To all which cruell tyranny, they say,
He is provokt, and stird up day and night
By his bad wife that hight Adicia ;
Who counsels him, through confidence of might,
To breake all bonds of law and rules of right :
For she herselfe professeth mortall foe
To Iustice, and against her still doth fight,
Working, to all that love her, deadly woe,
And making all her Knights and people to doe so.

XXI.

“ Which my liege Lady seeing, thought it best
With that his wife in friendly wise to deale,
For stint of strife and stablishment of rest
Both to herselfe and to her common-weale,
And all forepast displeasures to repeale.
So me in message unto her she sent,
To treat with her, by way of enterdeale,
Of finall peace and faire attonement
Which might concluded be by mutuall consent.

XXII.

“ All times have wont safe passage to afford
To Messengers that come for causes iust :
But this proude Dame, disdayning all accord,
Not onely into bitter termes forth brust,
Reviling me and rayling as she lust,
But lastly, to make proofe of utmost shame,
Me like a dog she out of dores did thrust,
Miscalling me by many a bitter name,
That never did her ill, ne once deserved blame.

XXIII.

“ And lastly, that no shame might wanting be,
When I was gone, soone after me she sent
These two false Knights, whom there ye lying see,
To be by them dishonoured and shent :
But, thank be God, and your good hardiment !
They have the price of their owne folly payd.”
So said this Damzell, that hight Samient ;
And to those Knights for their so noble ayd
Herselfe most gratefull shew’d, and heaped thanks
repayd.

XXIV.

But they now having throughly heard and seene
All those great wrongs, the which that Mayd com-
plained

To have bene done against her Lady Queene
By that proud Dame, which her so much disdained,
Were moved much thereat, and twixt them fained
With all their force to worke avengement strong
Uppon the Souldan selfe, which it maytained,
And on his Lady, th' author of that wrong,
And uppon all those Knights that did to her belong.

XXV.

But, thinking best by counterfet disguise
To their deseigne to make the easier way,
They did this complot twixt themselves devise :
First, that Sir Artegall should him array
Like one of those two Knights which dead there lay ;
And then that Damzell, the sad Samient,
Should as his purchast prize with him convey
Unto the Souldans court, her to present
Unto his scornefull Lady that for her had sent.

XXVI.

So as they had deviz'd, Sir Artegall
Him clad in th' armour of a Pagan Knight,
And taking with him, as his vanquisht thrall,
That Damzell, led her to the Souldans right :
Where soone as his proud wife of her had sight,
Forth of her window as she looking lay,
She weened streight it was her Paynim Knight,
Which brought that Damzell as his purchast pray ;
And sent to him a Page that mote direct his way :

XXVII.

Who, bringing them to their appointed place,
Offred his service to disarm the Knight;
But he refusing him to let unlace,
For doubt to be discovered by his sight,
Kept himselfe still in his straunge armour dight:
Soone after whom the Prince arrived there,
And, sending to the Souldan in despight
A bold defyaunce, did of him requere
That Damsell whom he held as wrongfull prisonere.

XXVIII.

Wherewith the Souldan all with furie fraught,
Swearing and banning most blasphemously,
Commaunded straight his armour to be brought;
And, mounting straight upon a charret hye,
(With yron wheelles and hookes arm'd dreadfully,
And drawne of cruell steedes which he had fed
With flesh of men, whom through fell tyranny
He slaughtred had, and ere they were halfe ded
Their bodies to his beastes for provender did spred;)

XXIX.

So forth he came all in a cote of plate
Burnisht with bloudie rust; whiles on the Greene
The Briton Prince him readie did awayte
In glistering armes right goodly well besene,
That shone as bright as doth the heaven sheene;
And by his stirrup Talus did attend,
Playing his Pages part, as he had beene
Before directed by his Lord; to th'end
He should his flaile to finall execution bend.

XXX.

Thus goe they both together to their geare
With like fierce minds, but meanings different:
For the proud Souldan, with presumptuous cheare
And countenance sublime and insolent,
Sought onely slaughter and avengement;
But the brave Prince for honour and for right,
Gainst tortious powre and lawlesse regiment,
In the behalfe of wronged weake did fight:
More in his causes truth he trusted then in might.

XXXI.

Like to the Thracian tyrant, who they say
Unto his horses gave his guests for meat,
Till he himselfe was made their greedie pray,
And torne in pieces by Alcides great;
So thought the Souldan, in his follies threat,
Either the Prince in peeces to have torne
With his sharpe wheelles in his first rages heat,
Or under his fierce horses feet have borne,
And trampled downe in dust his thoughts dis-
dained scorne.

XXXII.

But the bold Child that perill well espying,
If he too rashly to his charret drew,
Gave way unto his horses speedie flying,
And their resistlesse rigour did eschew:
Yet, as he passed by, the Pagan threw
A shivering dart with so impetuous force,
That, had he not it shunn'd with heedfull vew,
It had himselfe transfix'd or his horse,
Or made them both one masse withouten more re-
morse.

XXXIII.

Oft drew the Prince unto his charret nigh,
In hope some stroke to fasten on him neare;
But he was mounted in his seat so high,
And his wing-footed coursers him did beare
So fast away, that, ere his readie speare
He could advance, he farre was gone and past:
Yet still he him did follow every where,
And followed was of him likewise full fast,
So long as in his steedes the flaming breath did last.

XXXIV.

Againe the Pagan threw another dart,
Of which he had with him abundant store
On every side of his embatteld cart,
And of all other weapons lesse or more,
Which warlike uses had deviz'd of yore:
The wicked shaft, guyded through th' ayrie wyde
By some bad spirit that it to mischief bore,
Stayd not, till through his curat it did glyde,
And made a griesly wound in his enriven side.

XXXV.

Much was he grieved with that haplesse throe,
That opened had the welspring of his blood;
But much the more that to his hatefull foe
He mote not come to wreake his wrathfull mood:
That made him rave, like to a lyon wood,
Which being wounded of the huntsmans hand
Cannot come neare him in the covert wood,
Where he with boughes hath built his shady stand,
And fenst himselfe about with many a flaming
brand.

XXXVI.

Still when he sought t' approach unto him ny
His charret wheelles about him whirled round,
And made him backe againe as fast to fly;
And eke his steedes, like to an hungry hound
That hunting after game hath carrion found,
So cruelly did him pursew and chace,
That his good steed, all were he much renound
For noble courage and for hardie race,
Durst not endure their sight, but fled from place
to place.

XXXVII.

Thus long they trast and traverst to and fro,
Seeking by every way to make some breach;
Yet could the Prince not nigh unto him goe,
That one sure stroke he might unto him reach,
Whereby his strengthes assay he might him teach:
At last, from his victorious shield he drew
The vaile, which did his powrefull light empeach;
And comming full before his horses vew,
As they upon him prest, it plaine to them did shew.

XXXVIII.

Like lightening flash that hath the gazer burned,
So did the sight thereof their sense dismay,
That backe againe upon themselves they turned,
And with their ryder ranne perforce away:
Ne could the Souldan them from flying stay
With raynes or wonted rule, as well he knew:
Nought feared they what he could do or say,
But th' onely feare that was before their vew;
From which like mazed deere dismayfully they
flew.

XXXIX.

Fast did they fly as them there feete could beare
High over hilles, and lowly over dales,
As they were follow'd of their former feare :
In vaine the Pagan bannes, and sweares, and
 rayles,
And backe with both his hands unto him hayles
The resty raynes, regarded now no more :
He to them calles and speakes, yet nought avayles ;
They heare him not, they have forgot his lore ;
But go which way they list ; their guide they have
 forlore.

XL.

As when the frie-mouthed steedes, which drew
The Sunnes bright wayne to Phaëtons decay,
Soone as they did the monstrous Scorpion vew
With ugly craples crawling in their way,
The dreadfull sight did them so sore affray,
That their well-knownen courses they forwent ;
And, leading th' ever burning lampe astray,
This lower world nigh all to ashes brent,
And left their scorched path yet in the firmament ;

XLI.

Such was the furie of these head-strong steeds,
Soone as the Infants sunlike shield they saw,
That all obedience both to words and deeds
They quite forgot, and scornd all former law :
Through woods, and rocks, and mountaines they
 did draw
The yron charet, and the wheelles did teare,
And tost the Paynim without feare or awe ;
From side to side they tost him here and there,
Crying to them in vaine that nould his crying heare.

XLII.

Yet still the Prince pursew'd him close behind,
Oft making offer him to smite, but found
No easie meanes according to his mind :
At last they have all overthrowne to ground
Quite topside turvey, and the Pagan hound
Amongst the yron hookes and graples keene
Torne all to rags, and rent with many a wound ;
That no whole peece of him was to be seene,
But scattred all about, and strow'd upon the Greene.

XLIII.

Like as the cursed sonne of Thesëus,
That following his chace in dewy morne,
To fly his stepdames love outrageous,
Of his owne steedes was all to peeces torne,
And his faire limbs left in the woods forlorne ;
That for his sake Diana did lament,
And all the woody nymphes did wayle and mourne ;
So was this Souldain rapt and all to rent,
That of his shape appear'd no litle monument.

XLIV.

Onely his shield and armour, which there lay,
Though nothing whole, but all to brused and
broken,
He up did take, and with him brought away,
That mote remaine for an eternall token
To all, mongst whom this storie should be spoken,
How worthily, by Heavens high decree,
Iustice that day of wrong herselfe had wroken ;
That all men, which that spectacle did see,
By like ensample mote for ever warned bee.

XLV.

So on a tree, before the Tyrants dore,
He caused them be hung in all mens sight,
To be a moniment for evermore.
Which when his Ladie from the Castles hight
Beheld, it much appald her troubled spright:
Yet not, as women wont, in dolefull fit
She was dismayd, or faynted through affright,
But gathered unto her her troubled wit,
And gan eftsoones devize to be aveng'd for it.

XLVI.

Streight downe she ranne, like an enraged cow
That is berobbed of her youngling dere,
With knife in hand, and fatally did vow
To wreake her on that mayden messengere,
Whom she had causd be kept as prisonere
By Artegall, misween'd for her owne Knight,
That brought her backe: and, comming present
there,
She at her ran with all her force and might,
All flaming with revenge and furious despight.

XLVII.

Like raging Ino, when with knife in hand
She threw her husbands mured infant out;
Or fell Medea, when on Colchicke strand
Her brothers bones she scattered all about;
Or as that madding mother, mongst the rout
Of Bacchus priests, her owne deare flesh did teare:
Yet neither Ino, nor Medea stout,
Nor all the Mœnades so furious were,
As this bold woman when she saw that Damzell
there.

XLVIII.

But Artégall being thereof aware
Did stay her cruell hand ere she her raught;
And, as she did herselfe to strike prepare,
Out of her fist the wicked weapon caught:
With that, like one enfelon'd or distraught,
She forth did come whether her rage her bore,
With franticke passion and with furie fraught;
And, breaking forth out at a posterne dore,
Unto the wilde wood ranne, her dolours to deplore:

XLIX.

As a mad bytch, whenas the franticke fit
Her burning tongue with rage inflamed hath,
Doth runne at randon, and with furious bit
Snatching at every thing doth wreake her wrath
On man and beast that commeth in her path.
There they doe say that she transformed was
Into a tigre, and that tygres scath
In crueltie and outrage she did pas,
To prove her surname true, that she imposed has.

L.

Then Artégall, himselfe discovering plaine,
Did issue forth gainst all that warlike rout
Of Knights and armed men, which did maintaine
That Ladies part and to the Souldan lout:
All which he did assault with courage stout,
All were they nigh an hundred Knights of name,
And like wyld goates them chaced all about,
Flying from place to place with cowheard shame;
So that with finall force them all he overcame.

LI.

Then caused he the gates be opened wyde ;
And there the Prince, as victour of that day,
With tryumph entertayn'd and glorifyde,
Presenting him with all the rich array
And roiall pompe, which there long hidden lay,
Purchast through lawlesse powre and tortious
wrong
Of that proud Souldan, whom he earst did slay.
So both, for rest, there having stayd not long,
Marcht with that Mayd ; fit matter for another
Song.

CANTO IX.

Arthur and Artegall catch Guyle,
Whom Talus doth dismay :
They to Mercillaes Pallace come,
And see her rich array.

I.

WHAT tygre, or what other salvage wight,
Is so exceeding furious and fell
As Wrong, when it hath arm'd itselfe with might ?
Not fit mongst men that doe with reason mell,
But mongst wyld beasts, and salvage woods, to
 dwell ;
Where still the stronger doth the weake deuoure,
And they that most in boldnesse doe excell
Are dreadded most, and feared for their powre ;
Fit for Adicia there to build her wicked bowre.

II.

There let her wonne, farre from resort of men,
Where righteous Artegall her late exyled ;
There let her ever keepe her damned den,
Where none may be with her lewd parts defyled,
Nor none but beasts may be of her despoyled :
And turne we to the noble Prince, where late
We did him leave, after that he had foyled
The cruell Souldan, and with dreadfull fate
Had utterly subverted his unrighteous state.

III.

Where having with Sir Artegall a space
Well solast in that Souldans late delight,
They both, resolving now to leave the place,
Both it and all the wealth therein behight
Unto that Damzell in her Ladies right,
And so would have departed on their way :
But she them woo'd, by all the meanes she might,
And earnestly besought to wend that day
With her, to see her Ladie thence not farre away.

IV.

By whose entreatie both they overcommen
Agree to goe with her ; and by the way,
As often falles, of sundry things did commen ;
Mongst which that Damzell did to them bewray
A straunge adventure which not farre thence lay ;
To weet, a wicked Villaine, bold and stont,
Which wonned in a rocke not farre away,
That robbed all the countrie thereabout,
And brought the pillage home, whence none could
get it out.

V.

Thereto both his owne wylie wit, she sayd,
And eke the fastnesse of his dwelling place,
Both unassaylable, gave him great ayde :
For he so crafty was to forge and face,
So light of hand, and nymble of his pace,
So smooth of tongue, and subtile in his tale,
That could deceive one looking in his face :
Therefore by name Malengin they him call,
Well knownen by his feates, and famous over all.

VI.

Through these his slights he many doth confound:
And eke the rocke, in which he wons to dwell,
Is wondrous strong and hewn farre under ground,
A dreadfull depth, how deepe no man can tell;
But some doe say it goeth downe to hell:
And, all within, it full of wyndings is
And hidden wayes, that scarce an hound by smell
Can follow out those false footsteps of his,
Ne none can backe returne that once are gone
amis.

VII.

Which when those Knights had heard, their hearts
gan earne
To understand that Villeins dwelling place,
And greatly it desir'd of her to learne,
And by which way they towards it should trace.
“Were not,” sayd she, “that it should let your
pace
Towards my Ladies presence by you ment,
I would you guyde directly to the place.”
“Then let not that,” said they, “stay your intent;
For neither will one foot, till we that Carle have
hent.”

VIII.

So forth they past, till they approched ny
Unto the rocke where was the Villains won:
Which when the Damzell neare at hand did spy,
She warn'd the Knights thereof: who thereupon
Gan to advize what best were to be done.
So both agreed to send that Mayd afore,
Where she might sit nigh to the den alone,
Wayling, and raysing pittifull uprore,
As if she did some great calamitie deplore.

IX.

With noyse whereof whenas the caytive Carle
Should issue forth, in hope to find some spoyle,
They in awayt would closely him ensnarle,
Ere to his den he backward could recoyle;
And so would hope him easily to foyle.
The Damzell straight went, as she was directed,
Unto the rocke; and there, upon the soyle
Having herselfe in wretched wize abiected,
Gan weepe and wayle as if great grieve had her
affected.

X.

The cry whereof entring the hollow cave
Eftsoones brought forth the Villaine, as they ment,
With hope of her some wishfull boot to have:
Full dreadfull wight he was as ever went
Upon the earth, with hollow eyes deepe pent,
And long curld locks that downe his shoulders
shagged,
And on his backe an uncouth vestiment
Made of straunge stuffe, but all to worne and
ragged, [iagged.
And underneath his breech was all to torne and

XI.

And in his hand an huge long staffe he held,
Whose top was arm'd with many an yron hooke,
Fit to catch hold of all that he could weld,
Or in the compasse of his clouches tooke;
And ever round about he cast his looke:
Als at his backe a great wyde net he bore,
With which he seldom fished at the brooke,
But usd to fish for fooles on the dry shore,
Of which he in faire weather wont to take great
store.

XII.

Him when the Damzell saw fast by her side,
So ugly creature, she was nigh dismayd;
And now for helpe aloud in earnest cride:
But, when the Villaine saw her so affrayd,
He gan with guilefull words her to perswade
To banish feare; and with Sardonian smyle
Laughing on her, his false intent to shade,
Gan forth to lay his bayte her to beguyle,
That from herself unwares he might her steale the
whyle.

XIII.

Like as the fouler on his guilefull pype
Charmes to the birds full many a pleasant lay,
That they the whiles may take lesse heedie keepe
How he his nets doth for their ruine lay:
So did the Villaine to her prate and play,
And many pleasant trickes before her show,
To turne her eyes from his intent away:
For he in slights and iugling feates did flow,
And of legiêrdemayne the mysteries did know.

XIV.

To which whilest she lent her intentive mind,
He suddenly his net upon her threw,
That oversprad her like a puffie of wind;
And snatching her soone up, ere well she knew,
Ran with her fast away unto his mew,
Crying for helpe aloud: but whenas ny
He came unto his cave, and there did vew
The armed Knights stopping his passage by,
He threw his burden downe and fast away did fly.

XV.

But Artegall him after did pursew ;
The whiles the Princee there kept the entrance still :
Up to the rocke he ran, and thereon flew
Like a wyld gote, leaping from hill to hill,
And daunceing on the eraggy cliffes at will ;
That deadly daunger seem'd in all mens sight
To tempt such steps, where footing was so ill :
Ne ought avayled for the armed Knight
To thinke to follow him that was so swift and light.

XVI.

Which when he saw, his Yron Man he sent
To follow him ; for he was swift in chace :
He him pursewd wherever that he went ;
Both over rockes, and hilles, and every place
Whereso he fled, he followd him apace :
So that he shortly forst him to forsake
The hight, and downe descend unto the base :
There he him courst afresh, and soone did make
To leave his proper forme, and other shape to take.

XVII.

Into a foxe himselfe he first did tourne ;
But he him hunted like a foxe full fast :
Then to a bush himselfe he did transforme ;
But he the bush did beat, till that at last
Into a bird it chaung'd, and from him past,
Flying from tree to tree, from wand to wand :
But he then stoned at it so long did east,
That like a stone it fell upon the land ;
But he then tooke it up, and held fast in his hand.

XVIII.

So he it brought with him unto the Knights,
And to his Lord Sir Artegall it lent,
Warning him hold it fast for feare of slights :
Who whilst in hand it gryping hard he hent,
Into a hedgehogge all unwares it went,
And prickt him so that he away it threw :
Then gan it runne away incontinent,
Being returned to his former hew ;
But Talus soone him overtooke, and backward
drew.

XIX.

But, whenas he would to a snake againe
Have turn'd himselfe, he with his yron flayle
Gan drivé at him with so huge might and maine,
That all his bones as small as sandy grayle
He broke, and did his bowels disentrayle,
Crying in vaine for helpe, when helpe was past ;
So did deceipt the selfe-deceiver fayle :
There they him left a carrion outcast
For beasts and foules to feede upon for their
repast.

XX.

Thence forth they passed with that gentle Mayd
To see her Ladie, as they did agree :
To which when she approched, thus she sayd ;
“ Loe now, right noble Knights, arriv'd ye bee
Nigh to the place which ye desir'd to see :
There shall ye see my soverayne Lady Queene,
Most sacred wight, most debonayre and free,
That ever yet upon this earth was seene,
Or that with diademe hath ever crowned beene.”

XXI.

The gentle Knights reioyced much to heare
The prayses of that Prince so manifold;
And, passing litle further, commen were
Where they a stately Pallace did behold
Of pompous show, much more then she had told,
With many towres and tarras mounted hye,
And all their tops bright glistering with gold,
That seemed to out-shine the dimmed skye,
And with their brightnesse daz'd the straunge be-
holders eye.

XXII.

There they alighting, by that Damzell were
Directed in, and shewed all the sight;
Whose porch, that most magnificke did appeare,
Stood open wyde to all men day and night;
Yet warded well by one of mickle might
That sate thereby, with gyant-like resemblance,
To keepe out guyle, and malice, and despight,
That under shew oft-times of fayned semblance
Are wont in princes courts to worke great seath
and hindrance :

XXIII.

His name was Awe ; by whom they passing in
Went up the hall, that was a large wyde roome,
All full of people making troublous din
And wondrous noyse, as if that there were some
Which unto them was dealing righteous doome :
By whom they passing through the thickest preasse,
The Marshall of the hall to them did come,
His name light Order ; who, commaunding peace,
Them gyled through the throng, that did their
clamors cease.

XXIV.

They ceast their clamors upon them to gaze ;
Whom seeing all in armour bright as day,
Straunge there to see, it did them much amaze,
And with unwonted terror halfe affray :
For never saw they there the like array ;
Ne ever was the name of warre there spoken,
But ioyous peace and quietnesse alway
Dealing iust iudgments, that mote not be broken
For any brybes, or threatens of any to be wroken.

XXV.

There, as they entred at the scriene, they saw
Some one, whose tongue was for his trespasse vyle
Nayld to a post, adiudged so by law ;
For that therewith he falsely did revyle
And foule blaspheme that Queene for forged guyle,
Both with bold speaches which he blazed had,
And with lewd poems which he did compyle ;
For the bold title of a poet bad
He on himselfe had ta'en, and rayling rymes had
sprad.

XXVI.

Thus there he stood, whylest high over his head
There written was the purport of his sin,
In cyphers strange, that few could rightly read,
Bon Fons ; but *Bon*, that once had written bin,
Was raced out, and *Mal* was now put in :
So now *Malfont* was plainely to be red ;
Eyther for th' evill which he did therein,
Or that he likened was to a welhed
Of evill words, and wicked sclaunders by him
shed.

XXVII.

They, passing by, were guyded by degree
Unto the presence of that gracious Queene;
Who sate on high, that she might all men see
And might of all men royally be seene,
Upon a throne of gold full bright and sheene,
Adorned all with gemmes of endlesse price,
As either might for wealth have gotten beene,
Or could be fram'd by workmans rare device;
And all embost with lyons and with flourdelice.

XXVIII.

All over her a cloth of state was spred,
Not of rich tissey, nor of cloth of gold,
Nor of ought else that may be richest red,
But like a cloud, as likest may be told,
That her brode-spreading wings did wyde unfold;
Whose skirts were bordred with bright sunny
 beames,
Glistring like gold amongst the plights enroll,
And here and there shooting forth silver streames,
Mongst which crept litle angels through the glit-
 tering gleames.

XXIX.

Seemed those litle angels did uphold
The cloth of state, and on their purpled wings
Did beare the pendants through their nimblesse
 bold;
Besides, a thousand more of such as sings
Hymns to high God, and carols heavenly things,
Encompassed the throne on which she sate;
She, angel-like, the heyre of ancient Kings
And mightie conquerors, in royall state;
Whylest Kings and Kesars at her feet did them
 prostrate.

XXX.

Thus she did sit in soverayne maiestie,
Holding a scepter in her royall hand,
The sacred pledge of peace and clemencie,
With which High God had blest her happie land,
Maugre so many foes which did withstand :
But at her feet her sword was likewise layde,
Whose long rest rusted the bright steely brand ;
Yet whenas foes enforst, or friends sought ayde,
She could it sternely draw, that all the world dismayde.

XXXI.

And round about before her feet there sate
A bevie of faire Virgins clad in white,
That goodly seem'd t' adorne her royall state ;
All lovely daughters of high Iove, that hight
Litæ, by him begot in loves delight
Upon the righteous Themis ; those they say
Upon Ioves iudgment-seat wayt day and night ;
And, when in wrath he threatens the worlds decay,
They doe his anger calme and cruell vengeance stay.

XXXII.

They also doe, by his divine permission,
Upon the thrones of mortall Princes tend,
And often treat for pardon and remission
To suppliants, through frayltie which offend :
Those did upon Mercillaes throne attend,
Iust Dice, wise Eunomie, myld Eirene ;
And them amongst, her glorie to commend,
Sate goodly Temperance in garments clene,
And sacred Reverence yborne of heavenly strenge.

XXXIII.

Thus did she sit in royall rich estate,
Admyr'd of many, honoured of all;
Whylest underneath her feete, there as she sate,
An huge great lyon lay, (that mote appall
An hardie courage,) like captived thrall
With a strong yron chaine and collar bound,
That once he could not move, nor quich at all;
Yet did he murmur with rebellious sound,
And softly royne, when salvage choler gan redound.

XXXIV.

So sitting high in dreaded soverayntie,
Those two strange Knights were to her presence
brought;
Who, bowing low before her Maiestie,
Did to her myld obeysance, as they ought,
And meekest boone that they imagine mought:
To whom she eke inclyning her withall,
As a faire stoupe of her high-soaring thought,
A chearefull countenance on them let fall,
Yet tempred with some maiestie imperiall.

XXXV.

As the bright sunne, what time his fierie teme
Towards the westerne brim begins to draw,
Gins to abate the brightnesse of his beme,
And fervour of his flames somewhat adaw;
So did this mightie Ladie, when she saw
Those two strange Knights such homage to her
make,
Bate somewhat of that maiestie and awe
That whylome wont to doe so many quake,
And with more myld aspéct those two to entertake.

XXXVI.

Now at that instant, as occasion fell,
When these two stranger Knights arriv'd in place,
She was about affaires of common-wele,
Dealing of iustice with indifferent grace,
And hearing pleas of people mean and base :
Mongst which, as then, there was for to be heard
The Tryall of a great and weightie case,
Which on both sides was then debating hard :
But, at the sight of these, those were awhile debard.

XXXVII.

But, after all her princely entertayne,
To th' hearing of that former cause in hand
Herselfe eftsoones she gan convert againe ;
Which that those Knights likewise mote understand,
And wnesse forth aright in forrain land,
Taking them up unto her stately throne,
Where they mote heare the matter throughly scand
On either part, she placed th' one on th' one,
The other on the other side, and neare them none.

XXXVIII.

Then was there brought, as Prisoner to the barre,
A Ladie of great countenance and place,
But that she it with foule abuse did marre ;
Yet did appeare rare beautie in her face,
But blotted with condition vile and base,
That all her other honour did obscure,
And titles of nobilitie deface :
Yet, in that wretched semblant, she did sure
The peoples great compassion unto her allure.

XXXIX.

Then up arose a person of deepe reach,
And rare in-sight, hard matters to revele ;
That well could charme his tongue, and time his
 speech
To all assayes ; his name was called Zele :
He gan that Ladie strongly to appele
Of many haynous crymes by her enured ;
And with sharp reasons rang her such a pele,
That those, whom she to pitie had allured,
He now t' abhorre and loath her person had pro-
 cured.

XL.

First gan he tell how this, that seem'd so faire
And royally arayd, Duessa hight ;
That false Duessa, which had wrought great care
And mickle mischief unto many a Knight
By her beguyled and confounded quight :
But not for those she now in question came,
Though also those mote question'd be aright,
But for vyld treasons and outrageous shame,
Which she against the dred Mercilla oft did frame.

XLI.

For she whylome (as ye mote yet right well
Remember) had her counsels false conspyred
With faithlesse Blandamour and Paridell,
(Both two her paramours, both by her hyred,
And both with hope of shadowes vaine inspyred,)
And with them practiz'd, how for to depryve
Mercilla of her crowne, by her aspyred,
That she might it unto herselfe deryve,
And triumph in their blood whom she to death
 did dryve.

XLII.

But through high heavens grace, which favour not
The wicked driftes of trayterous desynes
Gainst loiall Princes, all this cursed plot
Ere prooffe it tooke discovered was betymes,
And th' actours won the meede meet for their
crymes :

Such be the meede of all that by such meane
Unto the type of kingdomes title clymes !
But false Duessa, now untitled Queene,
Was brought to her sad doome, as here was to be
seene.

XLIII.

Strongly did Zele her haynous fact enforce,
And many other crimes of foule defame
Against her brought, to banish all remorse,
And aggravate the horror of her blame :
And with him, to make part against her, came
Many grave persons that against her pled.
First was a sage old syre, that had to name
The Kingdomes Care, with a white silver hed,
That many high regards and reasons gainst her red.

XLIV.

Then gan Authority her to oppose
With peremptorie powre, that made all mute ;
And then the Law of Nations gainst her rose,
And reasons brought, that no man could refute ;
Next gan Religion gainst her to impute
High Gods behest, and powre of holy lawes ;
Then gan the peoples cry and commons sute
Importune care of their owne publicke cause ;
And lastly Iustice charged her with breach of lawes.

XLV.

But then, for her, on the contrarie part,
Rose many advocates for her to plead :
First there came Pittie with full tender hart,
And with her ioyn'd Regard of Womanhead ;
And then came Daunger threatning hidden dread
And high alliance unto forren powre ;
Then came Nobilitie of birth, that bread
Great ruth through her misfortunes tragicke stowre ;
And lastly Griefe did plead, and many teares forth
powre.

XLVI.

With the neare touch whereof in tender hart
The Briton Prince was sore empassionate,
And woxe inclined much unto her part,
Through the sad terror of so dreadfull fate,
And wretched ruine of so high estate ;
That for great ruth his courage gan relent :
Which whenas Zele perceived to abate,
He gan his carnest fervour to augment,
And many fearefull obiects to them to present.

XLVII.

He gan t' efforce the evidence anew,
And new accusements to produce in place :
He brought forth that old Hag of hellish hew,
The cursed Atè, brought her face to face,
Who privie was and partie in the case :
She, glad of spoyle and ruinous decay,
Did her appeach ; and, to her more disgrace,
The plot of all her practise did display,
And all her traynes and all her treasons forth did
lay.

XLVIII.

Then brought he forth with griesly grim aspect
Abhorred Murder, who with bloudie knyfe
Yet dropping fresh in hand did her detect,
And there with guiltie bloudshed charged ryfe :
Then brought he forth Sedition, breeding stryfe
In troublous wits and mutinous uprore :
Then brought he forth Incontinence of lyfe,
Even foule Adulterie her face before,
And lewd Impietie, that her accused sore.

XLIX.

All which whenas the Prince had heard and seene,
His former fancies ruth he gan repent,
And from her partie eftsoones was drawn cleene :
But Artegall, with constant firme intent
For zeale of Iustice, was against her bent :
So was she guiltie deemed of them all.
Then Zele began to urge her punishment,
And to their Queene for iudgement loudly call,
Unto Mercilla myld, for Iustice gainst the thrall.

L.

But she, whose princely breast was touched neare
With pitcous ruth of her so wretched plight,
Though plaine she saw, by all that she did heare,
That she of death was guiltie found by right,
Yet would not let iust vengeance on her light ;
But rather let, instead thereof, to fall
Few perling drops from her faire lampes of light ;
The which she covering with her purple pall
Would have the passion bid, and up arose withall.

CANTO X.

Prince Arthur takes the enterprize
For Belgee for to fight :
Gerioneos Seneschall
He slayes in Belges right.

I.

SOME clarkes doe doubt in their devicefull art
Whether this heavenly thing whereof I treat,
To weeten Mercie, be of Iustice part,
Or drawne forth from her by divine extreate :
This well I wote, that sure she is as great,
And meriteth to have as high a place,
Sith in th' Almightyes everlasting seat
She first was bred, and borne of heavenly race ;
From thence pour'd down on men by influence of
grace.

II.

For if that Vertue be of so great might
Which from iust verdict will for nothing start,
But, to preserve inviolated right,
Oft spilles the principall to save the part ;
So much more then is that of powre and art
That seekes to save the subiect of her skill,
Yet never doth from doome of right depart ;
As it is greater prayse to save then spill,
And better to reforme then to cut off the ill.

III.

Who then can thee, Mercilla, throughly prayse,
That herein doest all earthly Princes pas?
What heavenly Muse shall thy great honour rayse
Up to the skies, whence first deriv'd it was,
And now on earth itselfe enlarged has,
From th' utmost brinke of the Armericke shore,
Unto the margent of the Molucas?
Those nations farre thy Iustice doe adore;
But thine owne people do thy Mercy prayse much
more.

IV.

Much more it praysed was of those two Knights,
The noble Prince and righteous Artegall,
When they had seene and heard her doome arights
Against Duessa, damned by them all;
But by her tempred without grieve or gall,
Till strong constraint did her thereto enforce:
And yet even then ruing her wilfull fall
With more then needfull naturall remorse,
And yeelding the last honour to her wretched corse.

V.

During all which, those Knights continu'd there
Both doing and receiving curtesies
Of that great Ladie, who with goodly chere
Them entertayn'd, fit for their dignities,
Approving dayly to their noble eyes
Royall examples of her mercies rare
And worthie paterns of her clemencies;
Which till this day mongst many living are,
Who them to their posterities doe still declare.

VI.

Amongst the rest, which in that space befell,
There came two Springals of full tender yeares,
Farre thence from forrein land where they did dwell,
To seeke for succour of her and her Peares,
With humble prayers and intreatfull teares ;
Sent by their Mother who, a Widow, was
Wrapt in great dolours and in deadly feares
By a strong Tyrant, who invaded has
Her land, and slaine her children ruefully, alas !

VII.

Her name was Belgè ; who in former age
A Ladie of great worth and wealth had beene,
And Mother of a frutefull heritage,
Even seventeene goodly Sonnes ; which who had
 seene
In their first flowre, before this fatall teene
Them overtooke and their faire blossomes blasted,
More happie Mother would her surely weene
Then famous Niobe, before she tasted
Latonaes childrens wrath that all her issue wasted.

VIII.

But this fell Tyrant, through his tortious powre,
Had left her now but five of all that brood :
For twelve of them he did by times devoure,
And to his Idols sacrifice their blood,
Whylest he of none was stopped nor withstood :
For soothly he was one of matchlesse might,
Of horrible aspéct and dreadfull mood,
And had three bodies in one wast empight,
And th' armes and legs of three to succour him in
 fight.

IX.

And sooth they say that he was borne and bred
Of Gyants race, the sonne of Geryon;
He that whylome in Spaine so sore was dred
For his huge powre and great oppression,
Which brought that land to his subiection,
Through his three bodies powre in one combyn'd;
And eke all strangers, in that region
Arryving, to his kyne for food assynd;
The fayrest kyne alive, but of the fiercest kynd:

X.

For they were all, they say, of purple hew,
Kept by a cowheard, hight Eurytion,
A cruell carle, the which all strangers slew,
Ne day nor night did sleepe t' attend them on,
But walkt about them ever and anone
With his two-headed dogge that Orthrus hight;
Orthrus begotten by great Typhaon
And foule Echidna in the house of Night:
But Hereules them all did overcome in fight.

XI.

His sonne was this Geryoneo hight;
Who, after that his monstrous father fell
Under Alcides club, streight tooke his flight
From that sad land, where he his syre did quell,
And came to this, where Belgè then did dwell
And flourish in all wealth and happinesse,
Being then new made Widow, as befell,
After her noble Husbands late decesse;
Which gave beginning to her woe and wretched-
nesse.

XII.

Then this bold Tyrant, of her widowhed
Taking advantage and her yet fresh woes,
Himselfe and service to her offered,
Her to defend against all forrein foes
That should their powre against her right oppose :
Whereof she glad, now needing strong defence,
Him entertayn'd and did her Champion chose ;
Which long he usd with carefull diligence,
The better to confirme her fearelesse confidence.

XIII.

By meanes whereof she did at last commit
All to his hands, and gave him soveraine powre
To doe whatever he thought good or fit :
Which having got, he gan forth from that howre
To stirre up strife and many a tragicke stowre ;
Giving her dearest children one by one
Unto a dreadfull Monster to devoure,
And setting up an Idole of his owne,
The image of his monstrous parent Geryone.

XIV.

So tyrannizing and oppressing all,
The woefull Widow had no meanes now left,
But unto gracious great Mercilla call
For ayde against that cruell Tyrants theft,
Ere all her children he from her had reft :
Therefore these two, her eldest Somes, she sent
To seeke for succour of this Ladies giest :
To whom their sute they humbly did present
In th' hearing of full many Knights and Ladies gent.

XV.

Amongst the which then fortun'd to bee
The noble Briton Prince with his brave peare ;
Who when he none of all those Knights did see
Hastily bent that enterprise to heare,
Nor undertake the same for cowheard feare,
He stepped forth with courage bold and great,
Admyr'd of all the rest in prësence there,
And humbly gan that mightie Queene entreat
To graunt him that adventure for his former feat.

XVI.

She gladly graunted it : then he straightway
Himselfe unto his iourney gan prepare,
And all his armours readie dight that day,
That nought the morrow next mote stay his fare.
The morrow next appear'd with purple hayre
Yet dropping fresh out of the Indian fount,
And bringing light into the heavens fayre,
When he was readie to his steede to mount
Unto his way, which now was all his care and count.

XVII.

Then taking humble leave of that great Queene,
Who gave him roiall giftes and riches rare,
As tokens of her thankefull mind beseene,
And leaving Artegall to his owne care,
Upon his voyage forth he gan to fare
With those two gentle Youtthes, which him did guide
And all his way before him still prepare :
Ne after him did Artegall abide,
But on his first adventure forward forth did ride.

XVIII.

It was not long till that the Prince arrived
Within the land where dwelt that Ladie sad;
Whereof that Tyrant had her now deprived,
And into moores and marshes banisht had,
Out of the pleasant soyle and citties glad,
In which she wont to harbour happily:
But now his cruelty so sore she drad,
That to those fennes for fastnesse she did fly,
And there herselfe did hyde from his hard tyranny.

XIX.

There he her found in sorrow and dismay,
All solitarie without living wight;
For all her other children, through affray,
Had hid themselves, or taken further flight:
And eke herselfe through sudden strange affright,
When one in armes she saw, began to fly;
But, when her owne two Sonnes she had in sight,
She gan take hart and looke up ioyfully;
For well she wist this Knight came succour to
supply.

XX.

And, running unto them with greedy ioyes,
Fell straight about their neckes as they did kneele,
And bursting forth in teares; "Ah! my sweet
boyes,"
Sayd she, "yet now I gin new life to feele;
And feeble spirits, that gan faint and reele,
Now rise againe at this your ioyous sight.
Alreadie seemes that fortunes headlong wheele
Begins to turne, and sunne to shine more bright
Then it was wont, through comfort of this noble
Knight."

XXI.

Then turning unto him; “ And you, Sir Knight,”
Said she, “ that taken have this toylesome paine
For wretched woman, miserable wight,
May you in heaven immortall guerdon gaine
For so great travell as you doe sustaine!
For other meede may hope for none of mee,
To whom nought else but bare life doth remaine;
And that so wretched one, as ye do see
Is liker lingring death then loathed life to bee.”

XXII.

Much was he moved with her piteous plight;
And low dismounting from his loftie steede
Gan to recomfort her all that he might,
Seeking to drive away deepe-rooted dreede
With hope of helpe in that her greatest neede.
So thence he wished her with him to wend
Unto some place where they mote rest and feede,
And she take comfort which God now did send:
Good hart in evils doth the evils much amend.

XXIII.

“ Ay me!” sayd she, “ and whither shall I goe?
Are not all places full of forraine powres?
My pallaces possessed of my foe,
My cities sackt, and their sky-threatning towres
Raced and made smooth fields now full of flowres?
Onely these marishes and myrie bogs,
In which the fearefull ewftes do build their bowres,
Yeeld me an hostry mongst the croking frogs,
And harbour here in safety from those ravenous
dogs.”

XXIV.

“Nathlesse,” said he, “deare Ladie, with me goe;
Some place shall us receive and harbour yield;
If not, we will it force, maugre your foe,
And purchase it to us with speare and shield:
And if all fayle, yet farewell open field!
The Earth to all her creatures lodging lends.”
With such his chearefull speeches he doth wield
Her mind so well, that to his will she bends;
And, bynding up her locks and weeds, forth with
him wends.

XXV.

They came unto a Citie farre up land,
The which whylome that Ladies owne had bene;
But now by force extort out of her hand
By her strong foe, who had defaced cleene
Her stately towres and buildings sunny sheene,
Shut up her haven, mard her marchants trade,
Robbed her people that full rich had beene,
And in her necke a Castle huge had made,
The which did her commaund without needing
perswade.

XXVI.

That Castle was the strength of all that State,
Untill that State by strength was pulled downe;
And that same Citie, so now ruate,
Had bene the keye of all that Kingdomes crowne;
Both goodly Castle, and both goodly Towne,
Till that th’offended heavens list to lowre
Upon their blisse, and balefull fortune frowne.
When those gainst states and kingdomes do con-
iure,
Who then can thinke their hedlong ruine to recure!

XXVII.

But he had brought it now in servile bond,
And made it beare the yoke of Inquisition,
Stryving long time in vaine it to withstond;
Yet glad at last to make most base submission,
And life enioy for any composition:
So now he hath new lawes and orders new
Imposd on it with many a hard condition,
And forced it, the honour that is dew
To God, to doe unto his Idole most untrew.

XXVIII.

To him he hath before this Castle Greene
Built a faire chappell, and an altar framed
Of costly ivory full rich bescene,
On which that cursed Idole, farre proclaimed,
He hath set up, and him his god hath named;
Offring to him in sinfull sacrifice
The flesh of men, to Gods owne likenesse framed,
And powring forth their bloud in brutishe wize,
That any yron eyes, to see, it would agrize.

XXIX.

And, for more horror and more crueltie,
Under that cursed Idols altar-stone
An hideous Monster doth in darknesse lie,
Whose dreadfull shape was never seene of none
That lives on earth; but unto those alone
The which unto him sacrificed bee:
Those he devoures, they say, both flesh and bone;
What else they have is all the Tyrants fee:
So that no whit of them remayning one may see.

XXX.

There eke he placed a strong garrisone,
And set a Seneschall of dreaded might,
That by his powre oppressed every one,
And vanquished all venturous Knights in fight;
To whom he wout shew all the shame he might,
After that them in battell he had wonne:
To which when now they gan approach in sight,
The Ladie counseld him the place to shonne,
Whereas so many Knights had foully benefordonne.

XXXI.

Her fearefull speeches nought he did regard;
But, ryding streight under the Castle wall,
Called aloud unto the watchfull Ward
Which there did wayte, willing them forth to call
Into the field their Tyrants Seneschall:
To whom when tydings thereof came, he streight
Calls for his armes, and arming him withall
Eftsoones forth pricked proudly in his might,
And gan with courage fierce addresse him to the
fight.

XXXII.

They both encounter in the middle plaine,
And their sharpe speares doe both together smite
Amid their shields with so huge might and maine,
That seem'd their soules they would have ryven
quight
Out of their breasts with furious despight:
Yet could the Seneschals no entrance find
Into the Princes shield where it empight,
(So pure the metall was and well refynd,)
But shivered all about, and scattered in the wynd:

XXXIII.

Not so the Princes ; but with restlesse force
Into his shield it readie passage found,
Both through his haberieon and eke his corse ;
Which tombling downe upon the senselesse ground
Gave leave unto his ghost from thraldome bound
To wander in the griesly shades of night :
There did the Prince him leave in deadly swound,
And thence unto the Castle marched right,
To see if entrance there as yet obtaine he might,

XXXIV.

But, as he nigher drew, three Knights he spyde,
All arm'd to point issuing forth apace
Which towards him with all their powre did ryde,
And meeting him right in the middle race
Did all their speares attonce on him enchace.
As three great culverings for batterie bent,
And leveld all against one certaine place,
Doe all attonce their thunders rage forthrent,
That makes the wals to stagger with astonishment,

XXXV.

So all attonce they on the Prince did thonder ;
Who from his saddle swarved nought asyde,
Ne to their force gave way, that was great wonder ;
But like a bulwarke firmly did abyde,
Rebutting him, which in the midst did ryde,
With so huge rigour, that his mortall speare
Past through his shield and pierst through either
syde ;
That downe he fell uppon his mother deare,
And powred forth his wretched life in deadly dreare.

XXXVI.

Whom when his other fellowes saw, they fled
As fast as feete could carry them away;
And after them the Prince as swiftly sped,
To be aveng'd of their unknightly play.
There, whilst they entring th' one did th' other stay
The hindmost in the gate he overhent,
And, as he pressed in, him there did slay:
His carkasse tumbling on the threshold sent
His groning soule unto her place of punishment.

XXXVII.

The other which was entred laboured fast
To sperre the gate; but that same lumpe of clay
Whose grudging ghost was thereout fled and past,
Right in the midst of the threshold lay,
That it the posterne did from closing stay:
The whiles the Prince hard preased in betweene,
And entraunce wonne: streight th' other fled away,
And ran into the hall, where he did weene
Himselfe to save; but he there slew him at the
skreene.

XXXVIII.

Then all the rest which in that Castle were,
Seeing that sad ensample them before,
Durst not abide, but fled away for feare,
And them convayd out at a posterne dore.
Long sought the Prince; but, when he found no
more
T' oppose against his powre, he forth issued
Unto that Lady, where he her had lore,
And her gan cheare with what she there had vewed,
And, what she had not scene within, unto her
shewed:

XXXIX.

Who with right humble thanks him goodly greet-
ing

For so great prowesse as he there had proved,
Much greater then was ever in her weeting,
With great admiraunce inwardly was moved,
And honourd him with all that her behoved.
Thenceforth into that Castle he her led
With her two Sonnes right deare of her beloved;
Where all that night themselves they cherished,
And from her balefull minde all care he banished.

END OF VOL. IV.



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